ERASMI

COLLOQUIA SELECTA;

OR, THE

SELECT COLLOQUIES

OF

ERASMUS.

WITH AN

ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

AS LITERAL AS POSSIBLE

Designed for the Use of Beginners in the Latin Tongue.

THE TWENTY FIRST EDITION.

By JOHN CLARKE,

Author of the ESSAYS upon EDUCATION and STUDY.

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THE

PREFACE.

I *NEED ſay nothing here about the Neceſſity of* Literal Tranſlations *of* Latin *Authors for the Uſe of Beginners in the* Latin *Tongue, having already ſaid ſo much to that Purpoſe in my* DISSERTATION *upon the Subject, and my* ESSAY upon the EDUCATION of YOUTH in Grammar-Schools. *Thither, therefore, I muſt refer my Reader, if he wants Satisfaction in the Matter: For if that will not ſatisfy him, nothing I can ſay further to the Point will ſignify any Thing. It is to me a Wonder it ſhould be neceſſary to ſay any Thing in ſo plain a Caſe. For this Method of Proceeding with Beginners does ſo viſibly recommend itſelf by its great Eaſineſs, both for Teacher and Learner, that it is really ſurpriſing the World ſhould not long ſince have hit upon what lies ſo obvious to common Senſe; and I ſhould have much ado to think any Man could, upon*

the leaſt Conſideration, fail of being convinced of the Reaſonableneſs and Neceſſity of it, did I not conſider that Prejudice has a ſtrange Influence upon the Minds of Men, and that it has been commonly found ſomewhat difficult to beat them out of a Road they have been uſed to. The only Reaſon I can imagine, why this Method has not been taken long before this, is the Difficulty of Tranſlating any Thing in Latin *literally, and at the ſame Time tolerably into our* Engliſh *Tongue. A* Literal Tranſlation, *it was thought, would look ridiculous, and bring no great Credit to its Author; and, therefore, no body was willing to ſtoop to a Piece of Drudgery, how uſeful and neceſſary ſoever, that was not likely to turn much to the Undertaker's Reputation. For we ſee in the Teaching of other Languages, where the Manner of Expreſſion lies not ſo croſs to that of the* Engliſh *Tongue, but that they will commonly admit of an eaſy Literal Tranſlation, Tranſlations have been thought neceſſary, and conſtantly uſed.*

IT is impoſſible, indeed, Literal Tranſlations *ſhould be every where eaſy, handſome, ſmooth* Engliſh; *but whoever conſiders the vaſt Uſefulneſs of them, and that they are not deſigned to teach Boys* Engliſh, *but* Latin, *by informing them in the preciſe and proper Import of the Words in that Language (which*

(*which they visibly do, with vastly more Expedition, as well as Ease to both Master and Scholar, than any other Method that can be taken with them*); *I say, whoever considers this, will not be offended at the Stiffness and Aukwardness of the Language here and there, which is unavoidable in the Way of Translation.*

THE Reader will here find the most comical and diverting Dialogues of Erasmus, *published exactly in the same Method with my* Cordery: *That is to say, the Translation is as Literal as it well can be made, and the Order of the* Latin *Words altered and accommodated to the* English *Tongue. All concerned in the Instruction of young Boys in the* Latin *Tongue cannot but be sensible how much their Progress is retarded by the Difficulty arising from the perplexed intricate Order of the Words in that Language. This is a continual Rub in their Way, that hinders them, at least, to speak within Compass. half in half. This, therefore, I have here removed, that they may not be confounded and discouraged by a Difficulty that occurs almost every where, and which they cannot get over without that continual Assistance which no Master can give them, to keep them constantly going on; or if he could, yet it would be a needless Piece of Drudgery, since it may be saved by this Contrivance.*

The following BOOKS, *all by Mr.* CLARKE, *are sold by Messrs.* RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church-Yard, *and* T. EVANS, Pater-noster-Row, LONDON.

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ERASMI

COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

NAUFRAGIUM.

A. NArras *horrenda*, eſt *iſtuc* navigare? *Deus* prohibeat *ne* quidquam *tale* veniat *unquam* in mentem.

THou telleſt *dreadful Things*, is *that* ſailing? *God* forbid *that* any *ſuch Thing* ſhould come *ever* into my Mind.

B. Imo *quod* memoravi *hactenus*, eſt *merus* luſus *præ* his, *que* nunc *audies*.

Nay, *what* I have related *hitherto*, is *mere* Play, *in Compariſon of* theſe Things *which* now *you ſhall hear*.

A. Audivi *plus* ſatis *malorum*. Inhorreſco *te memorante*, quaſi *ipſe* interſim *periculo*.

I have heard *more than* enough *of evils*. I tremble *whilſt you relate*, as if I *myſelf* were preſent *in the Danger*.

B. Imo, *acti* labores *ſunt* jucundi *mihi*. Ea *nocte* quiddam *accidit* quod *ex magna parte* demit *ſpem* ſalutis *nauclero*.

Nay, *paſt* Labours *are* pleaſant *to me*. That *Night* ſomething *happened*, which *in a great Meaſure* took away *the Hopes* of Safety *from the Maſter*.

A. Quid

A. Quid *obſecro?* What *I pray you?*

B. Erat *ſubluſtris* nox, *et* quidam *e nautis* ſtabat *in galea*; nam *ſic* vocant, *opinor*; circumſpectans, *ſi* viderat *quam* terram. *Quædam* ſphæra *ignea* cœpit *adſiſtere* huic; *id* eſt *triſtiſſimum* oſtentum *nautis*, ſi *quando* ignis *eſt* ſolitarius, *felix* cum *gemini*. Vetuſtas *credidit* hos *eſſe* Caſtorem *et* Pollucem.

It was *a Moon ſhine* Night, *and* one *of the Sailors* ſtood *upon the Round Top*; for *ſo* they call it, *I think*; looking about *if* he could ſee *any* Land *A certain* Globe *of Fire* began *to ſtand by* him; *that* is *a very ſad* Sign *to the Sailors*, if *at any Time* the Fire *is* but one, *a happy one* when *there are two*. Antiquity *believed* theſe *to be* Caſtor *and* Pollux.

A. Quid illis *cum* nautis, *quorum* alter *fuit* eques, *alter* pugil?

What have they to do *with* Sailors, *of which* one *was* a Horſeman, *the other* a Boxer?

B. Sic *viſum eſt* poetis. *Nauclerus*, qui *aſſidebat* clavo, *inquit*, Socie, *(nam* nautæ *compellant* ſe mutuo *eo* nomine*)* *videſne* quod *ſoladitium* claudat *tibi latus?* Video, *reſpondit* ille, *et* precor *ut* ſit *felix*. Mox *igneus* globus *delapſus* per *funes*, devolvit *ſe* uſque ad *nauclerum*.

So *it ſeemed good* to the Poets. *The Maſter*, who *ſat* at the Helm, *ſays*, Comrade, *(for* Sailors *call* one another *by that* Name*)* *do you ſee* what *Company* covers *your Side?* I ſee, *anſwered* he, *and* I wiſh *that* it may be *lucky*. By and by *the fiery* Globe *ſliding* along *the Ropes*, rolls *itſelf* to *the Maſter*.

A. Num

A. Num ille exanimatus eſt *metu?*

Was he not killed *with Fear?*

B. Nautæ *aſſuevere* monſtris. *Ibi* commoratus *pauliſper*, volvit *ſe* per *margines* totius *navis*, inde *dilapſus* per *medios foros* evanuit. Sub *meridiem* tempeſtas *cœpit* increſcere *magis* ac *magis*. Vidiſtine *Alpes* unquam?

Sailors *are uſed* to ſtrange Things. *There* ſtaying *a little while*, it rolled *itſelf* along *the Edges* of the whole *Ship*, after that *ſlipping* through *the Middle of the Decks*, it vaniſhed away. About *Noon* the Storm *began* to rage *more* and *more*. Have you ſeen *the Alps* ever?

A. Vidi.

I have ſeen them.

B. Illi *montes* ſunt *verrucæ*, ſi *conferantur* ad *undas* marias. *Quoties* tollebamur *in altum*, licuiſſet *contingere* lunam *digito*. Quoties *demittebamur*, videbamur *ire* recte *in tartara*, terra *dehiſcente*.

Thoſe *Mountains* are *Mole-Hills*, if *they be compared* to *the Waves* of the Sea. *As oft as* we were lifted up *on high*, one might *have touched* the Moon *with a Finger*. As oft as *we were let down*, we ſeemed *to go* directly *into Hell*, the Earth *gaping*.

A. O inſanos *qui* credunt *ſe* mari.

O mad Folks, *who* truſt *themſelves* to the Sea!

B. Nautis *luctantibus* fruſtra *cum* tempeſtate, *tandem* nauclerus *totus* pallens *adiit* nos.

The Sailors *ſtruggling* in vain *with* the Tempeſt, *at length* the Maſter *all* pale *came to* us.

A. Is

A. Is *pallor* præsagit *aliquod* magnum *malum.*

That *Paleness* presages *some* great *Evil.*

B. Amici, *inquit*, desii *esse* dominus *meæ* navis; *venti* vicere; *reliquum est* ut *collocemus* nostrum *spem* in Deo; *et* quisque *paret* se *ad extrema.*

Friends, *saith he*, I have ceased *to be* Master *of my* Ship; *the Winds* have conquered; *it rem ins* that *we place* our *Hopes* in God; *and* every one *prepare* himself *for Extremities.*

A. O concionem *vere* Scythicam.

O Speech *truly* Scythian!

B. Autem *in primis*, inquit, *navis* est *exonerandæ*, sic *necessitas* jubet, *durum* telum: *Præstat* consulere *vitæ*, dispendio *rerum*, quam *interire* simul *cum* rebus. *Veritas* persuasit: *plurima* vasa *plena* preciosis *mercibus* projecta sunt *in mare.*

But *first* quoth he, *the Ship* is *to be unloaded*; to *Necessity* commands, *a hard* Weapon: *It is better* to take Care *of Life*, with the Loss *of Goods*, than *to perish* together *with* our Goods. *Truth* persuaded; *very many* Vessels *full* of precious *Wares* were thrown *into the Sea.*

A. Hoc *erat* vere *facere* jacturam.

This *was* truly *to make* Loss.

B. Quidam *Italus* aderat, *qui* egerat legatum *apud regem Scotiæ*, huic erat *scrinium* plenum *argenteis* vasis, *annulis*, panno, *et* sericis *vestimentis.*

A certain *Italian* was there, *who* had been Embassador *with* the King *of Scotland*; he had *a Box* full *of silver* Vessels, *Rings*, Cloth, *and* Silk *Cloaths.*

A. Nolebat

A. Nolebat *is* decidere *cum* mari?

Would not *he* compound *with* the Sea?

B. Non, *sed* cupiebat *aut* perire *cum* ſuis *amicis* opibus, *aut* ſervari *ſimul* cum *illis*; itaque *refragabat*.

No, *but* he deſired *either* to periſh *with* his *beloved* Riches, *or* to be ſaved *together* with *them*; *therefore he refuſed*.

A. Quid *dixit* nauclerus?

What *ſaid* the Maſter,

B. Liceret tibi *per nos*, inquit *ille*, perire *ſolum* cum *tuis*; ſed *non æquum eſt*, ut *nos* omnes *periclitemur* cauſa *tui* ſcrinii, *aliquè* dabimus *te* præcipitem *in mare* una *cum* ſcrinio.

You might *for us*, quoth *he*, periſh *alone* with *your Things*; but *it is not fit* that *we* all *ſhould be endangered* for the Sake *of your* Box, *otherwiſe* we will throw *you* headlong *into the Sea*, together *with* your Box.

A. Orationem *vere* nauticam!

A Speech *truly* Sailor-like!

B. Sic *Italus* quoque *fecit* jacturam, *precans* multa *mala* ſuperis et inferis, *quod* credidiſſet *ſuam* vitam *tam barbaro* elemento; *paulo* poſt *venti* facti *nihilo* mitiores *noſtris* muneribus, *rupere* funes, *disjecere* vela.

So *the Italian* too *made* Loſs; *wiſhing* many *evil Things* to theſe above *and* below, *that* he had truſted *his* Life *to ſo barbarous* an Element: *A little* after *the Winds* made *nothing* milder *by our* Preſents, *broke* the Ropes, *tore away* the Sails.

A. O calamitatem!

O Calamity!

B. Ibi *rurſus* nauta *adit* nos.

There *again* the Sailor *comes to* us. A. Con-

A. Concionaturus? To make a Speech?

B. Salutat. *Amici*, inquit, *tempus* hortatur *ut* uniuſquiſque *commendet* ſe *Deo*, ac *præparet* ſe *morti*. Rogatus *a* quibuſdam *non* imperitis *nauticæ* rei, *ad quot* horas *crederet* ſe *poſſe* tueri *navem*, negavit *ſe* poſſe *polliceri* quidquam, ſed *non* poſſe *ultra* tres *horas*.

He ſalutes us. *Friends*, ſays he, *the Time* exhorts *that* every one *commend* himſelf *to God*, and *prepare* himſelf *for Death*. Being aſked *by* ſome *not* unſkilled *in the ſailing* Buſineſs, for *how many* Hours *he believed* he *could* maintain *the Ship*, he denied *that he* could *promiſe* any Thing, *but* that he could not *above* three *Hours*.

A. Hæc *concio* erat *etiam* durior *priore*.

This *Speech* was *even* harder *than the former*.

B. Ubi *locutus eſt* hæc, *jubet* omnes *funes* incidi, *ac* malum *incidi* ſerra, *uſque* ad thecam, *cui* inſeritur, *ac* devolvi *ſimul* cum *antennis* in mare.

When *he had ſaid* this, *he orders* all *the Ropes* to be cut, *and* the Maſt *to be cut* with a Saw, *cloſe* by the Caſe, *into which* it is put, *and* to be tumbled *together* with *the Sail Yards* into the Sea.

A. Cur hoc.

Why this?

B. Quia *velo* ſublato *aut* lacero, *erat* oneri, *non* uſui; *tota* ſpes *erat* in clavo.

Becauſe *the Sail* being taken away *or* torn, *it was* a Burden, *not* of Uſe; *all* our Hope *was* in the Helm.

A. Quid *interea* vectores.

What *in the mean Time did* the Paſſengers?

B. Ibi

B. Ibi *vidisses* miseram *faciem* rerum. *Nautæ*, canentes *salve* regina, *implorabant* virginem *matrem*, appellantes *eam* stellam *maris*, reginam *cæli*, dominam *mundi*, portam *salutis*, ac *blandientes* illi *multis* aliis *titulis*, quos *sacræ* literæ *nusquam* tribuunt *illi*.

There *you would have seen* a miserable *Face* of Things. *The Sailors*, singing *God save you* O Queen, *implored* the Virgin *Mother*, calling *her* the Star *of the Sea*, the Queen *of Heaven*, Lady *of the World*, Harbour *of Safety*, and *flattering* her *with many* other *Titles* which *the Holy* Scriptures *no where* attribute *to her*.

A. Quid illa *cum* mari, *quæ* nunquam *navigavit*, opinor?

What has she to do *with* the Sea, *who* never *sailed*, I believe?

B. Venus *olim* agebat *curam* nautarum, *quia* credebatur *nata* ex mari; *quoniam* ea *desit* curare, *virgo* mater *est* suffecta *huic* matri, *non* virgini.

Venus *formerly* took *Care* of the Sailors, *because* she was believed to be *born* of the Sea; *because* she *has ceased* to take Care, the *Virgin* Mother *is* substituted *to this* Mother, *not* a Virgin.

A. Ludis.

You banter.

B. Nonnulli *procumbentes* in *tabulas* adorabant *mare*, effundentes *quicquid* olei *erat* in undas, *blandientes* illi *non* aliter *quam* solemus *irato* principi.

Some *falling down* upon *the Boards*, worshipped *the Sea*, pouring *whatsoever* Oil *there was* into the Waves, *flattering* it *no* otherwise *than* we use to do *an angry* Prince.

A. Quid *aiebant?* What *did they ſay?*

B. O clementiſſimum *mare!* O generoſiſſimum *mare!* O formoſiſſimum *mare!* miteſce, *ſerva.* Occinebant *multa* hujuſcemodi *ſurdo* mari.

O moſt merciful *Sea!* O moſt noble *Sea!* O moſt rich *Sea!* grow mild, *ſave us.* They ſung *many Things* of this Kind *to the deaf* Sea.

A. Ridicula *ſuperſtitio!* Quid *alii?*

Ridiculous *Superſtition!* what did *others?*

B. Quidam *nihil* aliud *quam* vomebant, *plerique* nuncupabant *vota.* Aderat *quidam* Anglus, *qui* promittebat *aureos* montes *virgini* Walſingamicæ, *ſi* attigiſſet *terram* vivus. *Alii* promittebant *multa* ligno *crucis,* quod *eſſet* in *tali* loco, *alii* rurſus *quod* eſſet *in* tali *loco.* Idem *factum eſt* de *virgine* Maria, *quæ* regnat *in* multis *locis,* et *putant* votum *irritum,* niſi *exprimas* locum.

Some did *nothing* elſe *than* vomit, *moſt* put up *Vows.* There was there *a certain* Engliſhman, *who* promiſed *golden* mountains *to the Maid* of Walſingham, if he touched *Land* alive. *Others* promiſed *many Things* to the Wood *of the Croſs,* which *was* in *ſuch* a Place, *others* again to that *which* was *in* ſuch *a Place.* The ſame *was done* as to *the Virgin* Mary, *who* reigns *in* many *Places,* and *they think* the Vow *to no Purpoſe,* unleſs *you expreſs* the Place.

A. Ridiculum! *quaſi* divi *non habitant* in *cælis.*

Ridiculous! *as tho'* the Saints *do not dwell* in *the Heavens.*

B. Erant *qui* promitterent *ſe* fore *Car-*

There were *who* promiſed *that they* would be *thuſians.*

thuſianos. Erat *unus* qui *polliceretur* ſe *aditurum* Jacobum, *qui* habitat *Compoſtellæ*, nudis *pedibus* et *capite*, corpore *tantum* tecto *ferrea* lorica, *ad hæc* emendicato *cibo.*

Carthuſians. There was *one* who *promiſed* that he *would go to* James, *who* dwells at *Compoſtella*, bare *Foot* and *Head* with his Body *only* covered *with an Iron* Coat of Mail, *beſides this* begging *his Meat.*

A. Nemo *meminit* Chriſtophoro?

Did nobody *mention* Chriſtopher?

B. Audivi *unum* non *ſine* riſu, *qui* clara *voce*, ne *non exaudiretur*, polliceretur *Chriſtophoro*, qui *eſt* Lutetiæ *in ſummo templo*, mons *verius* quam *ſtatua*, cereum *tantum* quantus *eſſet ipſe.* Cum *vociferans* hæc *quantum* poterat, *inculcaret* identidem; *qui* forte *aſtabat* proximus, *notus* illi, *tetigit* eum *cubito*, ac *ſubmonuit*, Vide *quid* pollicearis, *etiamſi* facias *auctionem* omnium tuarum *rerum*, non fueris ſolvendo. *Tum* ille *inquit* voce *jam* preſſiore, *videlicet*, ne *Chriſtophorus* exaudiret, *Tace*, fatue; *an credis* me *loqui* ex animo? *Si* ſemel *con-*

I heard *one* not *without* ſmiling, *who* with a clear *Voice*, leſt *he ſhould not be heard*, promiſed *Chriſtopher*, who *is* at Paris *on the Top of a Church*, a Mountain *more truly* than *a Statue*, a Wax Candle, *as big* as *he was himſelf.* When *bawling out* this *as hard as* he could, *he inculcated it* now and then; *he that* by Chance, *ſtood* next, *known* to him, *touched* him *with his Elbow*, and *adviſed him*, Have a Care *what* you promiſe, *for though* you make *an Auction* of all your *Goods*, you'll not be able to pay. *Then* he *ſays* with a Voice *now* lower, *to wit*, leſt *Chriſtopher* ſhould hear, *Hold your Tongue*, you Fool; *do you think* I *ſpeak* from my Heart? *If* once *I touch*

tigero terram, *non daturus ſum* ei *ſebaceum* candelam.

Land, *I'll* not give him *a Tallow* Candle.

A. O craſſum *ingenium!* ſuſpicio *fuiſſe* Batavum.

O groſs *Wit!* I ſuſpect *he was* a Dutchman.

B. Non, *ſed* erat *Zelandus.*

No, *but* he was *a Zealander.*

A. Miror *Paulum* Apoſtolum *veniſſe* nulli in mentem, *qui* navigari *ipſe* olim, *et*, nave *fracta*, deſilierit *in terram*, nam *is* haud ignarus *mali* didicit *ſuccurrere* miſeris.

I wonder *that Paul* the Apoſtle *come* into nobody's Mind, *who* ſailed *himſelf* formerly, *and*, the Ship *being wrecked*, leaped out *upon Land:* For *he* not being ignorant *of Evil* has learnt *to ſuccour* the miſerable.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *Pauli.*

There was *no* Mention *of Paul.*

A. Precabantur *interim.*

Did they pray *in the mean Time.*

B. Certatim. *Alius* canebat, *ſalve* regina; *alius*, credo *in Deum.* Erant *qui* habebant *quaſdam* peculiares *preculas*, non *diſſimiles* magicis, *adverſus* pericula.

Hard. *One* ſung, *God ſave you* O Queen; *another*, I believe *in God.* There were *who had ſome* peculiar *Prayers*, not *unlike* magical ones, *againſt* Dangers.

A. Ut *religioſos* afflictio *facit!* Secundis rebus, nec Deus

How *religious* Affliction *makes us!* In Proſperity, *neither* God *nor* Saint *comes*

nec

nec divus *venit* in mentem: *Quid* tu *interea?* nuncupabas *vota* nulli *diverum?*

into our Mind: *What did* you *in the mean Time?* Did you make *Vows* to none *of the Saints?*

B. Nequaquam.

Not at all.

A Cur *ita?*

Why *ſo?*

B. Quia *non pacifcor* cum *divis.* Nam *quid* eſt *aliud* quam *contractus* juxta *formulam* D. *ſi* facias, *aut* faciam *ſi* facias. *Dabo* cereum, *ſi* enatem; *ibo* Romam, *ſi* ſerves.

Becauſe *I do not bargain* with *the Saints.* For *what* is it *elſe* than *a Contract* according to *Form.* I give *if* you would do, *or* I will do *if* you would do. *I will give you a* Wax Candle *if* I ſwim out; *I will go to* Rome, *if* you ſave me.

A. At *implorabas* præſidium *alicujus* divi.

But *you implored* the Protection *of ſome* Saint.

B. Ne *id* quidem.

Not *that* indeed.

A. Quamobrem?

Why?

B. Quia *cælum* eſt *ſpatioſum* Si *commendare* meum *ſalutem* cui *divo*, puta *Sancto* Petro, *qui* fortaſſe *audiet* primus, *quod* aſtet *oſtio*; priuſquam *ille* conveniat *Deum*, priuſquam *exponat* cauſam, *ego jam periero.*

Becauſe *Heaven is ſpacious.* If *I recommend* my *Safety* to any *Saint*, ſuppoſe *to Saint* Peter, *who* perhaps *will hear* firſt, *becauſe* he ſtands *at the Door*; before *he* goes to *God*, before *he declares* my Caſe, *I am already ruined.*

A. Quid *facietbas* gitur?

What *did you do* then?

B. Adibam *recte* patrem *ipſum*, dicens, *Noſter* pater, *qui* es *in* cœlis. *Nemo* divorum *audit* citius *illo*, aut *donat* libentius *quod* petitur.

I went *directly* to the Father *himſelf*, ſaying, *Our* Father, *which* art *in* Heaven. *None* of the Saints *hears* ſooner *than he*, or *gives* more willingly *what* is aſked.

A. Sed *interea* non conſcientia reclamabat tibi? *non vereberis* appellare *eum* patrem, *quem* offenderas *tot* ſceleribus?

But *in the mean Time*, did not your Conſcience cry out againſt you? *Were you not afraid* to call *him* Father *whom* you had offended *with ſo many* Crimes?

B. Ut *dicam* ingenue, *conſcientia* deterrebat *nonnihil*; ſed *mox* recipiebam *animum*, cogitans *ita* mecum *eſt* nullus *pater* tam *iratus* filio, *quin* ſi *videat* eum *periclitantem* in torrente *ac* lacu, *ejiciat* arreptum *capillis* in ripam. *Inter* omnes *nullus* agebat *ſe* tranquillus *quam* quædam *mulier*, cui erat *infantulus* in ſinu, *quem* lactabat.

That I *may ſpeak* ingenuouſly, *my Conſcience* did terrify me *a little*; but *by and by* I recovered *my Courage*, thinking *thus* within myſelf; *There is* no *Father* ſo *angry* with a Son, *but* if *he ſees* him *in Danger* in a Torrent, *or* Lake, *he would throw him out*, taken *by the Hair*, upon the Bank. *Amongſt* all *none* behaved *himſelf* more quietly *than* a certain *Woman*, who had *a Child* in her Boſom, *which* ſhe ſuckled.

A. Quid *illa?*

What did *ſhe?*

B. Sola *nec* vociferebatur, *nec* flebat, *nec* pollicitabatur,

She alone *neither* bawled, *nor* wept, *nor* promiſed: *Only* embracing *her*

tantum

tantum complexit *puellum*, precabatur *tacite*. Interea *dum* navis *illideretur* vado *subinde*, nauclerus *metuens* ne *tota* *solveretur*, cinxit *eam* rudentibus *a prora*, et *a puppi*.

Child ſhe prayed *ſilently*. In the mean Time, *whilſt* the Ship *was knocked againſt* the Bottom *now and then*, the Maſter *fearing* leaſt *it ſhould be all broke*, begirt *it* with Cables *at the Head*, and *at the Stern*.

A. O miſera præſidia!

O miſerable Helps!

B. Interim *exoritur* ſenex ſacrificus, *ſexaginta* annos *natus*, nomen *erat* Adamus: *is* abjectis *veſtibus* uſque ad *induſium*, abjectis *etiam* ocreis, *et* calceis, *juſſit*, ut omnes *paremus* nos *itidem* ad natandum. *Atque* ita *ſtans* in medio *navis*, concionatus eſt *nobis* ex Gerſone *quinque* veritates *de* utilitate *confitendi*; hortatus *omnes*, ut *quiſque* præpararet *ſe* et *vitæ* et *morti*. Aderat *et* quidam *Dominicanus*. Confeſſi ſunt *his* qui *volebant*.

In the mean Time *ſtarts up* an aged Prieſt, *ſixty* Years *old*, his Name *was* Adam: *He* having caſt off *his Cloaths* to *his Shirt*, having caſt off *likewiſe* his Leather Stockings *and* Shoes, bade us all *prepare* ourſelves *in like Manner* to ſwim. *And* ſo *ſtanding* in the Middle *of the Ship*, he preached *to us* out of Gerſon *the five* Truths *concerning* the Uſefulneſs *of confeſſing*: exhorting *all*, that *every one* ſhould prepare *himſelf* both *for Life* and *Death*. There was preſent *alſo* a certain *Dominican*. They confeſſed *to thoſe* that *would*.

A. Quid *tu?*

What did *you?*

B. Ego *videns* omnia *plena* tumultus,

I *ſeeing* all Places *full* of Tumult, *confeſſing* ſilently con-

confeſſus ſum tacite *Deo*, damnans *apud* eum *meam* injuſtitiam, *et* implorans *ejus* miſericordiam.

to God, condemning *before* him *my* Unrighteouſneſs, *and* imploring *his* Mercy.

A. Quo *migraturus*, ſi *periiſſes* ſic?

W*h*ither *would you have gone*, if *you had died* ſo?

B. Committebam *hoc* Deo *judici*. Nam *neque* volebam *eſſe* judex *mei ipſius*: tamen *quædam* bona *ſpes* interim *habebat* meum *animum*. Dum *hæc* aguntur, *nauta* redit *ad nos* lachrymabundus. *Quiſque* paret *ſe*, inquit. *nam* navis *non erit* uſu *nobis* ac *quartam* partem *horæ*. Nam *jam* convulſa *aliquot* locis, *hauriebat* mare. *Paulo* poſt, *nauta* renunciabat *nobis*, ſe *videre* procul *ſacram* turrim, *adhortans* ut *imploraremus* auxilium *divi*, quiſquis *eſſet* præſes *ejus* templi. *Omnes* procumbent, *et* orant *ignotum* divum.

I left *this* to God *my Judge*. For *neither* would I *be* the Judge *of myſelf*: Yet *ſome* good *Hopes* in the mean Time *poſſeſſed* my *Mind*. Whilſt *theſe Things* are doing, the *Sailor* returns *to us* weeping. *Let every one* prepare *himſelf*, ſays he, *for* the Ship *will not be* of Uſe *to us* for *a fourth* Part *of an Hour*. For *now* being broke *in ſeveral* Places, *it lets in* the Sea. *A little* after *the Sailor* tells *us*, that he *ſaw* far off a *ſacred* Turret, *adviſing* that *we ſhould implore* the Aſſiſtance *of the Saint*, whoſoever *was* the Preſident *of that* Church. *All fall* down, *and* pray to *the unknown* Saint.

A. Si *compellaſſetis* nomine, *fortaſſis* audiſſet.

If *you had ſpoke to him* by his Name, *perhaps* he would have heard you

B. Erat

B. Erat *ignotum.* Interim *nauclerus* dirigit *navem* jam *laceram,* jam *combibentem* undas *undique,* ac *plane* dilapſuram, *ni* fuiſſet *ſuccincta* rudentibus, *eo* quantum *poteſt.*

It was *unknown.* In the mean Time *the Maſter* ſteers *the Ship* now *torn,* now *drinking in* the Waters *on all Sides,* and *plainly* ready to fall in Pieces, *unleſs* it had been *girt* with cables, *thither* as much as *he can.*

A. Dura *conditio* rerum.

A hard *Condition* of Affairs.

B. Provecti ſumus *eo* ut *incolæ* ejus *loci* proſpicerent *nos* periclitantes; *ac* procurrentes *catervatim* in extremum littus, *togis* ſublatis, *ac* galeris *impoſitis* in lanceas, *invitabant* ad ſeſe; *ac* brachiis *jactatis* in cœlum, *ſignificabant* ſe *deplorare* noſtram *fortunam.*

We advanced *ſo fär,* that *the Inhabitants* of that *Place* ſaw *us* in Danger; and running out *in Companies* to the Edge of the Shore, *with their Coats* lifted up, *and* Hats *put* upon Lances, *they invited us* to them; *and* with their Arms *toſſed up* towards Heaven, *ſignified* that they *lamented* our *Fortune.*

A. Expecto *quid* evenerit.

I wait to know *what* happened.

B. Jam *mare* occupaverat *totam* navim, *ut* futuri eſſemus *nihile* tutiores *in navi* quam *in mari.*

Now *the Sea* had ſeized *the whole* Ship, *that* we were like to be *no* ſafer *in the Ship* than *in the Sea.*

A. Heic *confugiendum erat* ad *ſacram* anchoram.

Here *you were to fly* to *the holy* anchor.

B. Imo *ad* miseram. *Nautæ* exonerant *scaphan* aqua, *ac* demittunt *in mare*. Omnes *conantur* conjicere *se* in hanc, *nautis* reclamantibus *magno* tumultu, *scaphan* non esse *capacem* tantæ *multitudinis*; quisque *arriperet* sibi *quod* posset *ac* nataret. *Res* non patiebatur *lenta* consilia, *alius* arripit *remum*, alius *contum* alius *alvearium*, alius *situlam*, alius *tabulam*: ac *quisque* nitentes *suo præsidio*, committunt, *se* fluctibus.

Nay, *to* the miserable one. *The Sailors* empty *the Boat* of the Water, *and* let it down *into the Sea*. All *endeavour* to throw *themselves* into it, *the Sailors* remonstrating against it *with great* Tumult, *that the Boat* was not *capable* of so great *a Number*; that every one *should take* to himself *what* he could *and* swim. *The Thing* did not admit *slow* Counsels; *one* takes *an Oar*, another *a Boat-Hook*, another *a Sink*, another *a Bucket*, another *a Board*; and *every one* resting upon *their Security* commit *themselves* to the Waves,

A. Quid *interim* accidit *illi* mulierculæ, *quæ* sola *non ejulabat*?

What *in the mean Time* happened *to that* poor Woman, *who* alone *did not cry out*?

Illa *pervenit* prima omnium ad littus.

She *came* first *of all* to the Shore.

A. Qui *potuit*?

How *could she*?

B. Imposuerámus *eam* repandæ *tabulæ*; et *alligaveramus* sic, *ut* non posset *facile* decidere; *dedi-*

We had sat *her* upon a bent *Board*, and *had tied her* so, *that* she could not *easily* fall off; *we gave* her *a Board* in her Hand, *which*

mus

mus illi *tabellam* in manum, *qua* uteretur *vice* remi; *ac* precantes *bene*, exposuimus *in fluctus*, protundentes *conto*, ut *abesset* a navi, *unde* erat *periculum*; illa *tenens* infantulum *læva* remigabat *dextra*.

she might use *instead* of an Oar, *and* wishing her *well*, we placed her *upon the Waves*, thrusting her forward *with a Pole*, that *she might be at a Distance* from the Ship, *from whence* there was *Danger*: She *holding* her Child *with her left hand*, rowed *with her right*.

A. O virginem!

O stout Lass!

B. Dum *jam* nihil *supereſſet*, quidam *avulsi* ligneam *ſtatuam* virginis *matris*, jam *putrem*, atque *ex cavatum* a soricibus *et* complexus *eam* cœpit *natare*.

When *now* nothing *remained*, one *pulled down* a wooden *Image* of the Virgin *Mother*, now *rotten*, and *hollowed* by the Rats, *and* embracing *it*, began *to swim*.

A. Pervenit scapha *incolumis?*

Did the Boat get *safe?*

B. Nulli *periere* prius.

None *were lost* sooner.

A. Quo *malo* fato *id factum est?*

By what *ill* Fate *happened that?*

B. Priusquam *posset* liberare *se* a *magna* navi, *subversa est* illius vacillatione.

Before *it could* deliver *itself* from the *great* Ship *it was overset* by its tottering.

O male factum! *quid* tum?

O ill done! *what* then?

B. Ego

B. Ego, *dum* conſulo *aliis*, pene perieram.

I, *whilſt* I take Care of *others* had well nigh periſhed.

A. Quo pacto?

After what Manner?

B. Quia *nihil* ſupererat *aptum* natationi.

Becauſe *nothing* was left *fit* for ſwimming.

A. Illic *ſubera* fuiſſent *uſui*.

There *Cork* would have been of *Uſe*.

B. In eo *articulo* rerum, *maluiſſem* vile *ſuber*, quam *aureum* candelabrum. *Tandem* venit *in mentem*, circumſpicienti, *de ima* parte *mali*; quoniam *non poteram* eximere eam *ſolus*, adſciſco *ſocium*: ambo *innixi* huic *committimus* nos *mari*, ſic *ut* ego *tenerem* dextrum *cornu*, ille *lævum*. Dum *jactamur* ſic, *ille* ſacrificus *nauticus concionator* injecit *ſe* medium *in* noſtros *humeros*: autem *erat* ingenti *corpore*. Exclamamus, *quis* ille *tertius*? is *perdet* nos omnes; *ille* contra *inquit* placide, *ſitis* bono *animo*, eſt ſat ſpatii, *Deus* aderit *nobis*.

In that *Juncture* of Affairs, *I had rather have had* mean *Cork* than a *Golden* Candleſtick. *At laſt* it came *into* my *Mind*, as I was looking about, *to think of the low* Part *of the Maſt*; becauſe *I could not* get it out *alone*, I take *a Companion*: We both *leaning upon* that, *commit* ourſelves *to the Sea*, ſo *that* I *held* the right *End*, he *the left*. Whilſt *we were toſſed about* ſo, *that* Prieſt, *the Sea Chaplain*, threw *himſelf* in the Middle *upon* our *Shoulders*. And *he was* of a huge *Body*. We cry out, *Who*? that *third*? He *will ruin* us all: *He*, on the other Hand, *ſays* ſmoothly, *Be* of good *Courage*, there is Room enough, *God* will be *with us*.

A. Cur

A. Cur *illè cæpit* eſſe *natator* tam *ſero?*

Why *did he begin* to be *a Swimmer* ſo *late?*

B. Imo *futurus erat* cum *Dominicano* in ſcapha; *nam* omnes *deferebant* hoc *honoris* illi; *ſed* quanquam *confeſſi erant* invicem *in navi*, tamen *obliti* neſcio *quid* circumſtantiarum, *confitentur* rurſus *in ora* navis, *et* alter *imponit* manum *alteri*; interim *ſcapha* perit; *nam* Adamus *narravit* hæc *mihi*.

Nay, *he ſhould have been* with *the Dominican* in the Boat; *for* all *gave* this *Honour* to him; *but* although *they had confeſſed* to one another *in the Ship*, yet *having forgot* I do not know *what* Circumſtances, *they confeſs* again *upon the Edge* of the Ship; *and* one *lays* his Hand *upon the other*; in the mean Time *the Boat* is loſt; *for* Adam *told* this *to me*.

A. Quid *actum eſt* de Dominicano?

What *became* of the Dominican?

B. Is, *ut* idem *narrabat*, implorata *ope* divorum, *abjectis* veſtibus, *commiſit* ſe *nudum* natationi.

He, *as* the ſame *told me*, having implored *the Help* of the Saints, *having caſt off* his Cloaths, *committed* himſelf *naked* to Swimming.

A. Quos *divos* invocabat?

What *Saints* did he invoke?

B. Dominicum, *Thomam*, Vincentium; *ſed* confidebat *imprimis* Catharinæ *Seneſi*.

Dominick, *Thomas*, Vincent; *but* he truſted *chiefly* in Catharine *of Sens*.

A. Chriſtus non veniebat *illi in mentem?*

Did not Chriſt come *into his Mind?*

B. Ita *ſacrificus* narrabat. So *the Prieſt* told me.

A. Enataſſet *melius*, ſi *non abjeciſſet* ſacram *cucullam*; ea *depoſita*, qui *potuit* Catharina *Seneſis* agnoſcere *eum?* Sed *perge* narrare *de te.*

He would have ſwam out *better*, if *he had not* thrown *off* his holy *Cawl*; that *being put off*, how *could* Catherine *of Sens* know *him?* But *go on* to tell *of yourſelf.*

B. Dum *volveremur* adhuc *juxta* navim *volventem* ſe *huc* atque *illuc* arbitrio *fluctuum*, clavus *frangebat* ejus *femur*, qui *tenebat* ævum *cornu:* ſic *ille* revulſus eſt. *Sacrificus* precatus *illi* æternam *requiem*, ſucceſſit *in locum illius*, adhortans *me*, ut *tuerer* meum *cornu* magno *animo* ac *moverem* pedes *ſtrenue.* Interim *potabamus* multum *ſalſæ* aquæ. *Neptunus* temperaverat *nobis* non *tantum* ſalſum *balneum*, ſed *etiam* ſalſam *potionem*; quanquam *ſacrificus* monſtrabat *remedium* ei rei.

While *we were rowling* as yet *nigh* the Ship *rowling* itſelf *hither* and *thither*, at the Pleaſure *of the Waves*, the Helm *broke* his *Thigh*, who *held* the left *End.* So *he* was knocked off. *The Prieſt* wiſhing *him* eternal *Reſt*, ſucceeded *in his Place*, adviſing *me*, that *I ſhould take Care of* my *End* with great *Courage*, and *move* my Feet *ſtrenuouſly.* In the mean Time *we drank* much *ſalt* Water. *Neptune* had mixed *for us* not *only* a ſalt *Bath*, but *alſo* a ſalt *Drink*, tho' *the Prieſt* ſhewed *a Remedy* for that Thing.

A. Quid *obſecro?* What *I beſeech you?*

B. Que-

B. Quoties *unda* occurreret *nobis*, ille *oppoſuit* occipitum *ore* clauſo.

As oft as *a Wave* met *us* he *oppoſed* the Backſide of his Head *with his Mouth* ſhut.

A. Narras *mihi* ſtrenuum *ſenem*.

You tell *me* of a ſtout *old Fellow*.

B. Ubi *natantes* ſic *aliquamdiu*, promoviſſemus *jam* nonnihil, *ſacrificus* quoniam *erat* miræ *proceritatis*, inquit, *et* de bono *animo*; ſentio *vadum*. Ego, *non auſus* ſperare *tantum* felicitatis, *inquam*, abſumus *longius* a littore, *quam* ut *vadum* ſit *ſperandum*. Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *terram* pedibus: *eſt*, inquam, *fortaſſis* aliquod *e ſcriniis*, quod *mare* devolvit *huc*: Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *plane* terram *ſcalptu* digitorum. *Cum* nataſſemus *adhuc* aliquamdiu, *ac* ſentiret *vadum* rurſus, *tu fac*, inquit, *quod* videtur *tibi* optimum *factu*, ego *cedo* tibi *totum* malum, *et* credo *me* vado, *ſimulque* expectato *deceſſu* fluc-

When *ſwimming* thus *ſome Time*, we had advanced *now* ſomething, *the Prieſt*, becauſe *he was* of wonderful *Tallneſs* ſays, *he* of good *Courage*, I feel *the Bottom*. I, *not daring* to hope for *ſo much* Happineſs, *ſay*, we are *further* from the Shore, *than* that *the Bottom is to be hoped for*. Nay, *ſays he*, I perceive *Earth* with my Feet. *It is*, ſay I, *perhaps* ſome *of the Boxes*, which *the Sea* has tumbled *hither*: Nay; *ſays he*, I perceive *plainly* the Earth *with the Scratching* of my Toes. *When* we had ſwam *as yet* ſome Time, *and* he perceived *the Bottom* again. *Do you*, ſaith he, *what* ſeems *to you* beſt *to be done*, I *give* you *the whole* Maſt, *and* truſt *myſelf* to the Bottom, *and at the ſame Time* having waited *the going in* of the

tuum, *ſequutus eſt* pedibus *quanto* curſu *potuit*. Rurſus *undis* accidentibus *complexus* utrumque *genu* unaque *manu*, obnitebatur *fluctui*, occultans *ſeſe* ſub undis, *quemadmodum* mergi *et* anates *ſolent*; rurſus *fluctu*, abeunte, *promicabat* et *currebat*. Ego *videns* hoc *ſuccedere* illi *ſum imitatus*. Stabant *in arena*, qui *fulciebant* ſe *adverſus* impetum *undarum*, prælongis *haſtilibus* porrectis *inter ſe*, robuſti *viri*, et *aſſueti* fluctibus, *ſic* ut *ultimus* porrigeret *haſtum* adnatanti; *ea* contacta, *omnibus* recipientibus *ſe* ad littus, *pertrahebatur* tuto *in ſiccum*. Aliquot *ſervati ſunt* hac ope.

Waves *he follows* on his Feet *with as great* Pace *as he could*. Again *the Waves* coming on, *embracing* both *Knees* with both *Hands*, he oppoſed *the Waves*, hiding *himſelf* under the Water, *as* your Sea Gulls *and* Ducks *uſe to do*; again *the Wave* going back, *he ſprung out* and *ran*. I *ſeeing* this *ſucceed* with him, *imitated it*. There ſtood *on the Sand*, who *propped* themſelves *againſt* the Force *of the Waves*, with long *Poles* ſtretched *between them*, ſtrong *Men*, and *uſed* to the Waves, *ſo* that *the laſt* held *a Pole* to him that ſwam towards him; *that* being touched, *all* betaking *themſelves* to the Shore, *he was drawn* ſafely *on dry Ground*. Some *were ſaved* by this Means.

A. Quot?

How many?

B. Septem. *Verum* duo *ex his* ſoluti ſunt *tepore*, admoti *igni*.

Seven: *But* two *of theſe* fainted away *with the Warmth*, being ſet by *the Fire*.

A. Quot *eratis* in navi?

How many *were you* in the Ship.

B. Quin-

B. Quinquaginta octo.

Fifty *eight*.

A. O ſævum *mare!* ſaltem *fuiſſet* contentum *decimis*, quæ *ſufficiunt* ſacerdotibus; *reddidit* tam *paucos* ex *tanto* numero?

O cruel *Sea!* at leaſt *it might have been* content *with the Tythes*, which *ſufficed* the Prieſts; *did it return* ſo *few* out of *ſo great* a Number?

B. Ibi *experti ſumus* incredibilem *humanitatem* gentes, *ſuppeditantis* nobis *omnia* mira *alacritate*, hoſpitium, *ignem*, cibum, *veſtes*, viaticum.

There *we experienced* the incredible *Humanity* of the Nation, *furniſhing* us *with all Things* with wonderful *Chearfulneſs*, Lodging, *Fire*, Meat, *Cloaths*, Proviſions for our Way home.

A. Quæ *gens* erat?

What *Nation* was it?

B. Hollandica.

Holland.

A. Nihil *humanicus* iſta, *cum* tamen *cincta ſit* feris *nationibus*. Non repetes *Neptunum* poſthac, opinor.

There is none *more civil* than that, *tho'* yet *it be ſurrounded* with ſavage *Nations*. You will not go again *to Sea* hereafter, *I ſuppoſe*.

B. Non *niſi* Deus *adimat* ſanam mentem *mihi*.

Not *unleſs* God *take away* my Wits *from me*.

A. Et *ego* malim *audire* tales *fabulas* quam *experire*.

And *I* had rather *hear* ſuch *Stories* than *know them by Experience*.

DIVERSORIA.

A. CUR *ita viſum eſt* pleriſque *commorari* biduum *aut* triduum *Lugduni?* Ego *ingreſſus* iter *ſemel*, non conquieſco, *donec* pervenero *quo* conſtitui.

WHY *does it ſeem good* to moſt People *to ſtay* two Days *or* three *at Lyons?* I, *having entered upon* a Journey *once*, do not reſt, *'till* I come *whither* I deſigned.

B. Imo *ego* admiror *quenquam* poſſe *avelli* illinc.

Nay *I* wonder *that any one* can *be got* from thence.

A. Quamobrem *tandem.*

What for *at length?*

B. Quia *illic* eſt *locus* unde *ſocii* Ulyſſis *non poterant* avelli; *illic* Sirenes. *Nemo* tractatur *melius* ſuæ *domi*, quam *illic* in pandocheo.

Becauſe *there* is *the Place*, from whence *the Companions* of Ulyſſes *could not* be drawn away; *there are* the Sirens. *No body* is treated *better* at his own *Home*, than *there* in an Inn.

A. Quid *fit?*

What *is done?*

B. Aliqua *mulier* aſtabat *menſæ* ſemper,

Some *Women* ſtood by *the Table* always *to divert*

qua

quæ exhilarare convivas *facetiis* ac *leporibus*. Primum *materfamilias* adibat, *quæ* ſalutabat, *jubens* nos *eſſe* hilares, *et* boni conſulere *quod* apponeretur. *Filia* ſuccedebat *huic*, elegans *mulier*, moribus *ac* lingua *adeo* feſtivis, *ut* poſſet *exhilarare* Catonem *ipſum*. Nec *confabulantur* ut *cum* ignotis *heſpitibus*, ſed *velut* cum *olim notis* et *familiaribus*.

the Company *with Wit* and *Drollery*. Firſt, *the good Woman of the Houſe* came to us, *who* ſaluted us, *bidding* us *be* merry, *and* take in good Part *what* was ſet before us. *The Daughter* ſucceeded *her*, a neat *Woman*, of Humour *and* Tongue *ſo* merry, *that* ſhe might *divert* Cato himſelf. Nor *do they talk* as *with* unknown *Gueſts*, but *as* with *People formerly known to them*, and *familiar Friends*.

A. Agnoſco *humanitatem* Gallicæ *gentis*.

I perceive *the Civility* of the French *Nation*.

B. Quoniam autem *illæ* non poterant *adeſſe* ſemper, *quod* munia *domeſtica* eſſent *obeunda*, ac *reliqui* convivæ *conſalutandi*, quædam *puella* adſtabat *continenter*, inſtructa *ad* omnes *joces*. Una *erat* ſatis *excipiendis* omnium *jaculis*: hæc *ſuſtinebat* fabulam, *donec* filia *rediret*: nam *mater* erat *natu grandior*.

But becauſe *they* could not *be preſent* always, *becauſe* the Buſineſs *of the Houſe* was *to be minded*, and *the reſt* of the Gueſts *to be ſaluted*, a certain *Girl* ſtood by *conſtantly* furniſhed *for* all *Jeſts*. She alone *was* ſufficient *to receive* all *their Darts*: She *kept up* the Farce, *'till* the Daughter *returned*; for *the Mother* was *elderly*.

A. Sed *qualis* erat *apparatus* tandem;

But *what* was *your Proviſion* at laſt? *for* the

nam

nam venter *non expletur* fabulis.

Belly *is not filled* with Tales.

B. Profectu *lautius*, ut *ego* miror *illos* posse *accipere* hospites *tam* vili: *rursus* convivio *peracto*, alunt *hominem* lepidis *fabulis*, ne *quid* tædii *obrepat*. Videbar *mihi* esse *domi* non *peregre*.

Truly *dainty*, that *I* wonder *that they* can *entertain* Guests *so* cheap: *Again* the Feast *being ended*, they treat *a Man* with pretty *Stories*, lest *any Thing* of Weariness *should creep upon him*. I seemed to *myself* to be *at home*, not *abroad*.

A. Quid *factum* est in cubiculis?

What *was done* in the Chambers?

B. Hlic *aderant* aliquot *puellæ* nusquam non, *ridentes*, lascivientes, *lusitantes*: ultro *rogabant*, si *habuerimus* quid *vestitum sordidarum*, lavabant *eas*, ac *reddebant*. Quid multis? *videbamus* nihil *illic* præter *puellas* ac *mulieres*, nisi *in stabulo*, quanquam *puellæ* irrumpebant *et* huc *frequenter*. Complectuntur *abeuntes*, ac *dimittunt* tanto *affectu*, quasi *omnes* essent *fratres*, aut *propinquæ* cognationis.

There *were* some *Girls* every where, *laughing*, wantoning, *playing*: Of their own Accord *they asked us*, if *we had* any *foul Cloaths*, they washed *them*, and *gave us them again*. What needs many Words? *we saw* nothing *there* besides *Girls* and *Women*, but *in the Stable*, altho' *the Girls* broke in *too* hither *frequently*. They embrace *Men departing*, and *dismiss them* with so much *Affection*, as if *they all* were *their Brothers*, or *of near* Relation.

A. Fortassis *isti* mores *decent* Gallos:

Perhaps *those* Manners *become* the French:

mores

mores Germaniæ *arrident* mihi *magis* utpote *masculi*.

The Manners of Germany *please* me *more*, as being *masculine*.

B. Nunquam contigit *mihi* videre *Germaniam*: quare, *quæso* te, *ne gravare* commemorar, *quibus* modis *accipiant* hospitem.

It never happened *to me* to see *Germany*: Wherefore, *I pray* you, *do not think much* to relate *after what* Manner *they entertain* a Guest.

A. Nescio *an* sit *ubique* eadem *ratio* tractandi: *Narrabo* quod *ego vidi*. Nemo *salutat* advenientem, *ne* videantur *ambire* hospitem. *Nam* existimant *id* sordidum, *et* indignum *Germanica* severitate. *Ubi* inclamaveris *diu*, tandem *aliquis* profert *caput* per *fenestram* æstuarii (*nam* degunt *in his* fere *usque ad* æstivum *solstitium*) non *aliter* quam *testudo* prospicit *e testa*. Is *est* rogandus, *an* liceat *diversari* illic. *Si* non renuit, *intelligis* locum *dari*: commonstrat *manu* mota, *rogantibus* ubi *sit stabulum*. Illic *licet tibi* tractare *tuum* equum *tuo* more, *nam* nullus *famulus*

I know not *whether* there be *every where* the same *Manner* of Treatment. *I will tell* what *I have seen*. Nobody *salutes a* Man upon his coming, *lest* they should seem *to court* a Guest. *For* they think *that* mean, *and* unworthy *of the German* Gravity. *When* you have called *a long Time*, at last *some body* puts *his Head* through *the Window* of a Stove (*for* they live *in them* almost *'till* the Summer *Solstice*) no *otherwise* than *a Snail* looks *out of its Shell*. He *is* to be asked, *whether* you may *inn* there. *If* he does not refuse, *you understand* a Place *is allowed you*. He shews *with his Hand* moved, *to those that ask* where *the Stable is*. There *you may* manage *your* Horse *after your* admo-

admovet *manum*. Si *eſt* celebrius *diverſorium*, ibi *famulus* commonſtrat *ſtabulum*, atque *etiam* locum *minime* commodum *equo*. Nam *ſervant* commodiora *venturis* præſertim *nobilius*. Si *cauſeris* quid, *audis* ſtatim *ſi non* placet *quære* aliud *diverſorium*. Præbent *fœnum* in urbibus *ægre* et *parce*, nec *vendunt* multo *minoris*, quam *avenam* ipſam. *Ubi* conſultum eſt *equo* commigras *totus* in hypocauſtum, *cum* ocreis, *farcinis*, luto. *Id eſt* unum *commune* omnibus.

Manner. *For* no *Servant* puts to *a Hand*. If *it be* a famous *Inn*, there *a Servant* ſhews *the Stable*, and *alſo* a Place *not at all* convenient *for a Horſe*. For *they keep* the more convenient *for thoſe that are to* come, eſpecially *Noblemen*. If *you find Fault* with any Thing, *you hear* preſently, *if* it do not pleaſe you, *ſeek* another *Inn*. They afford you *Hay* in the Cities *with Difficulty*, and *very ſparingly*, nor *do they ſell it* for much *leſs* than *Oats* themſelves. *When* Proviſion is made *for your Horſe*, you go *altogether* into a Stove, *with* your Boots, *Baggage*, Dirt. *That is* one *common* to all.

B. Apud *Gallos* deſignant *cubicula*, ubi *exuant* ſeſe, *extergant*, calefaciant, *aut* quieſcant *etiam*, ſi *libeat*.

Among *the French* they ſhew People *Chambers*, where *they may ſtrip* themſelves, *wipe*, warm themſelves, *or* reſt *too*, if *they pleaſe*.

A. Hic *nihil tale*. In hypocauſto *exuis* ocreas, *induis* calceos. *Si* vis, *mutas* induſium; *ſuſpendis* veſtes *madidas* pluvia *juxta* hypocauſtum; *ipſe*

Here's *no ſuch Thing*. In the Stove *you put off* your Boots, *put on* Shoes. *If* you will, *you change* your Shirt; *you hang up* your Cloaths, *wet* with rain, *nigh* the Stove; *you* place yourſelf admo-

admoves te *ut* ficceris. *Eſt* et *aqua* parata, *ſi* libeat, *lavare* manus; *ſed* ita *munda* plerumque, *ut* alia *aqua* ſit *quærenda* tibi, *qua* abluas *eam* lotionem.

by it *that* you may dry. *There is* alſo *Water* ready, *if* you pleaſe to *waſh* your Hands; *but* ſo *clean* for the moſt Part, *that* other *Water* is *to be ſought* by you, *with which* you may waſh off *that* Waſhing.

B. Laudo *viros* effœminatos *nullis* deliciis.

I commend *the Men* effeminated *with no* Delicacies,

A. Quod *ſi* tu *appuleris* ad quartam *horam* a meridie, *tamen* non cænabis *ante* nonam, & nonnunquam *decimam*.

But *if* you *arrive* at the fourth *Hour* after Noon, *yet* you will not ſup *before* the ninth, *and* ſometimes *the tenth*.

B. Quamobrem?

What for?

A. Apparant *nihil*, niſi *videant* omnes, *ut* miniſtrent *omnibus* eadem *opera*.

They provide *nothing*, unleſs *they ſee* all, *that* they may ſerve, *all* with the ſame *Trouble*.

B. Quærunt *compendium*.

They ſeek *the ſhorteſt Way*.

A. Tenes. *Itaque* frequenter *octoginta* aut *nonaginta* conveniunt *in* idem *hypocauſtum*, pedites, *equites*, negotiatores, *nautæ*, aurigæ, *agricolæ*, pueri, *fœminæ*, ani, *ægroti*.

You have it. *Wherefore* frequently *eighty* or *ninety* meet *in* the ſame *Stove*, Footmen, *Horſemen*, Traveſmen, *Sailors*, Coachmen, *Huſbandmen*, Boys, *Women*, ſound Folks, *ſick Folks*.

B. Iſthuc

B. Ifthuc *eſt* vere *cœnobium.*

That *is* really *living in common.*

A. Alius *ibi* pectit *caput*, alius *abſtergit* ſudorem, *alius* repurgat *perones* aut *ocreas*, alius *eructat* allium. *Quid multis?* Eſt *non* minor *confuſio* ibi *linguarum* et *perſonarum* quam *olim* in turri *Babel.* Quod *ſi* conſpexerint *quem* peregrinæ *gentis*, qui *præ ſe foret* nonnihil *dignitatis* cultu, *omnes* ſunt *intenti* in hunc, *contemplantes* oculis *defixis*, quaſi *aliquod* novum *genus* animantis *advectum ſit* ex Africa. *Adeo ut* poſtquam *accubuerint*, adſpiciant *continenter*, vultu *reflexo* in tergum; *nec* dimoveant *oculos*, immemores *cibi.*

One *there* combs *his Head*, another *wipes off* Sweat, *another* cleans *his Winter Shoes*, or *Boots*, another *belches up* Garlick. *What needs many Words?* There is *no* leſs *Confuſion* there *of Tongues* and *Perſons*, than *formerly* in the Tower *of Babel.* But *if* they ſee *any one* of a foreign *Nation*, who *makes Shew of* ſomething *of Dignity* by his Dreſs, *all* are *intent* upon him, *viewing him* with their Eyes *fixt*, as if *ſome new Kind* of Animal *was brought* out of Africa. *So that* after *they have ſat down*, they look at him *continually*, with their Face *turned* backward: *nor* do they take off *their Eyes*, being unmindful *of their Meat.*

A. Romæ, *Lutetiæ*, ac *Venetiæ*, nemo *miratur* quidquam.

At Rome, *Paris*, and *Venice*, no Body *wonders at* any Thing.

A. Interim *eſt* nefas *tibi* poſcere *quidquam.* Ubi *jam* eſt *multa veſpera*, nec plures *expectantur* ven-

In the mean Time *it is* unlawful *for you* to call for *any Thing.* When *now* it is *late in the Evening*, and no more *are expected* to come,

turi

turi, *ſenex* famulus *prodit* cana *barba*, tonſo *capite*, torvo *vultu*, ſordido *veſtitu*.

an old Servant *comes out* with a hoary *Beard*, ſhorn *Head*, grim *Look*, mean *Cloaths*.

B. Oportebat *tales* eſſe *a poculis* Romanis *Cardinalibus*.

It behoved *ſuch* to be *Cup-bearers* to the Roman *Cardinals*.

A. Is *circumactis* oculis, *dinumerat* tacitus *quot* ſint *in hypocauſto*: quo *plures* videt *adeſſe*, hoc *vehementius* hypocauſtum *accenditur*, etiam ſi *alioqui* ſol *ſit* moleſtus *æſtu*. Hæc *eſt* præcipua *pars* bonæ *tractationis*, ſi *omnes* diffluant *ſudore*. Si *quis* non *aſſuetus* vapori, *aperiat* rimam *feneſtræ*, ne *præfocetur*, protinus *audit*, claude. Si reſpondeas, *Non fero*, audis, *quære* igitur *aliud* diverſorium.

He *having caſt about* his Eyes, *reckons* ſilently *how many* there are *in the Stove*: By how much *the more* he ſees *preſent*, by ſo much *the more violently* the Stove *is heated*, altho' *otherwiſe* the Sun *be* troubleſome *by his Heat*. This *is* the greateſt *Part* of good *Treatment*, if *all* run down *with Sweat*. If *any one* not accuſtomed to the Heat, *open* a Chink *of a Window*, leſt *he be ſtifled*, immediately, *he hears*, ſhut it. *If* you anſwer, *I cannot endure*, you hear, *ſeek* then *another* Inn.

B. Atque *nihil* videtur *periculoſius*, quam *tam* multos *haurire* eundem *vaporem*, maxime *corpore* reſoluto, *atque* heic *capere* cibum, *et* commorari *complures* horas. *Nam* jam *omitto* alliatos

But *nothing* ſeems *more dangerous*, than that *ſo* many *ſhould take in* the ſame *Vapour*, eſpecially *the Body* being open, *and* here *take* Meat, *and* ſtay *ſeveral* Hours. *For* now *I omit* Garlick, *Belches*, and *the Blaſt* of the Bel-

ructus, et *flatum* ventris, *putres* halitus: *Sunt* multi *qui* laborant *occultis* morbis, *et* omnis *morbus* habet *suum* contagium. *Certe* plerique *habent* Hiſpanicam *ſcabiem*, ſive, *ut* quidam *vocant* Gallicam, *cum* ſit *communis* omnium *nationum*. Op nor *eſſe* non *multo* minus *periculi* ab *his*, quam *leproſis*. Jam *tu divina* quantum *diſcriminis* ſit *in peſtilentia*.

ly, *ſtinking* Breaths. *There are* many, *who* are troubled *with ſecret* Diſeaſes, *and* every *Diſtemper* has *its* Infection. *Certainly* moſt *have* the Spaniſh *Pox*, or, *as* ſome *call it* the French, *though* it be *common* to all *Nations*, I think *there is* not *much* leſs *Danger* from *theſe* than *Lepers*. Now *do you gueſs*, how much *Danger* there is *in the Plague*.

A. Sunt *fortes* viri, *rident*, ac *negligunt* iſta.

They are *ſtout* Fellows, *they laugh at*, and *neglect* thoſe Things.

B. Sed *interim* ſunt *fortes* pericula *multorum*.

But *in the mean Time* they are *ſtout* at the Hazard *of many*.

A. Quid *facias*? ſic *aſſueverunt*; et *eſt* conſtantis *animi* non *diſcedere* ab inſtitutis.

What *can you do*? So *they have been uſed*, and *it is the Part* of a conſtant *Mind* not *to depart* from old Cuſtoms.

B. Atqui *ante viginti quinque annos*, nihil *erat* receptius *apud* Brabantos, *quam* publicæ *thermæ*; hæ *nunc* frigent *ubique*;

But *twenty-five Years ago*, nothing *was* more common *amongſt the* Brabanti, *than* public *Baths*; thoſe *now* are out of Uſe *every where*; for *the* nam

nam *nova* ſcabies *docuit* nos *abſtinere.*

new Pox *has taught* us *to abſtain.*

A. Sed *audi* cætera: *poſt* ille *barbatus* Ganymedes *redit* ac *inſternit* menſas *linteis* quot *putat* eſſe *ſatis* illi *numero.* Sed O *immortalem* Deum! *quam non Mileſiis.* Dicens *cannabea* detracta *ex antennis.* Nam *deſtinavit* ad minimum *octo* convivas *unicuique* menſæ. *Jam* quibus *patrius* mos *eſt* notus, *accumbunt,* ubi *libitum fuerit* cuique. *Nam* eſt *nullum* diſcrimen *inter* pauperem *et* divitem, *inter* herum *et* ſervum.

But *hear* the reſt. *Afterwards* that *bearded* Ganymede *returns,* and *ſpreads* the Tables *with Cloaths,* as many as *he thinks* to be *ſufficient* for that *Number.* But O *immortal* God! *how far from being fine!* you would ſay *they were Canvaſs* taken down *from the Sail Yards.* For *he deſigned* at leaſt *eight* Gueſts *for every* Table. *Now* they to whom *the country* Cuſtom *is* known, *ſit down* where *it pleaſes* every one. *For* there is *no* Difference *betwixt* a poor Man *and* a rich, *betwixt* a Maſter *and* a Servant.

B. Hæc *eſt* illa *vetus* æqualitas, *quam* nunc *tyrannis* ſubmovit *e vita.* Sic *opinor* Chriſtum *vixiſſe* cum *Diſcipulis.*

This *is* that *old* Equality, *which* now *Tyranny* has removed *out of Life.* So *I believe* Chriſt *lived* with *his Diſciples.*

A. Poſtquam *omnes* accubuerunt, *rurſum* ille *torvus* Ganymedes *prodit,* ac *denuo* dinumerat *ſua* ſodalitia. *Mox* reverſus, *apponit*

After *all* are ſeated, *again* that *grim* Ganymede *comes out,* and *over again* counts *his* Companies. *By and by* returning, *he ſets before* each *a wooden* Diſh,

ponit ſingulis *ligneum* pinacium, *et* cochleare *factum* ex *eodem* argento, *deinde* cyathum vitreum, *aliquanto* poſt *panem*: Eum *quisque* repurgat *ſibi* per otium, *dum* pultes *coquuntur*. Ita *ſedeatur* nonnunquam *ferme* ſpatio *horæ*.

and a Spoon *made* of *the ſame* Silver, *then* a Glaſs, *a little* after *Bread*. That *every Man* cleans *for himſelf* at his Leiſure, *whilſt* the Pulſe *are boiling*. So *they ſit* ſometimes *almoſt* the Space *of an Hour*.

B. Nullus *hoſpitum* eſſlagitat *cibum* interim?

Does none *of the Gueſts* call for *the Meat* in the mean Time.

A. Nullus *cui* ingenium *regionis* eſt *notum*. Tandem *vinum* apponitur, *bone* Deus, *quam non ſumoſum!* oportebat *ſophiſtas* non *bibere* aliud; *tanta* eſt *ſubtilitas* et *acrimonia*. Quod *ſi* quis *hoſpes*, pecunia *oblata* privatim, *rogat* ut *aliud* genus *vini* paretur *aliunde*, primum *diſſimulant*, ſed *eo* vultu, *quaſi* interfecturi. *Si* urgeas *reſpondent*, hic *tot* comites *et* marchiones *diverſati ſunt*, neque *quiſquam queſtus eſt* de *meo* vino; *ſi* non placet, *quære* tibi *aliud*

None *to whom* the Temper *of the Country* is *known*, At length *Wine* is ſerved up, *good* God, *how far from being taſteleſs!* It behoved *Sophiſters* not *to drink* any other; *ſuch* is *the Thinneſs* and *Sharpneſs*. But *if* any *Gueſt*, Money *being offered* privately, *deſires* that *ſome other* Sort *of Wine* may be got *from ſomewhere elſe*, at firſt, *they diſſemble the Matter*, but *with that* Countenance, *as if* they would kill you. *If* you preſs them, *they anſwer*, here *ſo many* Earls *and* Marquiſſes *have lodged*, nor *did any one complain* of *my* Wine; *if* it do not pleaſe, *ſeek* diver-

diverſorium: nam *habent* nobiles *ſuæ* gentis *ſolos* pro *hominibus*, et *oſtentant* horum *inſignia* nuſquam non. *Jam* igitur *habent* offam *quam* objiciant *latranti* ſtomacho. *Mox* diſci *veniunt* magna *pompa*. Primus *ferme* habet *offas* panis *madefactas* jure *carnium*, aut *ſi* eſt *piſculentus* dies, *jure* leguminum. *Deinde* aliud *jus*, poſt *aliquid* carnium *recoctarum*, aut *ſalſamentorum* recalfactorum. *Rurſus* aliquid *pultis*, mox *aliquid* ſolidioris *cibi*, donec *ſtomacho* probe domito *apponant* aſſas *carnes*, aut *elixos* piſces, *quos* non poſſis *contemnere* omnino: *ſed* heic *ſunt* parci, *et* ſubito *tollunt*. Hoc pacto *temperant* convivium, *quemadmodum* actores *fabularum*, qui *admiſcent* choros *ſcenis*: autem *curant* ut *extremus* actus *ſit* optimus.

for yourſelf *another* Inn; for *they account* the Noblemen *of their* Nation *alone* for *Men*, and *they ſhow* their *Coats of Arms* every where. *Now* therefore *they have* a Piece *which* they may throw *to the barking* Stomach. *By and by* the Diſhes *come* in great *Pomp*. The firſt *commonly* has *Pieces* of Bread *ſoaking* in the Broth *of Fleſh*, or *if* it be *a Fiſh* Day, *in the Broth* of Herbs. *After that* another *Broth*, after *ſomething* of Fleſh *boiled over again*, or *Salt Fiſh* warmed again. *Again* ſome *Pulſe*, by and by *ſome* more ſolid *Meat*, 'till *the Stomach* being well tamed, *they ſet up* roaſted *Fleſh*, or *boiled* Fiſh, *which* you cannot *contemn* at all. *But* here *they are* ſparing, *and* ſuddenly *take away*. After this Manner *they mix* their Entertainment, *as* the Actors *of Plays*, who *mix* Choruſſes *with their Scenes*; but *they took Care* that *the laſt* Act *is* the beſt.

B. Et *hoc* eſt *boni* poetæ.

And *this* is the Part *of a good* Poet.

A. Porro *ſit* piaculum, *ſi* quis *interim* dicat, *tolle* hunc *diſcum*, nemo *veſcitur*. Deſidendum eſt *uſque ad* ſpatium *præſcriptum* quod *illi* metiuntur *clepſydris*, ut *opinor*. Tandem *ille* barbatus, *aut* pandocheus *ipſe* minimum *differens* a famulis *veſtitu*, prodit, *rogat* ecquid animi nobis ſit. *Mox* aliquod *generoſius* vinum *adfertur*. Autem *amant* eos *qui* bibunt *largius*, cum *ſolvat* nihilo *plus*, qui *hauſerit* plurimum *vini*, quam *qui* minimum.

Moreover *it would be* a heinous Crime, *if* any one *in the mean Time* ſay, *take away* this *Diſh*, no body *eats*. You muſt ſit *'till* the Time *appointed*, which *they* meaſure *with Hour-Glaſſes*, as *I ſuppoſe*. At laſt *that* bearded Fellow, *or* the Inn-keeper *himſelf*, very little *differing* from the Servants *in Cloaths*, comes out, *aſks* if we have a Mind to any Thing. *By and by* ſome *more generous* Wine *is brought*. But *they love* thoſe *who* drink *plentifully*, though *he pays* no *more* who *drinks* moſt *Wine*, than *he that drinks* leaſt.

B. Ingenium *gentis* mirum.

The Temper *of the Nation* is ſtrange.

A. Cum *nonnunquam* ſint *qui* abſumant *plus* in vino, *quam* ſolvant *pro* toto *convivio*. Sed *antequam* finiam *hoc* convivium, *mirum* dictu, *quis* ſtrepitus *ac* tumultus *vocum* ſit *ibi*, poſtquam *omnes* cœperunt *incaleſcere* potu. *Quid multis?* omnia *ſurda*. Fieti

When *ſometimes there* are ſome *who* conſume *more* in Wine, *than* they pay *for* the whole *Feaſt*. But *before* I end *this* Entertainment, *it is wonderful* to be ſaid, *what* a Noiſe *and* Confuſion *of Voices* there is *there*, after that *all* have begun *to grow warm* with Drink. *What needs many Words?* all Places *are full* mori-

moriones admiſcent *ſe* ſrequenter, *quo* genere *hominum*, cum *ſit* nullum *magis* deteſtandum, *tamen* vix credas *quantopere* Germani *delectentur*. Illi *faciunt* cantu, *garritu*, clamore, *ſaltatione*, pulſu, *ut* hypocauſtum *videatur* corruiturum. *Neque* quiſquam audiat *alterum* loquentem. *At* interim *videntur* ſibi *vivere* ſuaviter; *atque* deſidendum eſt *illic*, volenti *nolenti*, uſque ad multam noctem.

of Noiſe. Pretended *Fools* thruſt in *themſelves* frequently, *with which* Kind *of Men*, tho' *there be* none *more* deteſtable, *yet* you'll ſcarce believe *how much* the Germans *are delighted*. They *cauſe* by ſinging, *prating*, ſhouting, *dancing*, thumping, *that* the Stove *ſeems* ready to fall. *Nor* can any one hear *another* ſpeaking. *But* in the mean Time *they ſeem* to themſelves *to live* ſweetly; *and* you muſt ſit *there*, willing *or unwilling*, 'till late at Night.

A. Nunc *tandem* abſolve *convivium*; nam *me tædet* quoque *tam prolixi*.

Now *at laſt* finiſh *the Entertainment*; for *I am weary* too *of ſo long a one*.

A. Faciam. *Tandem* caſeo *ſublato*, qui *vix* placet *illis*, niſi *putris* ac *ſcatens* vermibus, *ille* barbatus *prodit*, adferens *pinacium* ſecum, *in quo* pinxit *creta* aliquot *circulos*, et *ſemicirculos*, deponit *id* in menſa, *tacitus* interim *ac* triſtis, *diceres* quempiam *Charontem*

I will do it. *At laſt* the Cheeſe *being taken away*, which *ſcarce* pleaſes *them*, unleſs *rotten* and *full* of Maggots, *that* bearded Fellow *comes forth*, bringing *a Trencher* with him, *in which* he hath drawn *with Chalk* ſome *Circles*, and *Semi Circles*, he lays *that* upon the Table, *ſilent* in the mean Time *and* ſad; *you would ſay* he was ſome

Qui

Qui *agnoſcunt* picturam, *deponunt* pecuniam, *deinde* alius *atque* alius, *donec* pinacium *expleatur*. Deinde *notatis* qui *depoſuerunt*, ſupputat *tacitus*; ſi *nihil* deſit, *annuit* capite.

Charon. They who *know* the Picture, *lay down* their Money, *then* another *and* another, *'till* the Trencher *be filled*. Then *having obſerved thoſe* who *laid down*, he reckons *ſilently*; if *nothing be* wanting, *he nods* with his head.

B. Quid *ſi* quid *ſuperſit*?

What *if* any Thing *be over*?

A. Fortaſſe *redderet*, et *faciunt* hoc *nonnunquam*.

Perhaps *he would return it*, and *they do* this *ſometimes*.

B. Nemo *reclamat* rationi *inique*?

Does nobody *cry out* upon the Reckoning *as unjuſt*?

A. Nemo *qui* ſapit, *nam* audiret *protinus*, qui *tu es* hominis? *ſolvesnihilo plus* quam *alii*.

Nobody *that is* wiſe; *for* he would hear *forthwith*, What *are you* of a Man? *You ſhall pay* no *more* than *others*.

B. Narras *liberum* genus *hominum*.

You tell of *a free* Kind *of Men*.

A. Quod *ſi* quis *laſſus* ex itinere, *cupiet* mox *a cœna* petere *lectum*, jubetur *expectare*, donec *cæteri* quoque *eant* cubitum.

But *if* any one, *weary* with his Journey, *deſires* preſently *after Supper* to go *to Bed*, he is ordered *to wait* 'till *the reſt* too *go* to Bed.

B. Videor *mihi* videre *Platonicam* urbem.

I ſeem *to myſelf* to ſee *a Platonick* City.

A. Tum

A. Tum *ſuus* nidus *oſtenditur* cuique, *et* vere *nihil* aliud *quam* cubiculum; *nam* ibi *ſunt* lecti *tantum*, et *nihil* præterea, *quo* utaris, *aut* quod *fureris*.

Then *his* Neſt *is ſhown* to every one, *and* truly *nothing* elſe *than* a Bed Chamber; *for* there *are* Beds *only*, and *nothing* elſe *that* you can uſe, *or* that *you can ſteal*.

B. Eſt *mundities* illic?

Is there *Cleanlineſs* there?

A. Eadem *quæ* in convivio, *lintea* lota forte *ante ſex menſes*.

The ſame *as* in the Feaſt, *Linen* waſhed perhaps *ſix Months before*.

B. Quid *interim* fit *de equis*?

What *in the mean Time* becomes *of the Horſes*?

A. Tractantur *ad* eandam *diſciplinam*, ad quam *homines*.

They are treated *according* to the ſame *Diſcipline* as *the Men*.

B. Sed *eſt* eadem *tractatio* ubique?

But *is there* the ſame *Treatment* every where?

A. Alicubi *eſt* civilior, *alicubi* durior *quam* narravi; *verum* in genere *eſt* talis.

In ſome Places *it is* civiller, *in ſome Places* harder *than* I have told you; *but* in general *it is* ſuch.

B. Quid *ſi* ego *nunc* narrem *tibi* quibus modis *hoſpites* tractentur *in ea parte* Italiæ, *quam* vocant *Longabardiam*, rurſus *in Hiſpania*, deinde in *Anglia*, et *in Wallia*? Nam

What *if* I *now* tell *you* after what Manner *Gueſts* are treated *in that Part* of Italy, *which* they call *Lombardy*, again *in Spain*, then *in England*, and *in Wales*; For *the Engliſh* have *partly* the French,

Angli

Angli obtinent *partim* Gallicos, *partim* Germanicos *mores*, ut *mixti* ex *his* duabus *gentibus*. Walli *prædicant* ſe *aborigines* Anglos.

partly the German *Manners*, as *being mixed* of *thoſe* two *Nations*. The Welſh *pretend* themſelves *the original* Engliſh.

A. Quæſo *te* ut *narres*, nam *nunquam contigit* mihi *videre* eas.

I pray *you* that *you would tell me*, for *it never happened* to me *to ſee* them.

B. In præſentia *non eſt* otium; *nam* nauta *juſſit* adeſſem *ad tertiam* horam, *niſi* vellem *relinqui*; et *habet* ſarcinulam: *alias* opportunitas *dabitur* nobis *garriendi* uſque ad ſatietatem.

At preſent *there is not* Time; *for* the Sailor *ordered me* to be with him *by the third* Hour, *unleſs* I would *be left*, and *he has* my Baggage: *another Time* an Opportunity *will be given* us of *prattling* to Satisfaction.

SPEC-

SPECTRUM.

A. QUID *bonæ* rei *eſt* quod *rides* tecum *tam* ſuaviter, *quaſi* nactus ſis *theſaurum?*

WHAT *good* Thing *is there*, that *you laugh* with yourſelf *ſo* ſweetly *as though* you had got *a Treaſure?*

B. Tua *divinatio* non aberrat *procul* a ſcopo.

Your *Gueſs* does not wander *far* from the Mark.

A. Annon impertiis *ſodali* quicquid *boni* iſtuc *eſt?*

Will you not impart to *your Companion* whatſoever *good Thing* that *is?*

I. Imo, *jamdudum* optabat *quempiam* dari *mihi*, in cujus ſinum *effunderem* hoc *gaudium* meum.

Nay, *ſome Time ſince* I was wiſhing *ſome Body* might be offered *me*, into whoſe Boſom *I might pour out* this *Joy* of mine.

A. Age *igitur*, impertì.

Come *then* impart it.

B. Audivi *modo* lepidiſſimam *fabulam* quam *jures* eſſe *comicum* figmentum, *niſi* locus, *perſonæ*, ac tota

I have heard *juſt-now* a very pretty *Story*, which *you would ſwear* was *a comic* Fiction, *unleſs* the Place, *the Perſons*, and *the*

res

res *eſſet* tam *noto* mihi, *quam* tu *es* notus *mihi*.

whole Affair *was* as well *known* to me, *as* you *are* known *to me*.

A. Geſtio *audire*.

I long *to hear it*.

B. Noſtine *Polum* generum *Fauni*?

Do you know *Pool* the Son-in-Law of *Faun*?

A. Maxime.

Yes.

B. Is *eſt* et *auctor* et *actor* hujus *fabulæ*.

He *is* both *the Author* and *the Actor* of this *Play*.

A. Facile credide-rim, *nam* ille *poſſit* a-gere *quamvis* fabulam; *vel* abſque *perſona*.

I can eaſily believe it, *for* he *could* act *any* Play, *even* without *a Maſk*.

B. Sic *eſt*. Noſti, *opinor* prædium *quod* habet *non* ita *procul* a Londino.

So *it is*. You know, *I fancy* the Eſtate *which* he has *not* ſo *far* from London.

A. Phy! *compota-vimus* illic *ſæpe*.

Pugh! *We have drunk together* there *often*.

B. Agnoſcis *igitur* viam *ſeptam* utrinque *arboribus* digeſtis *pari* intervallo.

You know *therefore* the Way *hedged* in on both Sides *with Trees* placed at *an equal* Diſtance.

B. Ad lævam *partem* ædium, *fere* altero jactu baliſtæ.

On the left *Side* of the Houſe, *almoſt* two Bow-ſhots off.

B. Tenes. *Alterum* latus *viæ* habet *ſiccum*

You have it. *One* Side *of the Way* has *a dry*

Alve-

alveum *obſitum* dumis *et* veribus; *e ponticulo* eſt *iter* in planitiem.

Ditch *ſet* with Thorns *and* Briars; *over the Bridge*, there is *a Way* into a Plain.

A. Memini.

I remember.

B. Jampridem *vagabatur* rumor, *ac* fabula *per* ruſticos *ejus* loci, *ſpectrum* odverſari *juxta* hunc *ponticulum*, cujus *miſerandi* ejulatus *exaudirentur* ſubinde: *ſuſpicabantur* eſſe *animam* cujuſpiam *quæ* torqueretur *diris* cruciatibus.

Some Time ago *there went* a Report, *and a* Story, *amongſt* the Country People *of that* Place, *that a Spirit* haunted *nigh* this *Bridge*, whoſe *miſerable* Howlings *were heard* now and then: *They ſuſpected* that it was *the Soul* of ſome Man, *which* was tortured *with direful* Torments.

A. Quis *erat* auctor *iſtius* rumoris?

Who *was* the Author *of that* Report?

B. Quis *niſi* Polus? *Præſtruxerat* hoc *proœmium* ſuæ *fabulæ*.

Who *but* Pool? *He had prepared* this *Prologue* for his *Play*.

A. Quid *venit iſti in mentem* ut confingeret *iſta*?

What *came into his Mind* to invent *thoſe Things*?

B. Neſcio, *niſi* quia *ingenium* hominis *eſt* ſic; *gaudet* ludere *ſtultitiam* populi *commentis* hujuſmodi: *Dicam* quid *deſignaret* nuper *hujus* generis.

I know not, *unleſs* becauſe *the Humour* of the Man *is* ſo; *he loves* to play upon *the Folly* of the People *with Inventions* of this Kind. *I will tell you* what *he contrived* lately

Aliquammulti equitabamus *Richmondum*, inter *quos* erant, *quos* tu *dicetres* cordatos *viros*. Cœlum *erat* mire *ſerenum*, nec *ſuffuſcatum* uſquam *ulla* nubecula. *Ibi* Polus *oculis* intentis *in cœlum* ſignavit *totam* faciem *et* ſcapulas *imagine* crucis, *et* vultu *compoſito* ad ſtuporem, *ita dixit* ſecum, *Immortalem* Deum! *quid* ego video; *Regantibus* qui *equitabant* proxime, *quid* videret, *rurſus* obſignans *ſe* major *cruce*, clementiſſimus *Deus* avertat *hoc* oſtentum, *inquit*. Cum *inſtarent* capiditate *cognoſcendi*, ille *defixit* oculis *in cœlum*, ac *commonſtrans* locum *cœli* digito, *inquit*, nonne videtis *immanem* draconem, *armatum* igneis *cornibus*, cauda *retorta* in circulum? *Cum* negarent *ſe* videre, *atque* ille *juſſiſſet*, intenderent *oculos*, ac *ſubinde* commonſtraret *locum*, tandem *unus quiſpiam*

of this Sort. *A good many of us* were riding *to Richmond*, amongſt *whom* there were ſome *whom* you *would call* prudent *Men*. The Sky *was* wonderfully *clear*, nor *overcaſt* any where *with any* little Cloud. *There* Pool *with his Eyes* directed *towards Heaven* marked *all* his Face *and* Shoulder-Blades *with the Sign* of the Croſs, *and* with a Countenance *compoſed* to Aſtoniſhment, *ſaid thus* with himſelf, *Immortal* God! *What* do I ſee? *They aſking*, who *rode* next, *what* he ſaw, *again* ſigning *himſelf* with a greater *Croſs*, the moſt merciful *God* avert *this* Omen, ſays *he*. When *they urged him* out of a Deſire *of knowing*, he *having fixed* his Eyes *upon Heaven, and ſhewing* the Place *of the Heaven* with his Finger, *ſays*, Do you not ſee *a vaſt* Dragon, *armed* with fiery *Horns*, with his Tail *turned up* into a Circle? *When* they denied *that they* ſaw it, *and* he *bade them* direct *their Eyes*, and *now and then* ſhewed them *the Place*, at laſt *ſome one*, leſt

ne

ne *videretur* parum oculatus. *affirmavit* ſe *quoque* videre: *unus* item *atque* alter *imitatus eſt* hunc; *nam* pudebat *non videre* quod *eſſet* tam *perſpicuum*. Quid multis? *intra* tridnum *hic* rumor *pervaſerat* totam *Angliam*, tale *portentum* apparuiſſe. *Mirum autem* quantum *popularis* fama *addidit* fabulæ. *Nec* deerant *qui* ſerio *interpretarentur* quid *oſtentum* vellet ſibi. *Ille* qui *commentus fuerat* argumentum, *fruebatur* horum *ſtultitia* cum *magna* voluptate.

he ſhould ſeem bad ſighted, *affirmed* that he *too ſaw* it: *One* likewiſe *and* another *imimated* him: *for* they were aſhamed *not to ſee* what *was* ſo *plain*. What needs many Words? *Within* three Days *this* Report *had gone through* all *England*, that ſuch *a Monſter* hath appeared. *But it is wonderful* how much *popular* Fame *added* to the Story. *Nor* were there wanting ſome *who* in earneſt *interpreted* what *this Prodigy* meant. *He* who *had invented* the Matter, *enjoyed* their *Folly* with *great* Pleaſure.

A. Agnoſco *ingenium* hominis; *ſed* redi *ad ſpectrum*.

"I know *the Temper* of the Man; *but* return *to the Apparition*.

B. Interea *divertit* quidam *Faunus* ſacerdos *ad Polum* commodum *ex eorum genere*, quibus *non ſatis eſt* appellari *Latini* regulares, *niſi* idem *cognomen* accinatur *Græce*, parochus *vicini* oppidi *illic alicunde*. Is *videbatur* ſibi *non vulgari-*

In the mean Time *comes* one *Faun*, a Prieſt, *to Pool* very opportunely, *of their Kinds* to whom *it is not enough* to be called *in Latin* Regulars, *unleſs* the ſame *Sirname* be ſung to them *in Greek*, a Parſon *of a neighbouring* Town *thereabouts*. He *ſeemed* to himſelf *not to be vulgar-*

ter ſapere, præſertim *in ſacris* rebus.

ly wiſe, eſpecially, *in holy* Things.

A. Intelligo, *actor* fabulæ *repertus eſt*.

I underſtand, *an Actor* of the Play *was found*.

B. Super cœnam *ſermo* ortus eſt *de rumore* ſpectri, *cum* Polus *ſentiret* hunc *rumorem* non ſolum *auditum eſſe* Fauno, *verum* etiam *creditum*, cœpit *obteſtari* hominem, *ut* doctus *ac* pius *vir* ſuccurreret *animulæ* patienti *tam* dira; *et* ſi *quid dubitat*, inquit, *explora* rem, *ambula* ad decimam *juxta* illum *ponticulum*, et *audies* miſerum *ejulatum*, adjunge *tibi* quem *voles* comitem, *ita* audies et tutior *et* certius.

At Supper *a Diſcourſe* roſe *about the Report* of the Apparition, *when* Pool *perceived* that this *Report* not only *had been heard* by Faun, *but was* alſo *believed*, he began *to beſeech* the Man, *that* he being a learned *and* godly *Man* would ſuccour *the poor Soul* ſuffering *ſuch* dreadful Things; *and* if *you doubt at all*, ſays he, *examine* the Matter, *walk* about Ten *night* that *Bridge*, and *you will hear* miſerable *Howling*, take *to you* whom *you will* as a Companion, *ſo* you will hear *both* more ſafe *and* more certainly.

A. Quid *deinde?*

What *then?*

B. Cœna *peracta*, Polus *ex more* abiit *venatum*, aut *occupatum*. Faunus *ambulans* cum *jam* tenebræ *ſuſtuliſſent* certum *judicium* de rebus, *tandem* audit *miſerandos* gemitus. *Hos* artifex

Supper *being ended*, Pool, *according to his Cuſtom*, goes *a hunting*, or *a fowling*. Faun *walking*, when *now* the Darkneſs *had taken away* a certain *Judgement* of Things, *at length* he hears *miſerable* Groans. *Theſe* the Artiſt *Pool* feigned *wan-*

Polus

Polus effingebat *mire*, abditus *illic* in vepretio, *fictili* olla *adhibita* ad id; *quo* vox *redacta* e cavo *ſonarit* quiddam *lugubrius*.

derfully being hid *there* in a buſhy Place, *an earthen* Pot *being uſed* for that Purpoſe? *that* the Voice *being returned* from the Hollow, *might ſound* ſomething *more mournfully*.

A. Hæc *fabula*, ut *video*, vincit *phaſma* Menanderi.

This *Farce*, as far as *I ſee*, exceeds the *Apparition* of Meander.

B. Dices *iſthuc* magis, *ſi* audieris *totam*. Faunus *recipit* ſe *domum*, cupiens *narrare* quid *audiſſet*. Polus *antevenerat* jam *alia* compendiaria *via*. Ibi *Faunus* narrat *Polo*, quod *erat actum*, et *aſſingit* aliquid *etiam*, quo *res* eſſet *admirabilior*.

You will ſay *that* the more, *if* you hear the *whole*. Faun *got* him *Home*, deſiring *to tell* what *he had heard*. Pool *had got before* already *by another* ſhort *Way*. There *Faun* tells *Pool*, what *had been done*, and *invents* ſomething *too*, that the *Thing* might be *more wonderful*.

A. Poterat *Polus* interim *tenere* riſum?

Could *Pool* in the mean Time *hold from* Laughing?

B. Illene! *Habet* vultum *in manu*. Dixiſſes *rem* agi *ſerio*. Tandem *Faunus* Polo *obteſtante* vehementer *ſuſcepit* negotium *exorciſmi*, et *agit* totam *eam* noctem *inſomnem*, dum *deſpicit* quibus modis *aggrederetur*

He! *He has* his Countenance *in his Hand*. You would have ſaid *that the Thing* was doing *in earneſt*. At laſt *Faun*, Pool *beſeeching him* very much, *undertook* the Buſineſs *of Exorciſm*, and he *ſpends* all *that* Night *without* Sleep, whilſt *he conſiders* which

rem *tuto*, nam *miſere metuebat* ſibi *quoque*. Primum *itaque* efficaciſſimi *exorciſmi* congeſti ſunt, *et* nonnulli *novi* additi *per* viſcera *beatæ* Mariæ, *per* oſſa *beatæ* Werenfridæ. *Deinde* locus *delectus eſt* planitie *vicina* veperto, *unde* vox *exaudiebatur*. Satis amplius *circulus* circumductus eſt *qui* haberet *crebras* cruces, *varioſque* notulas: *hæc omnia* peragebantur *conceptis verbis*. Ingens *vas* plenum *conſecratæ* aquæ *adhibitum eſt*. Sacra *ſtola*, quam vocant, *addita eſt* in collum, *unde* pendebat *initium* Evangelii *ſecundum* Joannem. *Habebat* in loculis *cerulam* ſolitam *conſecrari* quotannis a Romano *pontifice*, quæ *dicitur* vulgo, *Agnus* Dei. His armis *olim* muniebat *ſe* adverſus *noxios* dæmones, *prius quam* cucullam *Franciſci* cœpit *eſſe* formidabilis *illis*. Omnia *hæc* procurata ſunt, *ne* ſi *eſſet* may *he might attempt* the Thing *ſafely*, for *he was miſerably afraid* of himſelf *too*. Firſt *then* the moſt effectual *Exorciſms* were got together, *and* ſome *new ones* added, *by* the Bowels *of bleſſed* Mary, *by* the Bones *of bleſſed* Werenfred. *Then* a Place *was choſen* in the *Plain nigh* the buſhy Place, *from whence* the Voice *was heard*. A good large *Circle* was drawn, *which* had *many* Croſſes, *and divers* Marks: *All theſe Things* were done *with a Form of Words*. A huge *Veſſel* full *of holy* Water, *was made Uſe of*: A holy *Gown*, as they call it, *was put* over his Neck, *from whence* hung *the Beginning* of the Goſpel *according to* John. *He had* in his Pockets *a Bit of Wax* uſed *to be conſecrated* every Year *by* the Roman *Pontiff*, *which is called* commonly *the Lamb* of God. With theſe Arms *formerly* they fortified *themſelves* againſt *miſchievous* Dæmons, *before* the Hood *of Francis*, begun *to be* terrible *to them*. All *theſe Things* were *provided*, *leſt*, if *it ſhould be* lus

lus *ſpiritus*, faceret *impetum* in exorciſtam. *Nec* tamen *auſus eſt* committere *ſe* ſolum *circulo*, ſed *decretum eſt* alterum *ſacerdotem* adhibendum eſſe. *Ibi* Polus *metuens*, ne, *ſi* naſutior *eſſet* adjunctus, *myſterium* fabulæ *proderetur*, adjungit *quendam* parochum *ex vicinia*, cui *aperit* totam *rem*; nam *ſic* actio *fabulæ* poſtulabat, *et* erat *is* qui *non abhorreret* a tali ludo. *Poſtridie*, omnibus *rebus* paratis *rite*, ſub *decimam* horam *Faunus* cum *parocho* ingreditur *circulum*. Polus, *qui* præceſſaret, *gemit* miſerabiliter *e vepreto*. Faunus *auſpicatur* exorciſmum. *Interim* Polus *ſubducit* ſe *clam* per tenebras, *in proximam* villam. *Illinc* adducit *aliam* perſonam *fabulæ*, nam *non poterat* agi *ni* per multos.

an evil *Spirit*, it ſhould make *an attack* upon the Exorciſt. *Neither* yet *durſt he* truſt *himſelf* alone *in the Circlet*, but *it was determined* that another *Prieſt* ſhould be employed. *There* Pool *fearing*, leſt, *if* a cunninger Man *was* joined with them, *the Myſtery* of the Farce *ſhould be betrayed*, joins to him *a certain* Parſon *of the Neighbourhood*, to whom *he diſcloſes* the whole *Matter*; for ſo the Acting *of the Farce* required, *and* he was *one* that *was not averſe* to ſuch Sport. *The Day after*, all *Things* being prepared *rightly*, about *the Tenth* Hour *Faun*, with *the Parſon*, enters *the Circle*. Pool, *who* had gone before, *groans* miſerably *out of the buſhy Place*. Faun *begins* the Exorciſm. *In the mean Time* Pool *withdraws* himſelf *privately* in the Dark, *into the next* Village. *Thence* he brings *another* Actor *of the Play*; for *it could not* be acted *but* by many.

A. Quid *faciunt?* What *do they?*

B. Conſcendunt *nigros* equos, *ferunt* They mount *black* Horſes; *they carry* covered *Fire* occul-

occultum *ignem* ſecum *ubi* non abeſſent *procul* a circulo, *ostentant* ignem, *quo* metu *abigerent* Faunum *e circulo*.

with them, *when* they were not *far* from the Circle, *they shew* their Fire, *that* by Fear *they might drive* Faun *out of the Circle*.

A. Quantum *operæ* ſumpſit *ille* Polus, *ut* falleret!

How much *Pains* took *that* Pool, *that* he might deceive!

B. Sic *homo* eſt. *Verum* ea *res* propemodum ceſſerat *peſſime* illis.

So *the Man* is. *But* that *Thing* had well nigh fallen out *very badly* for them.

A. Qui *ſic*?

How *ſo*?

B. Nam *equi* conſternati *igne* ſubito *prolato*, parum abfuit quin præcipitarent *et* ſe, *et* ſeſſores. *Habes* primum *actum* fabulæ. *Ubi* redditum eſt *in colliquium*, Polus *velut* ignarus *omnium*, rogat *quid* eſſet *actum*. *Ibi* Faunus *narrat* duos *teterrimos Dæmones* conſpectos *ſibi*, in nigris *equis*, igneis *oculis*, ac *ſpirantes* ignem *naribus*, qui *tentaſſent* ingredi *circulum*, veram *abactos* in malam rem *efficacibus* verbis. *Cum* animus *accrevis-*

For *the Horſes* being frighted *with the Fire* ſuddenly *produced*, had like to have thrown *both* themſelves, *and* their Riders. *You have* the firſt *Act* of the Play. *When* they returned *to confer together*, Pool, *as if* ignorant *of all Things*, aſks *what* had been done. *There* Faun *tells him* that two very ugly *Devils* had been ſeen *by him*, upon black *Horſes*, with fiery *Eyes*, and *breathing* Fire *out of their Noſes*, who *had tried* to enter *the Circle*, but *were driven away* with a Vengeance *by powerful* Words. *When*

ſet

ſet Fauno *his* rebus, *die* poſtero *rediit* in circulum *cum* ſummo *apparatu*: cumque *provocaſſet* ſpectrum *multis* obteſtationibus, *Polus* rurſum *cum* collega *oſtendit* ſe *procul* ex *atris* equis, *horrendo fremitu*, quaſi *cuperent* irrumpere *circulum*.

Courage *grew upon* Faun *by theſe* things, *the Day* following *he returned* into the Circle *with his* utmoſt *Furniture*. And when *he had called out* the Spirit *with many* Entreaties, *Pool* again *with his* Colleague *ſhewed* himſelf *at a Diſtance* from *black* Horſes, *with a horrid muttering Noiſe*, as if *they deſired* to break into *the Circle*.

A. Habebant *nihil?*

Had they *nothing* of Fire?

B. Nihil, *nam* id *ceſſaret* male. *Sed* audi *aliud* commentum. *Ducebant* longum *funem*; eo *tracto* leviter *per humum*, dum *uterque* proripit ſe *hinc* atque *hinc*, velut *ubacti* exorciſmis *Fauni*, provolvunt *in terram* utrumque *ſacerdotem*, una *cum* vaſe *quod* habebant *plenum* ſacro *aquæ*.

Nothing, *for* that *fell out* badly. *But* hear *another* Invention. *They took* a long *Rope*; that *being drawn* lightly *along the Ground*, whilſt *each* throwe himſelf out *on this Side* and *that Side*, as if *driven away* by the Conjuring *of Faun*, they tumbled down *upon the Ground* both *Prieſts*, together *with* the Tub *which* they had *full* of holy *Water*.

A. Parochus tulit *hoc* præmii *pro* ſua actione?

Did the Parſon get *this* Reward *for* his acting his Part?

B. Tulit, *et* tamen *maluit* perpeti *hoc*, quam

He did get it, *and* yet *he choſe rather* to ſuffer *this*,

quam *deserere* fabulam *cœptam*. His *gestis* ita *ubi* reditum est *ad colloquium*, Faunus *deprædicat* apud Polum *in quanto* periculo *fuisset*, et quam fortiter *profligasset* utrumque *cacodemonem* suis verbis; *jamque* conseperat *certam* fiduciam, *esse* nullum *dæmonem* tam *noxium*, aut *impudentem*, qui *posset* irrumpere *circulum*.

than *to forsake* the Play *began*, These Things *being done* thus, *when* they returned *to the Conference*, Faun *tells* to Pool *in how great* Danger *he had been*, and *how* stoutly *he had put to flight* both *the Devils* with his Words; *and now* he had conceived *a certain* Assurance *that there was* no *Devil* so *mischievous*, or *impudent* who *could* break into *the Circle*.

A. Ille *Faunus* non multum abest *a fatuo*.

That *Faun* is not far removed *from a Fool*.

B. Audisti *nihil* adhuc. *Fabula* progressa *hujusque* commodum *supervenit* Poli *gener*, nam *duxerat* ejus *natu maximam* filiam, *juvenis*, ut *scis*, mire festivo *ingenio*.

You have heard *nothing* as yet. *The Play* being advanced *thus far*, in good Time *comes in* Pool's *Son in Law*, for *he had married* his *eldest* Daughter, *a young Man*, as *you know*, of a wonderful merry *Humour*.

A. Scio, *nec* abhorrens ab *hujusmodi* jocis.

I know, *nor* averse to *such* Jests.

B Abhorrens! *ille* defereret *nullum non* vadimonium, *si* talis *fabula* esset *vel* spectanda,

Averse! *he* would forsake *any* Bail, *if* such *a Play* was *either* to be seen *or* to be acted. *The Father-*

tanda, *vel* agenda. *Socer* denarrat *omnem* rem *huic*; atque *delegat* ei *partes*, ut *agat* animam. *Sumit* ornatum, *ac* lubens *convolvit* se *linteo*, quemadmodum *funera* solent *apud nos*. Habet *vivam* prunam *in testa*, quæ *per linteum* reddebat *speciem* incendii. *Sub noctem* itum est *ad locum* ubi *hæc* fabulæ *agebatur*. Miri *gemitus* audiuntur. *Faunus* expedit *omnes* exorcismos. *Tandem* anima *ostendit* sese *procul* intra *vepretum*, subinde *ostentans* ignem, *ac* suspirans *misere*. Cum *Faunus* ostentaretur *hanc*, ut *eloqueretur* quisnam *esset*, Polus *prosiliit* subito *e vepreto*, ornatu *cacodæmonis*, fictoque *fremitu*, inquit, *est tibi* nihil *juris* in hanc *animam*, est *mea*, ac *subinde* procurrit *usque ad* oram *circuli*, veluti *facturus* impetum *in exorcistam*: moxque *velut* submotus *verbis* exorcismi, *et*

in Law tells *all* the Matter *to him*, and *appoints* him *his Part*, that *he may act* the Soul. *He takes* his Dress, *and* willingly *wraps* himself *in a Sheet*, as *dead Bodies* used to be *with us*. He has *a live* Coal *in a Shell*, which *through the Sheet* made *an Appearance* of Fire. *At Night* they went *to the Place* where *this* Play *was acted*. Wonderful *Groans* are heard. *Faun* makes ready *all* his Exorcisms. *At length* the Soul *shews* itself *a great Way off* within *the bushy Place*, now and then *shewing* the Fire, *and* groaning *miserably*. When *Faun* besought *it*, that *it would declare* who *it was*. Pool *jumped* suddenly *out of the bushy Place* in the Dress *of a Devil*, and with a feigned *muttering Noise*, says, *You have* no *Right* to this *Soul*, it is *mine*, and *now and then* he runs *up to* the Edge *of the Circle*, as if *he would make* an Attack *upon the Conjuror*: And by and by *as if* beat off *by the Words* of the Conjuration, *and* the Virtue *of the holy* Water, *which* he sprinkled *upon him* in great Plenty,

et vi *ſacræ* aquæ, *quam* aſperſit *illi* multam, *re-roceſſet*. Tandem *pædagogo* dæmone *abacto*, naſcitur *dialogiſmus* Fauni *cum* anima. *Reſpondit* percunctanti *et* obteſtanti *ſe* eſſe *animam* Chriſtiani *hominis*. Rogato *quo* nomine *vocaretur*, reſpondit, *Faunus*: Faunus, *inquit* idem *eſt mihi* nomen, *jamque* res cœpit *eſſe cordi* illi *magis* ex *communi* nomine, *ut* Faunus *liberaret* Faunum. *Cum* Faunus *percontaretur* multa, *ne* diutina *confabulatio* proderet *fucum*, anima *ſubducebat* ſeſe, *negans* eſſe *fas* ſibi *colloqui* diutius, *quod* tempus *urgeret*, quo *cogeretur* abire. *quo* liberet *pædagogo* dæmoni: *tamen* pollicita eſt *ſe* redituram *poſtridie*, hora *qua* eſſet *fas*. Rurſus *convenitus* in *Poli* ædibus, *qui* erat *choragus* fabulæ. *Ibi* exorciſta *denarret* quid *eſſet* geſtum, *admentiens* nonnulla *etiam*, quæ *tamen* per-

he drew off. At length *the Pædagogus* Devil *being driven away*, begins *a Dialogue* of Faun's *with* the Soul. *It anſwered him* aſking *and* beſeeching, *that it* was *the Soul* of a Chriſtian *Man*. Being aſked *by what* Name *it was called*, it anſwered, *Faun:* Faun, *ſays he*, the ſame *is my* Name; *and now* the Thing begun *to pleaſe* him *more* becauſe of *their common* Name, *that* Faun *might deliver* Faun. *When* Faun *aſked* many Things, *leſt* a long *Diſcourſe* ſhould betray *the Roguery*, the Soul *withdrew* itſelf, *denying* that it was *lawful* for him *to talk* longer, *becauſe* the Time *was at Hand*, when *he ſhould be obliged* to go, *whither* it pleaſed *the Pædagogus* Devil: *Yet* he promiſed *that he* would return *the Day after*, at the Hour *when* it ſhould be *lawful*. Again *they* meet in *Pool's* Houſe, *who* was *the Furniſher* of the Play. *There* the Conjuror *tells* what *was* done, *lying* in ſome Things *too*, which *yet* he perſuaded *himſelf* to be *true*, ſo much *he favoured* the Buſineſs *which* was doing. *Now* this *was* ſuade-

ſuadebat *ſibi* eſſe *vera* adeo *favebat* negotio *quod* agebatur, *Jam* hoc *compertum erat*, ſcilicet, *eſſe* Chriſtianam *animam* quæ *vexaretur* diris *cruciatibus* ſub *inclementiſſimo* dæmone. *Huc* omnis *conatus* intenditur. *Verum* quiddam *ridiculum* accidit *in proximo* exorciſmo.

found out, to wit, *that it was* a Chriſtian *Soul*, which *was plagued* with dreadful *Torments*, under *a moſt unmerciful* Devil. *To this* all *his Endeavour* is directed. *But* a certain *comical Thing* happened *in the next* conjuring Bout.

A. Obſecro *quidnam?*

I beſeech you *what?*

B. Cum *Faunus* evocaſſet *animam*, Polus, *qui* agebat *dæmonem*, aſſiliit *prorſus* ſic, *quaſi* irrupturus *intra* circulum, *cum*; Faunus *pugnaret* exorciſmis, *et* aſpergeret *multam vim* aquæ; *tandem* dæmon *exclamat* ſe *ne facere* omnia *iſta* quidem *pili*; inquit, *habuiſti* rem *cum* puella, *es* mei juris. *Cum* Polus *diceret* id *joco*, tamen *forte fortuna* viſus eſt *dixiſſe* verum: *nam* exorcista *tactus* hoc *dicto*, illico *recepit* ſe *in centrum* circuli, *et* immuſſavit

When *Faun* had called out *the Soul*, Pool, *who* acted *the Devil*, leaped up *juſt* ſo, *as if* he would break *within* the Circle, *and when* Faun *fought* by Conjuration, *and* ſprinkled on him *a vaſt Quantity* of Water; *at laſt* the Devil *cries out* that he *did not value* all *thoſe Things* ſo much as *a Hair*; quoth he, *thou haſt had* Dealings *with* a Girl, *thou art* a Part of my Right. *Tho'* Pool *ſaid* that *in Jeſt*, yet *by good Fortune* he ſeemed *to have ſaid* the Truth: *For* the Conjurer *being ſtruck* with this *Saying* preſently *betook* himſelf *into the Centre* of the Circle, *and* mut-

neſcio quid *in aurem* parocho. *Polus* ſentiens *id* recipit *ſeſe*, ne *audiret* quid, *quod* non eſſe *fas* audire.

tered *I know not* what *in the Ear* to the Parſon. *Pool* perceiving *that*, withdrew *himſelf*, leſt he *ſhould hear* any Thing, *which* it was not *lawful* to hear.

A. Sane *Polus* agebat *religioſum* et *modeſtum* dæmonem.

Truly *Pool* acted *the religious* and *modeſt* Devil.

B. Sic *eſt*. Actio *poterat* reprehendi, *quod* parum meminiſſet *decori*. Tamen *exaudivit* vocem *parochi* indicentis *ſatisfactionem*.

So *it is*. The Action *might* be blamed, *becauſe* he little regarded *Decency*. Yet *he overheard* the Voice *of the Parſon* appointing *Satisfaction*.

A. Quam?

What.

B. Ut *diceret* Dominicam *precationem* ter. *Ex hoc* conjiciebat *habuiſſe* rem *ter* eadem nocte.

That *he ſhould ſay* the Lord's *Prayer* thrice. *By this* he gueſſed *that he had had* Dealings *thrice the* ſame Night.

A. Hoc *ſane* ille *regularis* præter *regulam*.

This *truly* that *Regular did* beſides *his Rule*.

B. Sunt *hominis*, et *erat* humanus *lapſus*.

They are *Men*, and *it was* a human *Failing*.

A. Perge, *quid* deinde *factum?*

Go on, *what* then *was done?*

B. Jam

B. Jam *Faunus* redit *feracior* ad oram *circuli*, et *ultro* provocat *dæmonem*; at *ille* jam *timidior* refugiebat, *inquiens*, fefelliſti *me*, ſi *ſapuiſſem*, non monuiſſem *te*. Hoc *eſt* perſuaſum *multis*, quæ *confeſſus ſis* ſemel *ſacerdoti*, eſſe *prorſus* abolita *e memoria* dæmonis, *ne poſſit* opprobare.

Now *Faun* returns *more fierce* to the Edge *of the Circle*, and *of his own accord* challenges *the Devil*; but *he* now *being more timorous* ran away, *ſaying*, thou haſt deceived *me*, if I *had been wiſe*, I ſhould not have told *thee*. This *is* believed *by many*, what *you confeſs* once *to the Prieſt* is *quite* wiped *out of the memory* of the Devil, *that he cannot* upbraid you.

A. Narras *plane ridiculum* jocum.

You tell me *a very comical* Jeſt.

B. Sed *ut* finiam *fabulam*, aliquando *colloquium* habitum eſt *cum* anima *in hunc modum* aliquot *diebus*. *Summa* evaſit *hæc*. Illa *reſpondit* exorciſtæ *roganti* num *poſſit* qua via *liberari* a cruciatu, *poſſe* ſi *pecunia* quam *reliquiſſet* partam *fraude* reſtitueretur. *Ibi* Faunus *inquit*, quid *ſi* diſpenſaretur *in* pios *uſus* per *bonos* viros? *Reſpondit* ut hoc *profuturum*. Heic *exorciſta* exhilaratus *percunctatus eſt* ſumma *diligentia*, quanta *ſum-*

But *that* I may finiſh *the Story* at laſt, a *Conference* was held *with* the Soul *in this Manner* for ſome *Days*. *The Upſhot* came *to this*. It *anſwered* the Conjuror, *aſking* whether *it could* any way *be delivered* from Torment, *that it might* if *the Money* which *it had left*, got *by Cheating*, ſhould be reſtored. *Upon that* Faun *ſays* what *if* it ſhould be diſpoſed of *to* pious *Uſes* by *good* Men; *It anſwered* that that alſo *would do Good*. Here *the Exorciſt* being rejoyced, *enquired* with the greateſt *Diligence*, how

ma eſſet. *Illa* dixit *ingentem*, quod erat bonum *et* commodum *illi*. Indicavit *et* locum, *ſed* procul *diſſitum*, ubi *hic* theſaurus *eſſet* defoſſus. *Præſcripſit* in quos *uſus* vellet *impendi*.

great *the Sum* was. *It* ſaid *a huge one*, which *was* good *and* convenient *for him*. It diſcovered *alſo* the place, *but* a great Way *diſtant*, where this Treaſure *was* hid in the Earth. *It preſcribed* for what *Uſes* it wou'd have it *laid out*.

A. In quos?

For what?

B. Ut *tres* ſuſciperent *peregrinationem*, unus *quorum* adiret *limina* Petri, *alter* iret *ſalutatum* Jacobum *Compoſtellanum*; tertius *oſcularetur* pectinem *Jeſu*, qui *eſt* Treviris. *Deinde* magna *vis* pſalteriorum *et* miſſarum *perageretur* per *aliquot* monaſteria. *Quod* ſupereſſet, *ipſe* diſpenſaret *pro* ſuo *arbitratu*. Jam *totus* animus *Fauni* erat *in Theſauro*. Devorarat *illum* toto pectore.

That *three* ſhould undertake *a Pilgrimage*, one *of which* ſhould go *to the Threſholds* of Peter, *another* ſhould go *to ſalute* James *of Compoſtella*; a third *ſhould kiſs* the Comb *of Jeſus*, which *is* at Triers. *Then* a great *Quantity* of Pſalms *and* Maſſes *ſhould be performed* through *ſome* Monaſtries. *What* remained *he* might diſpoſe of *according to* his *Pleaſure*. Now *the whole* Soul *of Faun* was *in the Treaſure*. He had devoured *it* with his whole Breaſt.

A. Eſt *vulgaris* morbus, *quanquam* ſacerdotes *peculiariter* male audient *hoc nomine*.

It is *a common* Diſeaſe *tho'* Prieſts *peculiarly* have an ill Report *upon this Account*.

Ubi

B. Ubi *nihil* omiſſum eſſet *quod* pertineret *ad negotium* pecuniæ, *exorciſta* ſubmonitus *a Palo* cœpit *percunctari* animam *de alcumiſtica*, deque magica. *Et* anima *reſpondit* quædam *ad hæc* pro tempore; *cæterum* pollicita *ſe* indicatum *plura*, ſimul atque *liberata fuiſſet* illius opera *a* pædagogo *dæmone*. Sit hic *ſi* videtur, *tertius* actus *fabulæ*. In quarto *Faunus* cœpit *prædicare* hanc *prodigioſam* rem *ubique*. ſerio, *crepare* nihil *aliud* in colloquiis, *in convivii*, polliceri *quædam* magnifica *monaſteriis*, et *loquebatur* jam *nihil* omnino *humile*. Adit *locum*, reperit *ſigna*, tamen *non auſus eſt* effodere *theſaurum* quod *anima* injeciſſet *ſcrupulum*, facturum *ingenti* periculo, *ſi* theſaurus *attingeretur* priuſquam *miſſæ* peractæ eſſent. Jam ſucus *ſubolebat* multis *naſitioribus*. Cum *tamen* ille nuſquam non

When *nothing* had been omitted, *that* appertained *to the buſineſs* of the money, *the Conjuror* being put in mind of it *by Pool*, began to *aſk* the Soul *about the Alcumiſtic Art*, and of Magic. *And* the Soul *anſwered* ſome Things *to that* for that Time; *but* promiſed *that it* would diſcover *more*, as ſoon as *it was delivered* by his Means *from* the Pedagogue *Devil*. Let this be, *if* it ſeems good, *the third* Act *of the Play*. In the fourth *Faun* begun *to tell* of this *prodigious* Thing *every where* in earneſt, *to talk* of nothing *elſe* in Company, *in Feaſts*, to promiſe *ſome* mighty Matters *to the Monaſteries*, and *he ſpoke of* now *nothing* at all, *mean*. He goes to *the Place*, finds *the Marks*, yet *he durſt not* dig up *the Treaſure*, becauſe *the Soul* had thrown in *a Scruple*, that he would do it *with great* Danger, *if* the Treaſure *ſhould be touched*, before *the Maſſes* were performed. *Now* the Roguery *was ſmelt out* by many *more cunning People*. When *notwithſtanding* he every where *publiſhed* his *Folly*;

deprædicaret ſuam *ſtultitiam*, admonitus eſt *clam* ab amicis, *præſertim* ab abbate ſuo *ne daret* diverſum *ſpecimen* de ſe *omnibus*, qui *hactenus* habitus eſſet *prudens* vir. *Tamen* ille *potuit* commoveri *nullius oratione*, quo minus crederet *rem* eſſe *ſeriam*: et *hæc* imaginatio *occupavit* animum *hominis* adeo *penitus*, ut *ſomniaret* nihil, *loqueretur* nihil, *præter* ſpectra *et* malos *genios*. Habitus *mentis* abierat *in ipſam* faciem, *quæ* ſic pallebat, *erat* ſic *extenuata*, ſic *dejecta*, ut *diceres* eſſe *larvam*, non *hominem*. Quid multis? *minimum aberat* a *vera* dementia, *ni* ſuccurſum fuiſſet *celeri* remedio.

he was adviſed *privately* by his Friends, *eſpecially* by his Abbot, *that he would not give* a different *Specimen* of himſelf *to all Men*, who *hitherto* had been accounted a *prudent* Man. *Yet* he *could* be moved *by no Man's Talk*, from believing *that the Matter* was *real*: And *this* Imagination *ſeized* the Mind *of the Man* ſo *thoroughly*, that he *dreamt of* nothing, *ſpake of* nothing, *beſides* Ghoſts *and* evil *Spirits*. The Habit *of his Mind* had got *into his very* Face, *which* was ſo pale, *was* ſo *thin*, ſo dejected, that *you would have ſaid* he was *a Ghoſt*, not *a Man*. What needs many Words? *He was very little removed* from *real* Madneſs, *unleſs* he had been relieved *by a ſpeedy* Remedy.

A. Nimirum hic *erit extremus* actus *fabulæ*.

Well *this* will be *the laſt* Act *of the Play*.

B. Reddam *eum* tibi. *Polus* et *ejus gener* commenti ſunt *hujusmodi technam*. Effinxerunt *epiſtolam* de-

I will give *it* to you. *Pool* and *his Son-in-law* invented *ſuch a Trick as this*. They forged *an Epiſtle* writ *in rare Letters*, and that *not*

ſcriptam

ſcriptam *in raris literis*. Idque *non* in vulgaribus chartis. *Sententia* epiſtolæ *erat* hæc. *Faunus* dudum *captivus*, nunc *liber* æternam ſalutem *Fauno* ſuo *optimo* liberatori. *Non eſt*, mi Faune, *cur* maceres *te* diutius *in hoc negotio*. Deus *reſpexit* piam *voluntatem* tui animi, *et* illius merito *liberavit* me *a ſupplicitis*: Ego *nunc* ago *feliciter* inter angelos. *Locus* manet *te* apud *divum* Auguſtinum, *qui* eſt *proximus* choro *Apoſtolorum*. Ubi *veneris* ad nos, *agam* tibi *gratias* coram. *Interim* cura *ut* vivas *ſuaviter*. Datum *ex* empyreo *cælo*, idibus *Septembribus*, anno *milleſimo* quadrageteſimo *nonageſimo* octavo, *ſub* ſigillo *mei annuli*. Hæc *epiſtola* poſita eſt *clam* in altari, *ubi* Faunus *facturus erat* rem divinam. *Subornatus*, qui, *ea* peracta, *ſubmoneretenus* de re *quaſi* deprehenda *vaſa*. Nunc *circumferet* eam epiſtolam, upon common Paper. *The Subject* of the Letter *was* this. *Faun* ſome Time ago *a Priſoner*, now *free*, wiſheth eternal Salvation *to Faun* his *very good* Deliverer. *There is no Reaſon*, my Faun, *why* you ſhould trouble *yourſelf* any further *in this Buſineſs*. God *hath regarded* the pious *Intention* of your Mind, *and* for the Merit of it *hath delivered* me *from Puniſhment*: I *now* live *happily* amongſt the Angels. *A Place* is reſerved *for you* near *Saint* Auſtin, *which* is *next* to the Choir *of the Apoſtles*. When *you come* to us, *I ſhall give* you *Thanks* Face to Face. *In the mean Time*, take Care *that* you live *merrily*. Given *from* the Empyrean *Heaven*, on the Ides *of September*, in the Year *One Thouſand* Four Hundred *and Ninety* Eight, *under* the Seal *of my Ring*. This *Letter* was laid *privately* upon the Altar, *where* Faun *was to perform* Divine Service. *One was ſuborned*, who, *that* being over, *ſhould tell him* of the Thing, *as* obſerved *by Chance*. Now *he carries about* that Letter, *and* believes *nothing* more cer-

ac

ac credit *nihil* certius, *quam* eam *perlatam* e cœlo *ab angelo*.

tainly *than* that it *was brought* from Heaven *by an Angel*.

A. Iſtud *non eſt* liberaſſe *hominem* inſania, *ſed* mutaſſe *genus* inſaniæ.

That *is not* to free *the Man* from Madneſs, *but* to change *the Kind* of Madneſs.

B. Sic *eſt* profecto *niſi* quod *nunc* inſanit ſuavius.

So *it is* indeed, *but* that *now* he is more ſweetly mad.

A. Antehac *non ſolebam* tribuere multum *fabulis*, quæ *feruntur* vulgo de *ſpectris*; ſed *poſthac* tribuam *multo* minus; *nam* ſuſpicor *multa* prodita *literis* pro *veris* *ab credulis* hominibus, *et* ſimilibus *Fauni*, quæ *adſimulata ſunt* ſimili *artificio*.

Heretofóre *I did not uſe* to give much Regard *to Stories*, that *are told* commonly of *Apparitions*; but *hereafter*, I ſhall give *much* leſs; for I ſuſpect *that many Things* have been delivered *in Books* for true *by credulous* Men, *and* Men like *Fauns*, which *have been contrived* by the like *Art*.

B. Ego credo *pleraque* eſſe *hujus generis*.

I believe *the moſt Part* are *of this Kind*.

ALCUMISTICA.

A. QUID *novæ rei est* quod *Lalus* ridet *sic* apud sese, *subinde* signans *se* cruce? *interpellabo* felicitatem *hominis*. Salve *multum*, amiciſſime Lale, *Videre* mihi *admodum* felix.

WHAT *new* Thing *is there* that *Lalus* laughs *ſo* with himſelf, *now and then* ſigning *himſelf* with the Croſs? *I will interrupt* the Felicity *of the Man*. God ſave you *much*, my good Friend Lalus. *You ſeem to* me *very* happy.

B. Atque *ero* felicior, *ſi* impertiam *tibi* hoc *gaudium*.

But *I ſhall be* more happy, *if* I impart *to you* this *Joy*.

A. Fac *igitur* beatum me *quamprimum*.

See *therefore* you make me happy *as ſoon as poſſible*.

B. Noſti *Balbinum*?

Do you know *Balbinus*?

A. Illum *eruditum* ſenem, *ac* laudatæ *vitæ*.

That *learned* old Man, *and* of a commendable *Life*.

B. Sic *eſt* ut *dicis*, ſed *eſt* nullus *mortalium* qui *ſapit* omnibus

So *be it* as *you ſay*, but *there is* no one *of Mankind*, who *is wiſe* at all

horis,

horis, aut *qui* ſit *undequaque* perfectus. *Ille* vir *habet* hoc *nævi* inter *multas* egregias *dotes*. Jam olim inſanit *in artem* quam *vocant* Alcumiſticam.

Hours, or *who* is *in all Reſpects* perfect. *That* Man *has* this *Blemiſh* amongſt *many* excellent *Qualities*. He has been for ſome Time mad *upon the Art* which *they call* Alcumiſtic.

A. Haud tu narras *nævum* quidem, *ſed* inſignem *morbum*.

You do not talk of a *Blemiſh* truly, *but* a conſiderable *Diſtemper*.

B. Utcunque *eſt*, ille *toties* deluſus *ab* hoc genere *hominum*, tamen *paſſus eſt* ſibi *dari verba* mirifice *dudum*.

Howſoever *it is*, he *ſo often* deluded *by* this Sort *of Men*, yet *ſuffered* himſelf *to be impoſed upon* wonderfully *ſome Time ago*.

A. Qua *pacto*?

After what *Manner*?

B. Quidam *ſacerdos* adiit *illum*, ſalutavit *honorifice*: Mox *ſic* exorſus eſt, *Doctiſſime* Balbine, *mirabere* fortaſſis, *quod* ignotus *interpellem* te *ſic*, quem *ſcio* nunquam non *occupatiſſimum* ſanctiſſimis *ſtudiis*. Balbinus *annuit*, qui *eſt* illi mos, *nam* eſt *mire* parcus *verborum*.

A *certain Prieſt* went *to him*, ſaluted him *reſpectfully*: By and by *thus* he began, *Moſt learned* Balbinus, *you will wonder* perhaps, *that*, I a Stranger to you, *ſhould break in upon* you *thus*, whom *I know to be* always *very buſy* in the moſt ſacred *Studies*. Balbinus *nodded to him*, which *is* his Cuſtom, *for* he is *wonderfully* ſparing *of Words*.

A. Narras *argumentum* prudentiæ.

You tell me *an Argument* of his Prudence.

B. Ve-

B. Verum *alter* prudentior *pergit* ſic. *Tamen* ignoſces *meæ* importunitati *ſi* cognoris *cauſam* cur *adierim* te. *Dic*, inquit *Balbinus*, ſed *paucis* ſi *potes*. Dicam, *inquit ille*, quanto compendio *potero*: ſcis, *doctiſſime vir*, fata *mortalium* eſſe *varia*. Ego *neſcio* in utro *numero* ponam *me*, felicium, *an* infelicium. *Etenim* ſi *contemplor* meum *fatum* ex altera parte, *videor* mihi *pulchre felix*; ſi *ex altera*, nihil *eſt* infelicius *me*. Balbino *urgente*, ut *conferret* rem *in compendium*; finiam, *inquit*, doctiſſime *Balbine*. Id *erit* facilius *mihi* apud virum, [*cui* hoc *totum* negotium *eſt* ſic *notum* ut *totius* nulli.

But *the other* being more prudent, *goes on* thus. *Yet* you will pardon *my* Importunity, *if* you know *the Cauſe*, why *I am come to* you. *Tell me*, ſays *Balbinus*, but *in a few Words*, if *you can*. I will tell you, *ſaith he*, with as great Brevity as *I can*. You know, *moſt learned Sir*, that the Fates *of Men* are *various*. I *know not* in which *Number* I muſt rank *myſelf*, of the happy, *or* the unhappy. *For* if *I view* my *Fate* on one Side, *I ſeem* to myſelf *very happy*; if *on the other* nothing *is* more unhappy *than me*. Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould bring* his Matter *into a ſhort Compaſs*; I will make an End, *quoth he*, moſt learned *Balbinus*. That *will be* more eaſy *for me* with a Man, *to whom* this *whole* Buſineſs *is* ſo *well known*, that *it is better known* to no Body.

A. Depingis *rhetorem* mihi, *non* alcumiſtam.

You deſcribe *a Rhetorician* to me, *not* an Alcumiſt.

B. Mox *audies* alcumiſtam. *Hæc* felicitas, *inquit*, contigit *mihi* a puero, *ut* diſ-

By and by *you will hear of* the Alcumiſt. *This* Happineſs, *ſaith he*, befel *me* from a Child, *that* I cerem

cerem *artem* maxime *expetendam* omnium, *illam* alcumisticam, *inquam*, medullam *totius* philosophiæ. *Balbinus* exporrectus est *nonnihil* ad nomen *alcumisticæ*, gestu *tantum*, cæterum *jussit* gemitu, *ut* pergeret. *Tum* illo *inquit*, O me miserum! *qui* non inciderim *in eam* viam, *quam* oportuit. *Cum* Balbinus *rogasset* quasnam *vias* diceret. *Scis*, inquit *optime*, (nam *quid* fuget *te*, Balbine, *virum* undiquaque *doctissimum*) esse *duplicem* viam *hujus* artis, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* longatio, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* curtatio. *At* contigit *mihi* quodam *malo* fato *invidere* in longationem. *Balbino* sciscitanti, *quodnam* discrimen *viarum* esset, *Impudentem me*, inquit, *qui* loquor *hæc* apud te, *cui* sciam *omnia* hæc *esse* sic *nota*, ut *notoriæ* nulli. *Itaque* accurri *huc* ad te *supplex*, ut

should learn *an Art* the most *to be desired* of all, *that* Alcumistick Art, *I say*, the Marrow *of all* Philosophy. *Balbinus* was awakened *a little* at the Name *of the Alcumistick Art*, in Gesture *only*; but *he ordered him* with a Groan, *that* he should go on. *Then* he *says*, O Woe's me! *who* did not light *upon that* Way, *which* I ought. *When* Balbinus *asked him* what *Ways* he meant. *You know*, quoth he, *good Sir*, (for *what* escapes *you*, Balbinus, *a Man* in all Respects *the most learned*) that there is *a double* Way *of this* Art, *one of* which *is called* Longation, *another* which *is called* Curtation. *But* it happened *to me* by some *ill* Fate *to fall* upon Longation. *Balbinus* asking *what* the Difference *of the Ways* was, *Impudent that I am*, quoth he, *who* speak *these Things* before you, *to whom* I know *all* these Things *are* so well *known*, that *they are better known* to Nobody. *Therefore* I am come *hither* to you *humbly begging*, that *pitying* us you

mi-

miſertus noſtri *dignetur* impertiri *nobis* illam *feliciſſimam* viam *curtationis*. Quo peritior es *hujus artis*, hoc minore *negotio* potes *communicare* nobis. *Ita* Jeſus Chriſtus locupletet *te* ſemper *majoribus* dotibus. *Cum* hic *non faceret finem* obteſtandi, *Balbinus* coactus eſt *fateri*, ſe *prorſus ignorare*, quid *longatio* aut *curtatio* eſſet: *jubet* exponat *ipſe* vim *harum* vocum. *Tum* inquit *illi* quanquam *ſcio* me *loqui* peritiori, *tamen* quando *jubes* ita, *faciam:* qui *contriverunt* totam *ætatem* in hac *divina* arte, *vertunt* ſpecies *rerum* duabus *rationibus*, altera *quæ* eſt *brevior*, ſed *habet* pluſculum *periculi*, altera *quæ* eſt *longior*, ſed *eadem* tutior. *Ego* videor *mihi* infelix, *qui* hactenus *ſudarim* in ea *via*, quæ *non arridet* meo *animo:* neque *potui* nanciſci *quenquam* qui *vellet*

would vouchſafe to impart *to us* that *moſt happy* Way *of Curtation*. By how much *the more ſkilful* you are *in this Art*, with ſo much the leſs *Trouble* can you *communicate it* to us. *So* may Jeſus Chriſt enrich *you* always *with greater* Gifts. *When* he *did not make an End* of entreating, *Balbinus* was forced *to confeſs*, that he *was wholly ignorant* what *Longation* or *Curtation* was. *He bids him* expound *himſelf* the Signification *of theſe* Words. *Then* ſaith *he*, tho' *I know* I *ſpeak* to one more ſkilful, *yet* ſince *you order* ſo, *I will do it*. They who *have ſpent* their whole *Life* in this *Divine* Art, *change the* Species *of Things* two *Ways*, one *which* is *the ſhorter*, but *has* a good deal *of Danger*, another *which* is *longer*, but *the ſame is* ſafer. *I* ſeem *to myſelf* unhappy, *who* hitherto *have ſweat* in that *Way*, which *does not pleaſe* my *Mind*, neither *could I get any one*, that *would* ſhew me *the other*, with the Love of which *I periſh*. At laſt in-

indicare *alteram* cujus amore *depereo*. Tandem *Deus* immisit *in mentem*, ut *adirem te*, virum *non minus* pium *quam* doctum. *Doctrina* præstat *tibi*, ut *possis* facile *dare* quod *peto*; pietas *commovebit*, ut *velis* opitulare *fratri*, cujus *salus* est tibi *in manu*. Ne faciam *longum*, cum *ille* veterator *amovisset* suspicionem *fuci* a se *hujusmodi sermonibus*, ac *feciſſe fidem*, alteram *viam* esse *perspectissimam* sibi, *jampridem* Balbini *animus* pruriebat. *Tandem* non temperans *sibi*, inquit, *Valeat* illa *curtatio*, cujus *nomen* ne audivi quidem *unquam*, tantum ab est ut teneam, *die* mihi *bona* fide *teneſne* longationem *exacte?* Phy! *inquit* ille, *ad unguem*, sed *longitudo* displicet. *Cum* Balbinus *rogasset* quantum *temporis* requireretur. *Nimium*, inquit, *pene* totus *annus*, sed *interim* est

God put it *into my Mind*, that *I should come to you*, a Man *no less* pious *than* learned. *Your Learning* enables *you*, that *you can* easily *give* what *I ask*; your Piety *will move you*, that *you will* help *a Brother*, whose *Preservation* you have *in your Power*. That I may not make it *tedious*, when *that* Cheat *had removed* all Suspicion *of Roguery* from himself *with this Kind of Talk*, and *had made him believe*, that the other *Way* was *very well known* to him, *for some Time* Balbinus's *Mind* itched. *At length* not commanding *himself*, he says, *Farewell to* that *Curtation*, whose *Name* I have not so much as heard *ever*, so far am I from understanding it, *tell* me *in good* Faith, *do you understand* Longation *exactly?* Puh! *says* he, *to a Tittle*, but *the length displeases me*. *When* Balbinus *had asked* how much *Time* was required, *Too much*, says he, *almost* at whole *Year*, but *in the mean Time* it is *very safe*. Do not trouble yourself, *says* Balbinus, *though* there should be *Occasion*

tutiſſima. Ne labora, *inquit* Balbinus, *etiamſi* ſit *opus* biennio, *modo* fidas *tuæ* arti. *Ut* conferam *rem* in pauca; *convenit* inter eos, *ut* aggrederentur *rem* clam *in ædibus* Balbini, *hac lege* ut *ille* ſuppeditaret *opiram*; Balbinus *ſumptum* ac *lucrum* dividereretur *ex æquo et bono*, quanquam *modeſtus* impoſtor *deferrebat* ultro *Balbino* totum *lucrum* quod *provenisſet.* Juratum eſt *utrinque* de ſilentio, *quod* faciunt *qui* initiantur *in myſteriis*, Jam *illico* pecunia *numeratur*, unde *artifex* mercaretur *ollas*, vitra, *carbones*, reliquaque, *quæ* pertinent *ad inſtruendam* officinam. *Ibi* noſter *alcumiſti* decoquit *eam* pecuniam *ſuaviter* in ſcorta, *aleam* et *compotationes.*

for two Years, *provided* you can truſt *to your* Art. *That* I may bring *the Matter* into few Words: *It was agreed* betwixt them, *that* they ſhould attempt *the Matter* privately *in the Houſe* of Balbinus, *upon this Condition*, that *he* ſhould give *his Labour*, Balbinus *the Charge*, and *the Gain* ſhould be divided *equally and fairly*, tho' *the modeſt* Cheat *offered* of his own Accord *to Balbinus* the whole *Gain* that *ſhould accrue.* They ſwore *on both ſides* to Silence, *which* they do *who* are initiated *in Myſteries.* Now *preſently* Money *is paid*, wherewith *the Artiſt* ſhould buy *Pots*, Glaſſes, *Fuel*, and other Things, *which* are proper *for furniſhing* the Forge. There our *Alcumiſt* ſpends *that* Money *ſweetly* in Whores, *Dice*, and *Drinking.*

A. Hoc *nimirum* eſt *vertere* ſpecies *rerum.*

This *indeed* is *to change* the Species *of Things.*

B. Balbino *urgente*, ut *aggrederetur* rem, *An non teneſi*,

Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould ſet about* the Buſineſs, *Do you not under-*

inquit, *illud*, Qui *cæpit* bene, *habet* dimidium *facti?* Est *magnum* præparare *materiam* bene. *Tandem* fornax *cæpit* adornari. *Hic* rursus *erat* opus *novo* auro *veluti* illecebra *auri* venturi: *siquidem* ut *piscis* non capitur *absque esca*, sic *aurum* non provenit *alcumistis*, nisi *pars* auri *admisceatur*. Interea *Balbinus* erat *totus* in supputationibus. *Nam* subducebat, *si* uncia *pareret* quindecim, *quantum* lucri *esset rediturum* ex *bis mille* unciis: *nam* decreverat *insumere* tantum. *Cum* alcumista *decoxisset* hanc *pecuniam* quoque, *jamque* simulasset *multum operæ* circa *folles* et *carbones*, unum *mensem* atque *alterum*, Balbino *roganti* acquid res procederet; *primum* obmutuit, *tandem* respondit *urgenti*, sicut *præclaræ* res *solent*, quæ *habent* semper *difficiles* aditus. *Caustand*, says he, *that*, He that *hath begun* well, *has done* Half *his Work?* It is *a great Thing* to prepare *your Materials* well. *At length* the Furnace *began* to be prepared. *Here* again *there was* Need *of new* Gold, *as it were* a Wheedle *to the Gold* that was to come. *For* as *a Fish* is not taken *without a Bait*, so *Gold* comes not *to the Alcumist*, unless *a Parcel* of Gold *is mixed*. In the mean Time *Balbinus* was *all* upon Calculations. *For* he reckoned, *if* one Ounce *would produce* fifteen, *how much* Profit *would accrue* from *two thousand* Ounces, *for* he had determined *to lay out* so much. *When* the Alcumist *had spent* this *Money* too, *and now* had pretended to *Abundance of Pains* about the *Bellows* and *Fuel*, one *Mouth* and *another*, Balbinus *asking* if the Business advanced any Thing: *at first* he was silent, *at length* he answered him, *being urgent with him*, as *great* Things *use to do*, which *have* always *difficult* Beginnings. *He pretended* there was a Mistake made

sabatur

ſubatur erratum *in emendis* carbonibus: *nam* emerat *quernos* cum *eſſet opus* abiegnis *aut* columnis. *Ibi* centum *aureos* perierant. *Nec* redierunt *ad aleam* eo *ſegnius*. Nova *pecunia* data, *carbones* mutantur; *jamque* res *cœpta eſt* majore *ſtudio* quam *antea*: quemadmodum *in bello*, milites, *ſi* quid *accidit* ſecus *quam* vellent, *ſarciunt* virtute. *Cum* officina *ſervaſſet* jam *aliquot* menſes, *et* aureus *fœtus* expectaretur, *at* ne *micæ* quidem *auri* eſſet *in vaſis*, (nam *jam* alcumiſtica *decoxerat* et *omne* illud) *alia* cauſatio *inventa eſt*, nimirum, *vitra* quibus *uſus fuerat*, non fuiſſe *temperata* ſicut *oportuit*. Etenim *ut* Mercurius *non ſit ex quovis* ligno, *ita* aurum *non conficitur* quibuſlibet *vitris*. Quo *plus* erat *impenſum*, hoc *minus* libebat *deſiſtere*.

in buying the Charcoal: *For* he had bought *Oak*, whereas *he had Occaſion* for Fir *or* Hazel. *There* a hundred *Crowns* were gone. *Nor* did they return *to the Game* for that *the more backwardly*. New *Money* being given, *Charcoal* is changed; *and now* the Thing *was begun* with greater *Eagerneſs* than *before*: As *in War*, Soldiers *if* any Thing *happens* otherwiſe *than* they could wiſh, *mend it* by their Courage. *When* the Forge *had been heated* now *ſome* Months, *and* a golden *Product* was expected, *and* not *a Bit* truly *of Gold* was *in the Veſſels*, (for *now* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* alſo *all* that) *another* Pretence *was found out*, to wit, *that the Glaſſes* which *he had uſed*, had not been *tempered* as *they ought*. For *as* a Mercury *is not made* out of *any* Wood, *ſo* Gold *is not made* with any *Glaſſes*. By how much *the more* was *laid out*, by ſo much *the leſs* had he a Mind *to deſiſt*.

A. Sic *aleatores* ſolent; *quaſi* non ſit *multo* ſatis *perdere* hoc *quam* totum.

So *Gameſters* uſe to do; *as tho'* it were not *much* better *to loſe* that *than* all.

B. Sic *eſt*. Alcumiſta *dejerabat* nunquam impoſitum fuiſſe ſibi *fic*. Nunc *errore* deprehenſo *cætera* fore *tutiora*, et *ſeſe* ſarturum *hoc* diſpendii *magno cum fœnore*. Vitris *mutatis*, officina *inſtaurata eſt* tertio. *Alcumiſta* admonebat *rem* ſucceſſuram *feliciùs*, ſi *mitteret* aliquot *aureos* dono *virgini* matri, *quæ* colitur, *ut* ſcis, *Paraliis*, nam *artem* eſſe *ſacram* neque *rem* geri proſpere, *abſque* favore *numinum*. Id *conſilium* vehementer *placuit* Balbino *pio* homini, *ut* qui *prætermitteret* nullum *diem* quin *perageret* divinam rem. *Alcumiſta* ſuſcepit *religioſam* profectionem, *nimirum*, in proximum *oppidum*, atque *ibi* decoxit *pecuniam* in ganeis. *Reverſus* domum *nunciat* ſibi

So *it is*. The Alcumiſt *ſwore* that he was never impoſed on *ſo*. Now *the Miſtake* being diſcovered, *the reſt* would be *ſafer*, and *that he* would make up *this* Loſs *with great Advantage*. The Glaſſes *being changed*, the Forge *was furniſhed* a third Time. *The Alcumiſt* put him in Mind, *that the Thing* would ſucceed *more happily*, if *he ſent* ſome *Crowns* as a Preſent *to the Virgin* Mother, *who* is worſhipped, *as* you know *at Paralia*, for *the Art* was *ſacred*, nor *would the Thing be managed* ſucceſsfully *without* the Favour *of the Saints*. That *Advice* mightily *pleaſed* Balbinus *a pious* Man, *as* who *omitted* no *Day*, but *he performed* Divine Service. *The Alcumiſt* undertook *the religious* Journey, *to wit*, into the next *Town*, and *there* he ſpent *the Money* in Taverns. *Being returned* Home, *he tells him*, that

eſſe

esse *summum* spem, *negotium* successurum *ex sententia*, adeo *divam* visam *annuere* suis votis. *Ubi* sudatum esset *jam* multo tempore, *ac* ne mica *quidem* auri *nasceretur* usquam, *respondit* Balbino *expostulanti*, nihil tale *unquam accidisse* sibi *in vita*, experto *artem* toties, *nec* posse *conjectare* satis *quid* esset *causa*. Quum *divinatum esset* diu, *tandem* illud *venit* in mentem *Balbino* num *prætermisisset* quo die *audire* sacrum, *aut* dicere *horarias* preces, *quas vocant*. Nam *nihil* succedere *his* omissis. *Ibi* impostor *inquit*, Me miserum! *id* admissum est *per oblivionem* semel *atque* iterum, *at* nuper *surgens* a *prolixo* convivio, *oblitus jam* dicere *salutationem* virginis. *Tum* Balbinus *inquit*, Non mirum, *si* tanta *res* non succedit. *Artifex* recipit, *duodecim* sacris prætermissis, *auditurum*

he had *the greatest* Hopes *that the Business* would succeed *to their Mind*, so *the Saint* seemed *to agree* to his Prayers. *When* he had sweat *now* a long Time, *and* not a Bit *indeed* of Gold *was produced* any where, *he answered* Balbinus, *expostulating*, that no such Thing *had ever happened* to him *in his Life*, having tried *his Art* so often; *nor* could he, *guess* well *what* was *the Reason*. When *they had guessed* a long Time, *at length* that *came* into the Mind *of Balbinus*, whether *he had omitted* any Day *to hear* Mass, *or* to say *the Horary* Prayers, *as they call them*. For *nothing* would succeed, *these* being omitted. *There* the Cheat *says*, Woe's me! *that* was done *through Forgetfulness* once *and* again: *And* lately *rising* from *a long* Feast, *I forgot* to say *the Salutation* of the Virgin. *Then* Balbinus *says*, No Wonder, *if* so great *a Thing* does not succeed. *The Artist* promises *for* two *Masses* omitted, *that he would hear* twelve, *and* for *one* Salutation *would pay* ten

duode-

duodecim, *et* pro *unica* salutatione *repositurum* decem. Cum pecunia *defecisset* prodigum *Alcumisticum* subinde, *nec* causæ *petendi* suppeterent, *tandem* commentus est *hanc* technam; *rediit* domum *admodum* exanimatus, *ac* lamentabili *voce*, Perii, *inquit*, funditus, *Balbine*, perii, *actum est* de capite meo. *Balbinus* obstupuit, *et* avebat *scire* causam *tanti* mali. *Aulici* suboderati sunt, *inquit*, quod *egimus*; nec *expecto* aliud *quam* ut *mox* deducar *in carcerem*. Ad hanc vocem *Balbinus* expalluit *serio*. Nam *scis* apud nos *esse* capitale, *si* quis *exerceat* alcumisticam *absque* permissu *principis*. Ille *pergit*, Non metuo *mortem*, inquit, *etiamsi* illa *contingat*: metuo *quiddam* crudelius. *Inquit* roganti *quid* esset, *Rapiar* aliquo *in turrim*; illic *cogar* per *omnem* vitam *laborare* illis

When Money *failed* the prodigal *Alcumist* now and then, *and no* Pretence *for asking* occured, *at length* he invented *this* Trick: *He returned* Home *very much* frighted; *and*, with a lamentable *Voice*, I am undone, *says he*, utterly, *Balbinus*, I am undone, *there is an End* of my Life. *Balbinus* was amazed, *and* desired *to know* the Cause *of so great* a Calamity. *The Courtiers* have smelt out, *says he*, what *we have done*; not *do I expect* any Thing else *than* that *by and by* I shall be carried *to Prison*. At this Saying, *Balbinus* was pale *in good earnest*. For *you know* with us *it is* capital, *if* any one *exercise* the Alcumistick Art *without* the Permission *of the Prince*. He *goes on*, I do not fear *Death*, saith he, *I wish* that *may befall me*: I fear *something* more cruel. *He says* to him, asking *what* it was, *I shall be carried* some whither *into a Tower*; there *I shall be forced* for all my Life *to work* for those *for whom* I have no Mind. *If there* any *Death* which

qui-

quibus non libet. *An* eſt ulla *mors*, quæ *non debeat* eſſe *potior* quam *talis* vita? *Ibi* res *ventilata eſt* conſultatione. *Balbinus* quoniam *callebat* artem rhetoricam, *pulſavit* omnes *ſtatus* ſi *qua* periculum *poſſet* vitari. *Non potes* inficiari *crimen?* inquit. *Nequaquam*, ait *ille*. Res *ſparſa eſt* inter *regios* ſatellites; *et* habent *argumenta*, quæ *non poſſunt* dilui. *Nec* poterat *factum* quidem *defendi* ob *manifeſtam* legem. *Cum* multis *adductis* in medium, *videretur* nihil *firmi* præſidii, *tandem* alcumiſta, *cui erat* jam *opus* præſenti *pecunia*, inquit, *Nos*, Balbine, *agimus* lentis *conſiliis*; atqui *res* poſcit *præſens* remedium. Arbitror *adfuturos* jam, *qui* abripiant *me* in malem rem. *Denique* cum *nihil* occurreret *Balbino*, tandem *alcumiſtica* inquit, *Nec* quidquam occurrit *mihi*, nec *video* quid-

ought not to be *more valuable* than *ſuch* a Life? *There* the Matter *was examined* in Conſultation. *Balbinus*, becauſe *he underſtood* the Art of Rhetorick, *run over* all *his Topicks*, if *any Way* the Danger *could* be avoided. *Cannot you* deny *the Crime?* ſays he. *By no Means*, ſays *he*. The Thing *is ſpread* amongſt *the King's* Guards; *and* they have *Proofs* which *cannot* be confuted. *Nor* could *the Fact* indeed *be defended*, becauſe of *a plain* Law. *When* after many Things *produced* betwixt them, *there appeared* nothing *of good* Security, *at length* the Alcumiſt, *who had* now *Need* of preſent *Money*, ſays, *We*, Balbinus, *act* by ſlow *Counſels*; but *the Thing* requires *a preſent* Remedy. I ſuppoſe *they will be here* preſently, *that* will hurry *me* into an evil Condition. *Laſtly*, when *nothing* occurred *to Balbinus*, at length *the Alcumiſt* ſays, *Nor* does any Thing occur *to me*, nor *do I ſee* any Thing left, unleſs *that* I die *bravely*, unleſs *perhaps* this *pleaſe*

quam

quam *superesse*, nisi *ut* peream *fortiter*: nisi *forte* hoc *placet*, quod *unum* supereſt *utile* magis *quam* honeſtum *nisi* quod *neceſſitas* eſt *durum* telum. *Scis* inquit, *hoc* genus *hominum* eſſe *avidum* pecuniæ: *eoque* poſſe *corrumpi* facilius *ut ſileant*: quamvis *ſit* durum *dare* illis *furcifer is* quod profundant, *tamen* ut *res* nunc *ſunt* video *nihil* melius. *Idem* viſum eſt *Balbino*, ac *numeravit* triginta *aureos*, quibus *redimeret* ſilentium.

you, which *alone* is left, *uſeful* rather *than* honourable, *but* that *Neceſſity* is *a hard* Weapon. *You know*, quoth he, *that this* Sort *of Men* are *greedy* of Money; *and therefore* may *be corrupted* more eaſily *to be ſilent*. Although *it be* a hard Caſe *to give* to thoſe *Raſcals* to ſpend, *yet as Matters now are*, I ſee *nothing* better. *The ſaid Thing* ſeemed good *to Balbinus*, and *he counted out* thirty *Pieces of Gold*, whereby *he might purchaſe* Silence.

A. Liberalitas *Balbini* eſt *mira*.

The Liberality *of Balbinus* is *wonderful*.

B. Imo *citius extudiſſes* dentem *ab eo* quam *nummum* in honeſta re. *Sic* proſpectum eſt *alcumiſtæ*, cui nihil erat periculi, *niſi* quod *non haberet* quod daret *amicæ*.

Nay, *you would ſooner have got* a Tooth *from him* than *a Piece of Money* in an honeſt Matter. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for the Alcumiſt*, who was in no Danger, *but* that *he had not* to give *to his Miſs*.

A. Demiror *nihil* eſſe *niſi Balbino* in dentem.

I wonder *Balbinus ſhould have no Senſe* to ſuch a Degree.

B. Heic

B. Heic *tantum* caret *naso*, nasutissimus *in cæteris*. Rursum *fornax* instruitur *nova* pecunia, *sed* precatiuncula *præmissa*, ad virginem *matrem*, ut *faveret* cœptis. *Jam* totus *annus* exierat *dum* illo *causante* nunc *hoc*, nunc *illud*, luditur opera, *et* impensa *perit*. Interim *extitit* quidam *ridiculus* casus.

Here *only* he wants *Sense*, being sensible enough *in other Things*. Again *the Furnace* is fitted up *with new* Money, *but* with a Prayer *put up first* to the Virgin *Mother*, that *she would favour* their Undertakings. *Now* a whole *Year* was gone, *whilst* he *pretending* now *this*, then *that*, his Labour is lost, *and* the Expence *thrown away*. In the mean Time *there happened* a certain *comical* Adventure.

A. Quisnam?

What?

B. Alcumista *habuit* furtivam *cōsuetudinem* cum *uxore* cujusdam *aulici*; maritus, *concepta* suspicione, *cæpit* observare *hominem*. Tandem *cum* nunciatum esset *illi*, sacrificum *esse* in cubiculo, *rediit* domum *præter* expectationem, *pultat* ostium.

The Alcumist *had* a private *Commerce* with *the Wife* of a certain *Courtier*; the Husband *having conceived* a Suspicion, *began* to watch *the Fellow*. At last *when* it was told *him*, that the Priest *was* in the Bedchamber, *he returned* Home *contrary to* their Expectations, *knocks* at the Door.

A. Quid *facturus* homini?

What *was he for doing* with the Fellow?

B. Quid! *nihil* suave, *aut* occisurus erat *aut* exsecturus,

What! *nothing* pleasant, *either* he would have killed him, *or* have gelded him.

Ubi

Ubi maritus *instans* minitaretur *se* effracturum *ostium* vi *ni* uxor *aperiret*, trepidatum est *magnopere*, et *aliquod* præsentaneum *consilium* circumspicitur. *Nec* erat *aliud*, quam *quod* res *ipsa* dabat. *Abjecit* tunicam, *ac* dejecit *sese* per *fenestram angustam*, non *sine* periculo, *nec* sine *vulnere*, ac *fugit*. Scis *tales* fabulas *spargi* illico; *itaque* permanavit *et* ad Balbinum; *atque* artifex *divinaret* id fore.

When the Husband *being very earnest*, threatened *that he* would break *the Door* by Force, *unless* the Wife *opened it*, they trembled *mightily*, and *some* present *Contrivance* is considered of. *Nor* was there *any other* than *what* the Thing *itself* offered. *He stript off* his Waistcoat, *and* threw *himself* thro' *a narrow Window*, nor *without* Danger, *nor* without *a Wound*, and *fled*. You know *that such* Stories *are spread* presently; *therefore* it came *also* to Balbinus, *and* the Artist *had guessed* that would be.

A. Heic *itaque* tenetur *medius*.

Here *therefore* he is held *by the Middle*.

B. Imo *elapsus est* hinc *felicius* quam *e cubiculo*. Audi *technam* hominis. *Balbinus* nihil expostulabat, *sed* nubilo *vultu* indicabat *se* non ignorare *quod* ferebatur *vulgo*. Ille *noverat* Balbinum *esse* pium *virum*, pene dixerim *superstitiosum* in nonnullis; *et* qui *sunt* tales, *facile* condonant

Nay *he slipped* hence *more luckily* than *out of the Bedchamber*. Hear *the Trick* of the Fellow. *Balbinus* did not expostulate at all, *but* by his cloudy *Countenance* shewed *that he* was not ignorant of *what* was reported *commonly*. He *knew* Balbinus *was* a pious *Man*, I may almost say *superstitious* in some Things *and* they who *are* such, *sup-*

ſupplici in peccato *quamvis* magno. *Itaq;* injicit mentionem *de ſucceſſu* negotii *data opera*, queritans *non ſuccederet* ut *ſoleret*, aut *vellet*: addebat *ſe* vehementer *mirari* quid *eſſet* cauſa. *Ibi* Balbinus *commotus* per occaſionem, *qui* videbatur *alioqui* deſtinaſſe *ſilentium*, et *erat* qui *commoveretur* facile, *Non eſt* obſcurum, *inquit*, quod *obſtat*, peccata *obſtant* quominus ſuccedat, *quod* convenit *tractari* pure *a puris*. Ad hanc vocem *artifex* procubuit *in genua*, ſubinde *tundens* pectus, *lachrymabili vultu* ac *voce* inquit, *Dixiſti* veriſſimum, *Balbine*; peccata, *inquam*, obſtant, *ſed* mea *peccata*, non *tua*: nam *non pudebit me* confiteri *meam* turpitudinem *apud te*, velut *apud ſanctiſſimum* ſacerdotem. *Infirmitas* carnis *vicerat* me. *Satanas* pertraxerat *me* in *ſuos* laqueos, *et* O me miſerum! *e ſacrificio*

eaſily forgive *one that begs Pardon* in a Fault *never ſo* great. *Wherefore* he makes mention *of the Succeſs* of the Buſineſs *on Purpoſe*; complaining *that it did not ſucceed* as *it uſed*, or *he wiſhed*: He added *that he* very much *wondered* what *was* the Reaſon. *There* Balbinus *being moved* upon the Occaſion, *who* ſeemed *otherwiſe* to have intended *Silence*, and *he was one* who *was moved* eaſily. *It is not* obſcure, *quoth he*, what *hinders*, Sins *hinder* it from ſucceeding, *which* it is fit *ſhould be handled* purely *by the Pure*. At this Saying *the Artiſt* fell *upon his Knees*, now and then *ſmiting* his Breaſt, *with a lamentable Countenance* and *Voice*, ſays, *You have ſaid* very true, *Balbinus*, Sins, *I ſay*, hinder, *but* my *Sins*, not *yours*: For *I ſhall not be aſhamed* to confeſs *my* Filthineſs *to you*, as *to a moſt holy* Prieſt. *The Weakneſs* of the Fleſh *had conquered* me. *Satan* had drawn *me* into *his* Snares, *and* O wo's me! *of a Prieſt* I am become *a Cuckold maker*. Yet *this* Preſent *which* we ſent *to the Virgin* Mother *was not*

factus ſum *adulter*. Tamen *hoc* munus, *quod* miſimus *virgini* matri *non periit* omnino. *Perieram* certo *exitio*, ni *illa* ſuccurriſſet. *Jam* maritus *effringebat* fores, *fenſtra* erat *arctior* quam *ut* poſſem *elabi*: in *tam* preſentaneo *periculo*, venit in mentem *ſanctiſſimæ* virginis; *procidi* in genua *obtſtatus ſum*, ſi *munus* fuiſſe *gratum*, ut *opitularetur*. Nec mora, *repeto* feneſtram, (*iam* ſic *neceſſitas* urgebat) *et* reperi *amplam* ſatis *ad effugium*.

loſt altogether. I *had periſhed* by certain *Deſtruction*, unleſs *ſhe* had ſuccoured me. *Now* the Huſband *was breaking* the Door; *the Window* was *ſtraighter* than *that* I could *get out*. In *ſo* imminent *a Danger*, I bethought me *of the moſt holy* Virgin; *I fell* upon my Knees, *I beſought her*, if *the Preſent* was *acceptable* that *ſhe would help me*. Without Delay, *I go again* to the Window, *(for ſo Neceſſity* obliged me*) and* I found it *large* enough *for an Eſcape*.

A. Credidit Balbinus *iſta?*

Did Balbinus believe *thoſe Things?*

B. Credidit! *imo* ignovit *etiam*, et *admonuit* religioſe, *ne præberet* ſe *ingratum* beatiſſimæ *virgini*. Rurſus *pecunia* numerata eſt *danti* fidem *ſe* rem *pure* poſthac.

Believe! *nay*, he forgave him *too*, and *adviſed him* religiouſly, *that he ſhould not ſhew* himſelf *ungrateful* to the moſt bleſſed *Virgin*. Again *Money* was paid him *giving* his Promiſe *that he* would manage *this holy* Affair *purely* for the future.

A. Quis *fine* tandem?

What was *the Upſhot* at laſt?

B. Fabula

B. Fabula *eſt* perlonga; *ſed* ego *abſolvam* paucis. *Cum* luſiſſet *hominem* diu *ejuſmodi commenti*, et *extorſiſſet* non mediocrem *vim* pecuniæ *ab eo*, tandem *venit* qui *noverat* nebulonem *a puero*. Is *facile* divinans *illum* agere *idem* apud *Balbinum*, quod *agerat uſquam* non, *aggreditur* eum *clam*; exponit *qualem* artificem *foverat* ſuæ domi; *monet* ut ableget *hominem* quam primum, *ni malit* ipſum *fugere* aliquando *compilatis* ſcriniis.

The Story *is* very long; *but* I *finiſh it* in a few Words. *After* he had played upon *the Man* a long Time *with ſuch Inventions*, and *had got* no ſmall *Quantity* of Money *from him*, at length *there came one* who *had known* the Knave *from a Child*. He *eaſily* gueſſing *that he* was doing *the ſame Thing* with *Balbinus*, which *he had been doing* every where elſe, *goes* to him *privately*, tells him *what* an Artiſt *he maintained* in his Houſe; *he adviſes him* to diſmiſs *the Man* as ſoon as may be, *unleſs he had rather have* him *run away* ſome time after *he had robbed* his Cheſts.

A. Quid *Balbinus* hic? *videlicet*, curavit *hominum* conjiciendum *in carcerem*.

What did *Balbinus* here? *to wit*, he took Care *the Fellow* was thrown *into the Gaol*.

B. In *carcerem!* imo, *numeravit* viaticum, *obſecrans* per omnia ſacra, *ne effutiret* quod *accidiſſet*: Et *ſapuit* mea *ſententia* quidem, *qui* maluerit hoc *quam* eſſe *fabula* conviviorum, *et* fori *deinde* venire *in pe-*

Into *the Gaol!* Nay, *he paid him* Money for his Journey, *beſeeching him* by all that was ſacred, *that he would not blab*, what *had happened*; and *he was wiſe* in my *Opinion* truly, *who* choſe this rather *than* be *the Story* of Feaſts, *and* the Market, *and then* come

riculum confiſcationis. *Nam erat* nihil periculi *impoſtori*, tenebat *tantum* artis, *quantum* quivis *aſinus*, et *impoſtera* in hoc genere *eſt* favorabilis. *Quod* ſi intentaſſet *crimen* furti, *unctio* reddebat *eum* tutum *a ſuſpendio*; neque *quiſquam* *alat* lubens *talem* in *carcere* gratis.

in Danger of Confiſcation. *For there was* no Danger *of the Cheat*, he underſtood *as much* of the Art *as* any *Aſs*, and *Cheating* in this Kind *is* favoured. *But if* he had laid againſt him *the Crime* of Felony, *his Unction* rendered *him* ſecure *from hanging:* nor *would any one maintain* willingly *ſuch a Fellow* in *the Gaol* for nothing.

A. Miſereſceret me *Balbini*, niſi *ipſe* gauderet *deludi*.

I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, unleſs *he* loved *to be deluded*.

B. Nunc *properandum eſt*, in aulam; *alias* referam *multo* ſtultiora *etiam* his.

Now *I muſt haſten* to Court; *ſome other Time* I will tell you *much* more fooliſh Things *even* than theſe.

A. Cum *vacabis*, et *audiam* lubens, *et* penſabo *fabulam* fabula.

When *you ſhall be at Leiſure*, I both *ſhall hear you* gladly, *and* requite *Story* with Story.

HIPPOPLANUS.

A. IMmortalem *Deum!* quam torve intuetur *noſter* Phædrus, *et* ſubinde *ſuſpicit* in cœlum! *adoriar.* Quid *novæ* rei *accidit*, Phædre?

IMmortal *God!* how grave looks *our* Phædrus, *and* now and then *looks up* to Heaven! *I will accoſt him.* What *new* Thing *has happened*, Phædrus?

B. Quamobrem *interrogas* iſtuc, *Aule?*

Why *do you aſk* that, *Aulus?*

A. Quoniam *videris* mihi *factus* Cato *e Phædro*; eſt *tanta* ſeveritas *in vultu.*

Becauſe *you ſeem* to me *to have become* a Cato *of a Phædrus*; there is *ſo much* Severity *in your* Countenance.

B. Non *mirum*, amice, *confeſſus ſum* modo *mea* peccata.

No *Wonder*, Friend, *I have confeſſed* juſt now *my* Sins.

A. Phy! *jam* deſino *mirari*, ſed *age* mi *bona fide*, confeſſus es *omnia?*

Pugh! *now* I give over *wondering*, but *come* tell me *in good Faith*, have you confeſſed *all?*

B. Omnia *quidem* quæ *veniebant* in mentem, *unico* duntaxat *excepto*.

All *indeed* which *came* into my Mind, *one* only *excepted*.

A. Cur *reticuisti* hoc *unum?*

Why *did you conceal* this *one*.

B. Quia *nondum potuit* displicere *mihi*.

Because *it could not yet* displease *me*.

A. Oportet *esse* suave *peccatum*.

It must *be* a sweet *Sin*.

B. Nescio *an* sit *peccatum*, sed *si* vacas, *audies*.

I know not *whether* it be *a Sin*, but *if* you are at Leisure, *you shall hear*.

A. Audiam *equidem* lubens.

I will hear it *indeed* willingly.

B. Scis *quanta* impostura *fit* apud nostros *in his* qui *vendunt* aut *locant* equos.

You know *what Abundance* of Cheating *there is* with our Countrymen *amongst those* who *sell* or *let out* Horses.

A. Scio *plus* quam *vellem*, delusus *non* semel *ab iis*.

I know *more* than *I would*, having been cheated *not* once only *by them*.

B. Iter *nuper*, incidit *mihi*, cum *prolixum* satis, *tum etiam* accelerandum. *Adeo* quendam *ex illis*, quem *dixisses* minime *malum* ejus *generis*, et *nonnihil*

A Journey *lately* happened *to me* both *long* enough, *and also* to be hastened. *I go* to one *of them*, whom *you would have said to be* the least *bad* of that *Sort*, and *something* of ami-

amicitiæ *etiam* intercedebat *mihi cum homine*. Narro *mihi esse* seriam *rem*, *opus esse* præstrenuo *equo*; si *unquam* præbuisset *se* bonum *virum* mihi, *nunc* præstaret. *Ille* pollicetur *se* acturum *mecum* sic, *ut* agere *cum* suo *charissimo* fratre.

B. Fortassis *imposturus* et *fratri*.

B. Induci *in stabulum*, jubet *ut elegam* ex omnibus *equis* quamcumq; *vellem*. Tandem *unus* arridebat *plus* cæteris. *Ille* probat *meum* judicium, *degeranseum equum* expertitum esse *frequenter* a multis: *se* maluisse *servare* eum *singulari* amico, *quam* addicere *ignotis*. Conventum est *de pretio*, pecunia *numeratur* præsens. *Conscendo*. Equus *gestiebat* mira *alacritate* in egressu; *dixisses* esse *feroculum*, nam *erat* obesulus, *et* pulchellus. *Ubi* equitassem *jam* sesquihoram, *sensi* plane *lassum*.

Friendship *too* there was betwixt *me and the Man*, I tell him *I have* some weighty *Business*, *had need* of a very stout *Horse*; if *ever* he had shewn *himself* a good *Man* to me *that now* he would do it. *He* promise me*th at he* would deal *with me* so, *as* he would deal *with* his *most dear* Brother.

Perhaps *he would have imposed* likewise *upon his Brother*.

He leads me *into the Stable*, bids me *chuse* out of all *the Horses* whichsoever *I would*. At length *one* pleased me *more* than the rest. *He* approves of *my* Judgment, *swearing* that that *Horse* had been desired *frequently* by many; *that he* chose rather *to keep* him *for a particular* Friend, *than* part with him *to Strangers*. We agreed *about the Price*, the Money *is paid down* presently. *I mount*. The Horse *pranced* with wonderful *Alacrity* in setting out; *you would have said* that he was *mettlesome*, for *he was* pretty fat *and* handsome. *When* I had rid *now* an Hour and a Half, *I perceived him* quite *tired*, *sum*

ſum, nec poſſe *impelli* quidem *calcaribus*. Audieram *tales* ali *ab illis* ad impoſturam, *quos* judicares *inſignes* e ſpecie, *cæterum* impatientiſſimos *laboris*. Ego *continuo* mecum, *captus ſum*; age *referam* par *pari*, ubi *rediero* domum.

and that he could not *be got on* truly *with the Spurs*. I had heard *that ſuch* were kept *by them* for cheating, *which* you would judge *fine ones* by their Appearance, *but* very unable to bear *Labour*. I ſaid *preſently* with myſelf, *I am catched*; well *I will return* like *for like*, when *I return* Home.

B. Quod *conſilii* capiebas *heic*, eques *abſque* equo?

What *Courſe* did you take *here*, a Horſeman *without* a Horſe?

A. Id *quod* res *dabat*. Deflexi *in proximum* vicum; *illic* depoſui equum *apud* quendam *notum* mihi, *et* conduxi *alterum*; profectus ſum *quo* deſtinarem, *reverſus ſum* reddo *conductitium* equum: *reperio* meum *ſophiſtam*, ut *erat*, obeſum *et* pulchre *requietum*, *vectus* eo, *redeo* ad impoſtorem, *rogo* ut *alat* aliquot *dies* in ſuo ſtabulo, *donec* repetiero. *Percunctatur* quam *commode* geſſerit *me*. Ego *dejero* per *omnia* ſacra, *me nunquam* conſcen-

That *which* the Thing *offered*, I turned off *into the next* Town: *There* I ſet up my Horſe *with* one *that was known* to me, *and* hired *another*; I went *whither* I had deſigned, *returned*, reſtore *my hired* Horſe; *I find* my *Cheat*, as *he was*, fat *and* finely *reſted*; riding upon him, *I return* to the Rogue: *I beg of him* that *he would keep him* ſome *Days* in his Stable, *'till* I come for him again. *He aſks me* how *well* he carried *me*. I *ſwear* by *all that's* ſacred, *that I never* got upon *the Back* of a better *Horſe* in my Life; *that he ſhew* ra-

diſſe

disse *tergum* felicioris *equi* in vita, *volasse* potius *quam* ambulasse, *nec sensisse* lassitudinem *tam longo* itinere, *nec* factum *pilo* macriorem *ob laborem*. Cum *persuaseram* illi *hæc* esse *vera*, cogitabat *tacitus secum* illum *equum* esse alium, *quam* hactenus *suspicatus esset*. Itaque *priusquam* abirem, *rogabat* num *mihi equus* esset *venalis*: primo *negabam*, quod *si* iter *incideret* denuo, *non foret* facile *nanciscì* similem: *attamen nihil* esse *tam* charum *mihi*, quod *non esset* venale *pretio largo*: etiamsi *quis* cuperet *emptum meipsum*, inquam.

A. Næ *tu agebas* Cretensem *pulchre* cum *Cretensi*.

B. Quid multis? *Non dimittit* me, *donec* indicarem. *Indicavi* non *paulo* pluris *quam* emeram. *Digressus* ab homine, *mox* suborno *qui* ageret *partem* hujus *fabulæ* mihi, *pulchre* instructum *et* edoctum.

ther *than* paced, *and was not sensible of* Weariness *in so long* a Journey, *nor* made *a Hair* the leaner *for his Labour*. When *I had persuaded* him *that these Things* were *true*, he thought *silently with himself*, that *the Horse* was another Sort of one, *than* hitherto *he had suspected him*. Therefore *before* I went away, *he asked* me if *my Horse* was *to be sold*: At first *I said no*, because *if a* Journey *should fall out* again, *it would not be* easy *to get* the like; *but that nothing* was *so* dear *to me*, which *was not* to be sold *for a large Price*; although *any one* should desire *to buy myself*, say I.

Truly *you acted* the Cretian *finely* with *the Cretian*.

What needs many Words? *He does not dismiss* me 'till I set my Price. *I set him* at not *a little* more *than* I had bought him for. *Being gone* from the Man, *by and by* I suborn one, *who* should act *a Part* of this *Play* for me, *well* instruct-

It

Is ingreſſus *domum* inclamat *locatorem*, ait ſibi opus eſſe *inſigne equo*, et *egregie* patienti *laboris*. Alter *oſtendit* multos, *et* prædicat *peſſimum quemque* maxime: *non laudat* illum *ſolum*, quem *vendiderat* mihi, *quoniam* exiſtimabat *vere* talem, *qualem* prædicaveram. *At* alter *illico* rogat *num* et ille *eſſet* venalis. *Locator* primum *obticeſcere* atque *prædicare* alios *ambitioſe*. Cum *iſte*, cæteris *probatis* utcunque, *ſemper ageret* de illo uno, *tandem* locator *apud ſe*, Judicium meum *de illo equo* plane *fefellit* me. Siquidem *hic* peregrinus *ſtatim* agnovit *hunc* inter *omnes*. Cum *ille* inſtaret, *tandem* inquit, *Hic* eſt *venalis*, ſed *fortaſſe* deterreberis *pretio*. Pretium, *inquit* ille, *non eſt* magnum, *ſi* dignitas *rei* reſpondeat. *Indica*. Indicavit *aliquanto* pluris, *quam* indicaram

ed *and* taught. *He* entered *the Houſe*, calls upon *the Jockey*, he ſays that he had need *of a very good Horſe*, and *excellently* capable of enduring *Labour*. The other *ſhews him* many, *and* commends *every the worſt Horſe* moſt. *He does not commend* him *alone*, which *he had ſold* to me, *becauſe* he thought him *truly* ſuch, *as* I had commended him for. *But* the other *preſently* aſks *whether* he too *was* to be ſold. *The Jockey* at firſt *was ſilent* and *commended* others *mightily*. When *he*, the reſt *being approved of* in ſome meaſure, *always treated* about that alone; *at laſt* the Jockey ſays *to himſelf*, My Judgment *of that Horſe* plainly *deceived* me: Since *this* Stranger *immediately* knew *him* amongſt *them all*. When *he* urged him, *at laſt* ſays he, *He* is *to be ſold*, but *perhaps* you will be frighted *with the Price*. The Price, *ſays* he, *is not* great, *if* the Worth *of the Thing* anſwer. *Set your Price*. He ſet him *at ſomething* more *than* I had ſet him *at to him*, catching alſo *at this*

ipſi, captans et *hoc* lucrum. *Tandem* convenit *de pretio*: ſatis magna *arrha* datur, *nempe* regalis *aureus*, ne *qua* ſuſpicio *ſimulatæ* emptionis *incideret*. Emptor *jubet* pabulum *dari* equo. *Ait* ſe *rediturum* mox *et* abducturum. *Dat* etiam *drachmam* ſtabulario. *Ego*, ſimul atque *cognovi* pactionem *eſſe* firmam, *ſic* ut *non poſſet* reſcindi, *cedo* rurſus *ad locatorem* armatus *ocreis* et *calcaribus*. Clamo *anhelus*, ille *adeſt*, rogat *quid* velim. *Meus equus adornetur* illico, *inquam*, nam *proficiſcendum eſt* e veſtigio *ob* maxime *ſeriam* rem. *Atqui* modo, *inquit*, mandabas *ut* aleram *tuum* equum aliquot *dies*: *Verum*, inquam, *ſed* negotium *objectum eſt* præter *expectationem*, idque *regium*, quod *patitur* nullam *dilationem*. Hic *ille*, Eliges *ex omnibus* quem *voles*; non potes *habere* tuum. *Rogo* quamobrem?

Gain. *At length* they agreed *about the Price*: A good large *earneſt Penny* is given, *to wit*, a royal *Crown*, leſt any Suſpicion *of a counterfeit* Purchaſe *ſhould happen*. The Buyer *orders* Hay *to be given* to the Horſe. *He ſays*, that he *will return* preſently, *and* take him away. *He gives* alſo *a Sixpence* to the Hoſtler. *I*, as ſoon as *I knew* the Bargain *was* firm, *ſo* that *it could not* be broken, *returned* again *to the Jocky*, dreſſed *in my Boots* and *Spurs*. I call *out of Breath*, he *comes*, aſks me *what* I would have. *Let my Horſe be got ready* preſently, *ſay I*, for *I muſt go* immediately *upon* a very *ſerious* Affair. *But* juſt now, *quoth he*, you ordered *that* I ſhould keep *your* Horſe *ſome* Days: *True*, ſay I, *but* Buſineſs *is fallen in my Way* beſides *my Expectation*, and that *the King's* which *admits* no *Delay*. Here *he ſaid*, you may chooſe *out of all*, which *you will*, you cannot *have* your own, *I aſk*, what for? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *he is ſold*. There *pretending*

obrem? *Quoniam*, inquit, *venditus eſt.* Ibi *ſimulata* magna *perturbatione*, inquam *Superi prohibeant* quod *dicis.* Hoc *itinere* objecto, *non venderem* eum *equum*, etiamſi *quis* numerat *quadruplum.* Incipio *rixam*, clamo *me* perditum. *Tandem* et ille *incaluit.* Quid opus, *inquit*, jurgiis? *Indicaſti* equum, *ego vendidi*; ſi *numero* pretium, *habes* nihil *quod agas* mecum. *Sunt* leges *in hoc urbe: non potes* compellere *me* ad exhibendum *equum.* Cum clamaſſem *diu*, aut *exhiberet* equum, *aut* emptorem; *tandem* iratus *numerat pretium.* Emeram *quindecim* aureis. *Æſtimaram* viginti ſex, *ille* æſtimarat *triginta duobus.* Cogitabat *apud ſe*; præſtat *faceri* hoc lucri, *quam* reddere *equum.* Abeo *ſimilis* dolenti, *ac* vix *placatus* pecunia *data.* Ille *rogat* ut *boni conſulam*, ſe *penſaturum* a great *Diſturbance*, I ſay, *God forbid*, what *you ſay.* This *Journey* being fallen out, *I would not ſell* that *Horſe*, altho' *any one* would pay me *four Times the Worth.* I begin *a ſcolding*, I cry out *that I* am undone. *At length* he too *grew hot.* What need, *quoth he*, of all this Bawling; *You ſet a Price on* your Horſe. *I have ſold him*, if *I pay you* your Price, *you have* nothing *that you can do* with me. *There are* Laws *in this City: You cannot* compel *me* to produce *the Horſe.* After I had bawled *a long Time*, either *that he ſhould produce* the Horſe, *or* the Buyer; *at length* being mad *he pays me my Price.* I had bought him *for fifteen* Crowns, *I had valued him* at twenty-ſix, *he* had valued him *at thirty-two.* He thought *to himſelf*, it is better *to make* this Advantage, *than* to return *the Horſe.* I go away *like* one grieved, *and* ſcarce *appeaſed* with the Money *given me. He begs* that I *would take in good part*, that *he would make amends for* this Inconvenience *in*

hoc

hoc incommodi *in aliis rebus*. Sic *impoſitum eſt* impoſtori. *Habet* equum *nullius* pretii. *Expectat* ut *qui* dedit *arrham*, veniat *numeratum* pecuniam; *at* nemo *venit* nec *unquam* venturus eſt.

A. Interim *nunquam expoſtulavit* tecum?

B. Qua *fronte* aut *quo* jure *faceret* id? *Convenit* quidem *ſemel* atque *iterum*. Conqueſtus eſt *de fide* emptoris. *Verum* ego expoſtulavi *ultro* cum homine *dicens* illum *dignum* eo malo *qui* ſpoliavit *me* tali *equo* præpropera *venditione*. Hoc *eſt* crimen *tam bene* collocatum *meo ſententia*, ut *non paſſim* inducere *animum* confiteri.

A. Ego poſcerem *ſtatuam* mihi, *ſi* deſignaſſem *aliquid* tale.

B. Neſcio *an* loqueris *ex animo*: tamen *addis animum* mihi, *quo* magis libeat *facere fucum* talibus.

other Things. So *I cheated* the Cheater. *He has* a Horſe *of no* Value. *He expects* that *he who* gave *the earneſt Penny*, ſhould come *to pay* his Money; *but* no body *comes*, nor *ever* will come.

In the mean Time *did he never expoſtulate* with you?

With what *Front* or *with what* Right *could he do* it? *He met me* indeed *once* and *again*. He complained *of the Honeſty* of the Buyer. *But* I expoſtulated *of my own Accord* with the Man, *ſaying* that he *was worthy* of that Misfortune, *who* had robbed *me* of ſuch *a Horſe* by too haſty *ſelling of him*. This *is* a Crime *ſo well* placed, *in my Opinion*, that *I cannot* bring *my mind* to confeſs it.

I ſhould demand *a Statue* for myſelf, *if* I had contrived *any* ſuch Thing.

I know not *whether* you ſpeak *from your Heart*: Yet *you give Encouragement* to me, *that* I have the more Mind *to put the Trick* upon ſuch Fellows.

CONVIVIUM FABULOSUM.

Polymythus, Gelaſinus, Eutrapelus, Aſtæus, Phylythlus, Philogelos, Euglottus, Lerochares, Adoleſches.

A. UT *non decet* bene inſtitutam *civitatem* eſſe *ſine* legibus *ac* principe, *ita* nec *oportet* convivium.

AS *it does not become* a well ordered *State* to be *without* Laws *and* a Prince, *ſo* neither *does it become* a Feaſt to be.

Ge. Iſtuc *vero* perplacet, *ut* unus *reſpondeam* nomine *totius* populi.

That *indeed* pleaſes us very well, *that* I alone *may anſwer* in the Name *of the whole* People.

Po. Heus *puer*, adfer *huc* talos, *horum ſuffragiis* regnum *decernetur* cuicumque *Jupiter* faverit. *Euge!* Jupiter *favit* Eutrapelo. *Sortes* non fuere *cæcæ*. Magis idoneus *non poterat* eligi, *etiamſi* puncta *collec-*

Soho, *Boy*, bring *hither* the Dice, *by their Votes* the Kingdom *ſhall be diſpoſed of* to whomſoever *Jupiter* ſhall favour. *Well done!* Jupiter *has favoured* Eutrapelus. *The Lots* were not *blind*. A more fit Man *could not* have been choſen, *though* the Votes

ta

ta fuiſſent viritim *per* ſingulas *tribus.* Vulgo *jugatur* proverbium, *non* tam vanum, *quam* parum Latinum, *novus rex*, novus lex.

had been taken Man by Man *through* every *Tribe.* There is commonly *toſſed about* a Proverb, *not* ſo ſilly *as* it is bad Latin, *a new King*, a new Law.

Eu. Quod *ſit* felix *fauſtumque* huic convicio. *Primum* edico, *ne quis preferto* heic *præter* ridiculas *fabulas.* Cui deerit *fabula* multator *drachmæ.* Ea pecunia inſumitor *in vinum.* Atque *extempore conficta habentur* in *legitimis* fabulis, *modo* probabile *et* decorum *ſervetur.* Si *nulli deerit* fabula, *duo pendunto* pretium *vini*, quorum *alter* dixerit *lepidiſſimam*, alter *frigidiſſimam* fabulam. *Convivator eſto* immunis *a ſumptu* vini: *unus ſuppeditato* ſumptum *ciborum.* Si *quid controverſæ* inciderit, *Gelaſinus eſto* arbiter *et* judex *hujus rei.* Si *vos* ſciveritis *hæc* rato ſunto. *Qui* noluerit *parare* legi, *abito*, tamen *ſic*, ut *ſit*

That which *may be* lucky *and fortunate* for this Feaſt. *Firſt* I proclaim *that nobody produce any Thing* here *beſides* comical *Stories.* He that wants *a Story*, let him be fined *Six-pence.* Let that Money be ſpent *in Wine.* And *let Things invented extempore be reckoned* amongſt *lawful* Stories, *provided* Probability *and* Decency *be preſerved.* If *none ſhall want* a Story, *let thoſe two pay* the Charge *of the Wine*, whereof *the one* ſhall tell *the prettieſt*, the other *the dulleſt* Story. *Let the Maſter of the Feaſt* be free *from the Charge* of the Wine: *Let him alone bear* the Charge *of the Victuals.* If *any diſpute* happen, *let Gelaſinus be* the Decider *and* judge *of that Affair.* If *you* confirm *theſe Things*, let them be eſtabliſhed. *He that* will not *obey* the Law,

jus *fasque* redire *postridiæ* ad compotationem.

let him go, yet *so* that *it may be* lawful *and allowable for him* to return *the Day after* to the Club.

G. Volumus *legem* latam *a rege* esse *ratam* nostris *suffragiis*, sed *unde* circulus *fabularum* proficiscetur?

We will *that the Law* made *by our King* be *confirmed* by our *Votes*; but *whence* shall the Circle *of Stories* proceed?

Eut. Unde *ni* a convivatore?

From whence *but* from the Entertainer?

Af. Jure consulti *negant* esse *legem* quæ *non sit* æqua.

The Lawyers *deny it* to be *a Law* which *is not* just.

Eu. Assentior.

I assent to it.

At. At *tua lex* æquat *optimam* fabulam *pessime*.

But *your Law* equals *the best* Story *to the worst*.

Eut. Ubi *voluptas* quæritur, *ibi* promeretur *non* minus *laudis*, qui *dicit* pessime *quam* qui *optime*, velut *inter* cantores *nemo* voluptati est, *nisi* qui *cecinerit* aut *insigniter* bene, *aut* ingregia *male*. Nonne plures rident *audito* coccyge, *quam* luscinia? *Heic* mediocritas *non habet* laudem.

Where *Pleasure* is sought, *there* he deserves *no* less *Praise*, who *says* very badly *than* he who says *very well*, as *amongst* Singers *no Man* pleases, *unless* he that *sings* either *notably* well, *or* extraordinary *ill*. Do not more laugh *upon hearing* the Cuckow, *than* the Nightingale? *Here* Indifference *has no* Praise.

Af.

Aſ. At *cur* plectuntur *qui* auferunt *laudem?*

But *why* are they puniſhed *who* get *Praiſe?*

Eut. Ne *nimia felicitas* provocat *aliquam* Nemeſin *illis*, ſi *auferent* et *laudem* et *immunitatem* ſimul.

Leſt *exceſſive Happineſs* ſhould provoke *ſome* Nemeſis *againſt them*, if *they ſhould get* both *Praiſe* and *Immunity* together.

Aſ. Per Bromium *Minos ipſe* nunquam *tulit* æquiorem *legem.*

By Bromius *Minos himſelf* never *made* a more reaſonable *Law*,

Phylyth. Feres *nullam* legem *de modo* bibendi?

Will you make *no* Law *concerning the Manner* of Drinking?

Eut. Re *diſpecta*, ſequar *exemplum* Ageſilai *regis* Lacedæmoniorum.

The Thing *being conſidered*, I will follow *the Example* of Ageſilaus, *King* of the Lacedemonians.

Phylyth. Quid *is fecit?*

What *did he?*

E. Cum *is* quodum tempore *delectus eſſet* ſympoſiarchus, *arbitrio* talorum; *archibriclano* rogante *quantum* vini *juberet* apponi *cuique*, inquit. *Si* largior copia *vini* parata eſt, *data* cuique, *quantum* popoſcerit; *ſi* malignior,

When *he* on a certain Time *had been choſen* Governor of a Feaſt *at the Pleaſure* of the Dice, *the Maſter of the Houſe* aſking *how much* Wine *he ordered* to be ſerved up *to every one*, he ſays, *If* a large Plenty *of Wine* be provided, *give* to every one *as much as* he calls for; *if* a more

diſtributio omnibus *ex æque.*

ſparing *divide* to every one *alike.*

Phylyth. Quid ſibi voluit *illi* Lacon *cum* diceret *hæc?*

What meant *that* Lacedemonian *when* he ſaid *theſe Things?*

Eut. Agebat *hoc* ut *convivium* neque eſſet *temulentum,* neque *rurſum* querulum.

He meant *this* that *the Feaſt* ſhould neither be *drunken,* nor *again* quarrelſome.

Phylyth. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Eut. Quia *ſunt* qui *gaudent* biberelargius, ſunt *qui* gaudent *parcius.* Reperiuntur et *abſtemii,* qualis *Romulus* dicitur *fuiſſe.* Itaque *ſi* vinum *datur* nulli *niſi* poſcenti, *primum* nemo *compellitur* ad bibendum, *it* tamen *deſideraut* nihil, *quibus* largior *potatio* eſt *grata.* Ita *ſit* ut *nemo* ſit *triſtis* in convivio. *Rurſus,* ſi *parcior* copia *vini* diſtribuitur *æquis* portionibus *in ſingulos,* habent *ſatis* qui *bibunt* moderatius, *neque* poteſt *quiſquam* obmurmurare *in æqualitate;* quando *qui*

Becauſe *there are ſome* who *love* to drink *plentifully,* there are others *who* love to drink *ſparingly.* There are likewiſe found *abſtemious* People, ſuch as *Romulus* is ſaid *to have been.* Therefore *if* Wine *is given* to none *but* him that calls for it, *firſt* no body *is forced* to drink, *and* yet *they want* nothing, *to whom* plentiful *Drinking* is *agreeable.* So *it comes about* that *no body* is *ſad* in the Feaſt. *Again,* if *a leſs* Quantity *of Wine* is diſtributed *in equal* Shares *to each,* they have *enough,* that *drink* moderately, *nor* can *any one* murmur *in Equality,* ſince *he that* would have drunk

hauſ-

hausturus erat *largius*, componit *se* ad temperantiam *æquo* animo. *Si* hoc *exemplum* placet, *utar*, nam *volumus* hoc *esse* fabulosum, *non* vinosum *convivium*.

plentifully, composes *himself* to Temperance *with a contented* Mind. *If* this *Example* pleases you, *I will use it*, for *we would have* this *to be* a story-telling, *not* a drunken *Feast*.

Phylyth. Quid *igitur* bibebat *Romulus?*

What *then* drank *Romulus?*

Eut. Idem *quod* canes *bibunt*.

The same *that* Dogs *drink*.

Phylyth. An non *istud* indignum *regi?*

Is not *that* unworthy *of a King?*

Eut. Nihil *magis* quam *quod* reges *spirant* ære *communi* cum canibus, *nisi* quod *illud interest*, *rex* non bibit *eadem* aquam, *quam* canis *bibit*, sed *canis* haurit *aerem* quem *rex* efflavit. *Et* vicissem *rex* haurit *aerem* quem *canis* efflavit. *Alexander ille Magnus* tulisset *plus* gloriæ, *si* bibisset *cum canibus*. Nam *nihil* pejus *regi* qui *vigilat* tot millibus *hominum*, quam *vinolentia*. Cæterum *Romulum* fuisse *abstemium*, apothegma

No *more* than *that* Kings *breathe* in the Air *common* with Dogs, *but* that *there is that Difference*; *the King* does not drink *the same* Water *which* the Dog *drank*, but *the Dog* draws in *the Air* which *the King* breathed out. *And* again *the King* draws in *the Air* which *the Dog* breathed out. *Alexander the Great* had got *more* Glory, *if* he had drunk *with the Dogs*. For *nothing* is worse *for a King*, who *watches over* so many thousand *Men*, than *Drunkenness*. But *that Romulus* was *abstemious*, an Apothegm *spoken* by him

ma *dictum* ab illo *non infeſtiviter* declarat. *Etenim* cùm *quidam* videns *illum* abſtinere *a vino* dixiſſet, *vinum* futurum *vile*, ſi *omnes* biberent *quemadmodum* ille; Imo, *inquit*, tum *arbitror* fore *cariſſimum*, ſi *omnes* biberent *vinum* quemadmodum *ego*, nam *bibo* quantum *lubet*.

not unwittily declares. *For* when *one* ſeeing *him* abſtain *from Wine*, had ſaid *that Wine* would be *cheap*, if *all* ſhould drink *as* he; Nay, *ſays he*, then *I think* it would be *very dear*, if *all* ſhould drink *Wine* as *I do*, for *I drink* as much as *I have a Mind*.

Ge. Utinam *noſter* Joannes *Botzemus* canonicus *Conſtantinenſis* adeſſet *heic*. Nam *et is* eſt *non* minus *abſtemius* quam *dicitur*, alioque *comis* et *feſtivus* conviva.

I wiſh *our* John *Botzem*, Canon *of Conſtance*, was *here*. For *he too* is *no* leſs *abſtemious* than *he is ſaid to be*; otherwiſe *a courteous* and *pleaſant* Companion.

Po. Age, *ſi* poteſtis, *non dicam*, forbere *et* flare *ſimul*, quod *Plautus* ait *eſſe* difficile; *ſed* edere *et* audire, *quod* eſt *perfacile*; auſpicabor *munus* fabulandi *bonis avibus*. Si *fabula* erit *parum lepida*; ſcitote *Bataviam eſſe*. Opinor nomen Macci *auditum* aliquot *veſtrum*.

Come *if* you can, *I will not ſay*, ſup *and* blow *at the ſame Time*, which *Plautus* ſays *is* difficult, *but* eat *and* hear, *which* is *very eaſy*; I will begin *the Buſineſs* of telling Stories *with good Luck*. If *the Story* be *not a pretty one*, know *it is a Dutch one*. I ſuppoſe *the Name* of Maccus *has been heard* by ſome *of you*.

Ge. Non eſt *ita* diu *quod periit*.

It is not *ſo* long *ſince he died*.

Po. Cum

Po. Cum *is* venisset in *civitatem* quæ *dicitur* Leydis, *ac* novus hospes *vellet* innotescere *quopiam* joco, *(nam* iserat hominj *mos)* ingressus est *officinam* calcearii, *salutat.* Ille-*cupiens* extrudere *suas* merces, *rogat* nunquid vellet. *Macco* conjicienteoculos in ocreas *pensiles* ibi, *calcearius* rogat *num* velletocreas. Macco *annuente,* quærit *aptas* tibiis illius, *protulit* inventas *alacriter,* et *ut* solent, *inducit* illi. *Ubi* Maccus *jam* esset *eleganter* ocreatus, *Quam* belle, *inquit,* par *calceorum* duplicatis *soleis* congrueret *his* ocreis. *Rogatus* an *vellet* et calceos, *annuit.* Reperti sunt *et* additi *pedibus* Maccus *laudabat* ocreas, *laudabat* calceos. *Calcearius* gaudens *tacite* succinebat *illi* laudanti, *sperans* æquius *pretium,* postequam *merx* placeret *emptori* tantopere. *Et* jam *nonnulla* familiaritas *erat* con-

When *he* was come *into a City* which *is called* Leyden, *and* being a new Guest, *had a Mind* to become known *by some* Jest, *(for* that *was* the Man's *Way)* he entered *the Shop* of a Shoemaker, *salutes him.* He *desiring* to put off *his* Ware, *asks* if he would have any Thing. *Maccus* casting *his Eyes* upon Leather Stockings *that hung* there, *the Shoemaker* asks him *if* he would have *Leather Stockings.* Maccus *agreeing to it,* he seeks some *fit* for his Legs, *he produced them* when found *chearfully,* and, *as* they use to do, *draws them on* for him. *When* Maccus *now* was *handsomely* fitted with Leather Stockings, *How* well, *quoth he,* would a Pair *of Shoes* with double *Soles* agree *with these* Leather Stockings. *Being asked* whether *he would have* Shoes too, *he agrees to it.* They were found, *and* put upon *his Feet.* Maccus *commended* the Stockings, *commended* the Shoes. *The Shoemaker* rejoicing *silently,* agreed with *him* commending *them, hoping for* a better *Price,*

tracta

tracta. *Heic* Maccus *inquit*, Dic *mihi* bona fide *nunquamne usu veni* tibi, *ut* quem *armasses* sic *cereis* et *calceis* ad cursum *quemadmodum* nunc *armasti* me, *abierat* non numerato pretio? *Nunquam*, ait ille. *Atque* si *forte*, inquit, *veniat usu*, quid *tu faceres* tum? *Consequerer*, inquit *calcearius*. Tum *Maccus* inquit, *Dicis* ista *serio* an *joco*? Plane *loquor* serio, *inquit* alter, *et* facerem *serio*. Experiar, *ait* Maccus; *en* præcurro *pro calceis*, tu sequere *cursu*; simulq; *cum dicto* conjecit *se* in pedes. *Calcearius* consecutus est *e vestigio* quantum *poterat*, clamitans, *Tenete* furem, *tenete* furem. *Cum* cives *prosiliissent* ex ædibus *undique* ad hanc vocem, *Maccus* cohibuit *illos* hoc commento, *ne quis injiceret manum*. Inquit *ridens* ac *placido* vultu. *Ne quis remoretur* nostrum *cursum*; certamen

seeing *the Ware* pleased *the Buyer* so much. *And* now *some* Familiarity *was* contracted. *Here* Maccus *says*, Tell *me* in good Faith, *did it never happen* to you, *that* one whom *you had furnished* thus *with Leather Stockings* and *Shoes* for a Race, *as* now *you have furnished* me, *went off* without paying the Price? *Never*, says he. *But* if *by Chance*, says he, *it should happen*, what *would you do* then? *I would follow him*, says *the Shoemaker*. Then *Maccus* says, *Do you say* that *in Earnest*, or *in Jest*? Truly *I speak* in Earnest, *says* the other, *and* would do *in Earnest*. I will try, *says* Maccus; *lo* I run before *for the Shoes*, do you follow *running*; and together *with this Saying*, he threw *himself* upon his Feet. *The Shoemaker* followed him *forthwith*, as fast as he *could*, bawling, *Stop* the Thief, *stop* the Thief. *When* the Citizens *ran out* of their Houses *on all Sides* at this Cry, *Maccus* hindered *them* by this Contrivance, *that nobody should lay Hands on him*. He says, *smiling* and *with a pleasant* Countenance, *let nobody stop* our

tamen *eſt* de cupa *cereviſiæ*. Itaque *jam* omnes *præbebant ſe* ſpectatores *certaminis*: Nam *ſuſpicabantur* calcearium *fingere* eum *clamorem* dolo, *ut* hac occaſione *anteverteret*. Tandem *calcearius* victus *curſu* rediit *domum* ſudans *et* anhelus. *Maccus* tulit *brabeum*.

running, the Race *is* for a Tankard *of Ale*. Wherefore *now* all *became* Spectators *of the Race*; for *they ſuſpected* that the Shoemaker *pretended* that Cry out of Roguery, *that* by that Means *he might get before him*. At laſt *the Shoemaker* being beat *in the Race*, returned *Home* ſweating *and* out of Breath. *Maccus* got *the Prize*.

Ge. Iſte *Maccus* quidem *effugit* calcearium; *at* non effugit *furem*.

That *Maccus* indeed *eſcaped* the Shoemaker, *but* he did not eſcape *the Thief*.

Po. Quamobrem?

What for?

Ge. Quia *ferebat* furem *ſecum*.

Becauſe *he carried* the Thief *with him*.

Po. Forte *pecunia* non erat *ad manum*, quam *poſtea* reſolvit.

Perhaps *Money* was not *at hand*, which *afterwards* he paid.

Ge. Verum *erat* actio *furti*.

But *there was* an Action *of Theft*.

Po. Ea *quidem* intentata eſt *poſt*, ſed *jam* Maccus *innotuerat* aliquot *magiſtratibus*.

That *indeed* was brought *afterwards*, but *now* Maccus *was become acquainted* with ſome *Magiſtrates*.

Ge. Quid *attulit Maccus*?

What *did Maccus plead*?

Po. Quid

Po. Quid attulit, *rogas*, in caſu *tam* vincibili? *Actor* magis periclitatus eſt *quam* reus.

What did he plead, *do you aſk*, in a Cauſe *ſo* eaſy to be carried? *The Proſecutor* was more in Danger *than* the Perſon indicted.

Ge. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Po. Quia *gravabat* illum *actione* calumniæ, *et* intendebat *Rhemian legem*, quæ *dictat*, ut *quin* intenderet *crimen* quod *non poſſit* probare, *ferat* pœnam *quam* reus *laturus erat*, ſi *fuiſſet* convictus. *Negabat* ſe contrectaſſe *alienam rem* invito domino, *ſed* deferente *ultro*, nec ullam mentionem *pretii* interceſſiſſe; *ſe provocaſſe* calcearium *ad certamen curſus*: illum *accepiſſe* conditionem, *nec habere* quod *queratur* cum *eſſet* ſuperatus *curſu*.

Becauſe *he loaded* him *with an Action* of Slander, *and* urged *the Rhemian Law*, which *orders*, that *he who* brings *a charge* which *he cannot* prove, *ſhall ſuffer* the Puniſhment *which* the Perſon indicted *ſhould have ſuffered*, if *he had been* convicted. *He denied* that he meddled with *the other's Ware* againſt the will of the Owner, *but* on his giving it *of his own accord*, and that no Mention *of Price* had paſſed betwixt them; *that he had challenged* the Shoemaker *to the running of a Race*; that *he had accepted* the Propoſal, *and had nothing* that *he could complain of* ſeeing *he was* beat *in a Race*.

Ge. Hæc *actio non multum abeſt* ab umbra *aſini*. Quid tandem?

This Action *is not much ſhort* of the Shadow *of the Aſs*. What came of it at laſt?

Po. Ubi

P. Ubi *risum est* satis, *quidam* e judicibus *vocavit* Maccum *ad cænam*, et *numeravit* calceario *pretium*. Quiddam *simile* accidit *Daventriæ* me puero. *Erat* illud *tempus*, quo *piscatores* regnant, *lanii* frigent. *Quidam* astabat *ad fenestram* fructuariæ, *vehementer* obesæ *fœminæ*, oculis *intentis* in ea *quæ* posita erant *venum*. Illa *invitabat* hominem *ex more* si *quid vellet*. Et *cum* videret *intentum* ficis, *Vis* ficos? *ait*, sunt *perquam elegantes*. Cum *ille* annuisset, *rogat* quot *libras* vellet. *Vis*, inquit, *quinque* libras? *Annuenti* effudit *tantum* ficorum *in gremium*. Dum *illa* reponit *lances*, ille *subducit se*, non *cursu*, sed *placide*. Ubi *prodisset* acceptura *pecuniam*, vidit *emptorem* abire: *insequitur* majore *voce* quam *cursu*. Ille *dissimulans*, pergit *quo* cœperat *ire*.

When *they had laughed* sufficiently, *one* of the Judges *invited* Maccus *to Supper*, and *paid* the Shoemaker *his Price*. Something *like this* happened *at Daventry*, when I was a Boy. *It was* that *Time*, when *the Fishermen* reign, *the Butchers* starve. *A certain Fellow* stood *at the Window* of a Fruit-seller, *a very* fat *Woman*, with his Eyes *intent* upon those Things *which* were exposed *to Sale*. She *invited* the Man *according to Custom*, if *he would have any Thing*. And *when* she saw him *intent* upon the Fig, *Will you have any* Figs? *says she*, they are *very fine ones*. When *he* agreed on it, *she asks* him how many *Pounds* he would have. *Will you have*, says she, *five* Pounds; *On his agreeing to it*, she poured *so many* Figs *into his Bosom*. Whilst *she* lays by *the Scales*, he *withdraws*, not *running*, but *easily*. When *she came out* to receive *her Money*, she saw *her Chapman* was going off; *She follows* with a greater *Noise* than *Pace*. He *taking no Notice*, goes on *whither* he had begun *to go*. At last *many*

Tandem *multis* concurrentibus *ad vocem* fœminæ, *restitit*. Ibi *causa* agitur *in corpus* populi; *risus* exoritur; *emptor* negabat *se empsisse* sed *accepisse* quod *fuisset* delatum *ultro*; si *vellet* experiri *coram* judicibus, *se* comperiturum.

People coming together *at the Clamour* of the Woman, *he stood*. There *the Cause* is tried *in a Ring* of the People. *A Laughter* is set up; *the Chapman* denied *that he bought them*, but *that he received* what *had been* given *on her own Accord*; if *she would* try it *before* the Justices, *he* would appear.

Ge. Age, *narrabo* fabulam *non* admodum *dissimilem* tuæ, *nec* fortasse *inferiorem*, nisi *quid* hæc *non habeat* auctorem *perinde celebrem* atque *est Maccus*. Pythagoras *dividebat* totum *mercatum* in tria *hominum genera*, quorum *alii* prodissent *ut* venderent, *alii* ut emerent: aiebat *hoc utrumque* genus *esse* solicitum, *ac* proinde *non felix*, alios *non venire* in forum *ob aliud*, quam *ut* spectent *quid* proferatur *illic*, aut *quid* agatur: *hos* solos *esse* felices, *quod* vacui *curis*, fruerentur *gratuita* voluptate. *Atque* ad hunc modum

Well, *I will tell* a Story *not* much *unlike* your's, *nor* perhaps *inferior*, but *that* this *hath not* an Author *so famous* as *Maccus is*. Pythagoras *divided* the whole *Market* into three *Kinds of Men*, whereof *some* go *that* they may sell, *others* to buy: He said *that both these* Kinds *were* concerned, *and* therefore *not happy*: That others *did not come* into the Market *for any Thing else* than *that* they may see *what* is produced *there*, or *what* is done: *That these* alone *were* happy, *because* being free *from Cares*, they enjoyed *a gratuitous* Pleasure. *And* after this Manner *he said* a Philosopher *was* in the World, *as* they *were* in the Market. *But* in our *Markets*, a fourth

dicebat

dicebat philosophum *versari* in hoc mundo *quemadmodum* illi *versarentur* in *mercatu. Verum* in nostris *emporiis* quartum *genus* hominum *solet* obambulare, *qui* nec *emunt* nec *vendunt*, nec *contemplantur* otiose, *sed* observant *sedulo* si *possint* involare *quid*. Atque *quidam* reperiuntur *mire* dextri *in hoc genere*; dicas *natos* Mercurio favente *Convivator* dedit *fabulam* cum coronide *ego dabo* cum proœmio. *Nunc* accipite, *quod* nuper *accidit* Antwerpiæ. *Quidam* sacrificus *reciperat* illic *mediocrem* summam *pecuniæ*, sed *argenteæ*. Quidam impostor *animadverterat* id. *Adiit sacrificum*, qui *gestabat* crumenam *turgidam* nummis *in zona*; salutat *civiliter*, narrat sibi *datum negotium* a suis, *ut mercaretur novum* sacrum pallium *parochosui* vici, *quæ* est *summa* vestis *sacerdoti* peragenti *divinam rem*. Rogat *ut* commodaret *sibi* tantillum

Kind of Men *uses* to walk about, *who* neither *buy* nor *sell*, nor *look about them* idly, *but* watch *carefully* if *they can* sharp *any Thing*. And *some* are found *wonderfully* dextrous *in this Kind*; you would say *that they were born* under the Favour of Mercury. *The Master of the Feast* has given a *Story* with a Conclusion. *I will give you one* with a Preface. *Now* hear *what* lately *happened* at Antwerp. A *certain* Priest *had received* there *a moderate* Sum *of Money*, but *in Silver*. A certain Cheat *had observed* it. *He went to the Priest*, who *carried* the Purse *stuffed* with Money *in his Belt*; he salutes him *civilly*; he tells him *that he was employed* by his Neighbours *to buy a new* Surplice *for the Parson* of their Town, *which* is *the upper* Garment *of the Priest* performing *Divine Service*. He asks him *that* he would lend *him* a little of his Help, *that* he would go *with him* to those *who* sell *such* Gowns; *that* he might take it *bigger* or *less* by the

illum operæ, *ut* iret *secum ad eos, qui* venderent *ejusmodi* pallia; *quæ* sumeret *majus aut minus* ex modo *illius corporis*, nam *ipsius* staturam *videri* sibi *congruere* vehementer *cum* magnitudine *paroebi*. Cum hoc *videretur* leve *officium*, sacrificus *facile* pollicitus est. *Adeunt* ædes *cujusdam*. Pallium *prolatum est*. Sacrificus *induit*. Venditor *affirmat* mire congruere, *cum* impostor *contemplatus esset* sacrificum *nunc* a fronte, *nunc* a tergo, *causatus est* brevius *a fronte* quam *esset* par. *Ibi* venditor, *ne* contractus *non procederet*, negat *id* esse *vitium* pallii; *sed* turgidam *crumenam* efficere, *ut* brevitas *offenderet* ea parte. *Quid multa?* Sacrificus *deponit* crumenam. *Contemplantur* denuo. *Ibi* impostor, *sacrificeo* averso, *arripit* crumenam, *ac* conjicit *se* in pedes. *Sacerdos* insequitur, *cursu* ut *erat* pallio-

Measure *of his Body*, for *his* Stature *seemed* to him *to agree* mightily *with* the Size *of their Parson*. And as this *seemed* a slight *Service*, the Priest *easily* promised. *They go* to a House *of a certain Man*. The Garment *was produced*. The Priest *puts it on*. The Seller *affirms* that it fitted wonderfully. *When* the Cheat *had viewed* the Priest *one while* before, *another* behind, *he pretended* that it was shorter *before* than *was* fit. *There* the Seller, *lest* the Bargain *should not go forward*, denies *that* to be *the Fault* of the Garment, *but* that the full *Purse* was the Occasion, *that* the Shortness *offended* on that Side. *What needs many Words?* The Priest *lays down* the Purse. *They view him* again. *There* the Cheat, *the Priest* being turned from him, *whips up* the Purse, *and* throws *himself* upon his Feet. *The Priest* follows him *running* as *he was* with the Surplice on, *and* the Seller *the Priest*. The Parson *cries out*, Stop

tum,

tus, *et* venditor *sacrificum*. Sacrificus *clamat* tenete furem, venditor *clamat* tenete *sacrificum*, impostor *clamat* cohibete *furentem* sacrificum; *et* creditum est, *cum* viderent *eum* currere *sic* ornatum *in publico*; itaque *dum alter* est *in mora* alteri, *impostor* effugit.

the Thief! the Seller *cries out* stop *the Parson*, the Cheat *cries out* stop *the mad* Priest; *and* it was believed, *when* they saw *him* run *so* dressed *in the Streets*; wherefore *whilst one* is *a Hindrance* to the other, *the Cheat* got away.

Eu. Dignus *qui pereat* non *simplici* suspendio.

Worthy *to perish* not *by a single* Hanging.

Ge. Nisi *jam pendet*.

Unless *he he hanged already*.

Eu. Utinam *non solus*, sed *una cum illo*, qui *favent* talibus *portentis* in perniciem *reipublicæ*.

I wish *not he alone*, but *together with him*, they who *favour* such *Monsters* to the Ruin *of the Commonwealth*.

Ge. Non *favent gratis*. Est *catena*, quæ *demissa* in terras *pertinget* ad Jovem.

They do not favour them *for nothing*. There is *a Chain*, which *being let down* upon the Earth *reaches* to Jupiter.

Eu. Redeundum *ad fabulas*.

We must return *to our Stories*.

As. Ordo *redit* ad *e*, *si* las est *cogere* *ogem in ordinem*.

The Turn *is come* to you, *if* it be lawful *to force* a King *to Order*.

En. Non cogar, *imo veniam volens* in ordinem, *alioqui* essem *tyrannus*, non rex, *si* recusem *leges* quas *præscribo* aliis.

I will not be forced, *nay* I will come *willingly* into Order, *otherwise* I should be *a Tyrant*, not a King, *if* I should refuse *the Laws* which I *prescribe* to others.

As. Veruntamen *aiunt* principem *esse* supra leges.

Nevertheless *they say* a Prince *is* above the Laws.

En. Istuc *non est* omnino *falso* dictum, *si* accipias *principem* illum *summum*, quem *tum* vocabant *Cæsarem*. Deinde *si* sic accipias *superiorem* legibus, *quod* alii *coacti* servant *utcunque*, illum *præstare* multo cumulatius *suapte sponte*. Nam *quod* animus *est* corpori, *hoc* est *bonus* princeps *reipublicæ*. Sed *quid opus erat* addere *bonus* quum *malus* princeps *non est* princeps; *quemadmodum*, impurus *spiritus* qui *invasit* corpus *hominis*, non est *animus*. Sed *ad fabulam*; et *arbitror* convenire, *ut* rex *afferam* fabulam regiam. *Ludovicus*

That *is not* altogether *safely* said, *if* you mean by *a Prince* that *great one*, which *then* they called *Cæsar* And then *if* you so understand *superior* to the Laws, *that* others *being forced* keep them *in some Measure*, that he *observes them* much more fully *of his own Accord*. For *what* the Soul *is* to the Body, *that* is *a good* Prince *to the Commonwealth*. But *what* Need *was there* to add *good*, since *a bad* Prince *is not* a Prince; *as* an impure *Spirit*, that *has seized* the Body *of a Man* is not *the Soul*. But *to the Story*; and *I think* it is fit, *that I* being a King, *should bring* a Story of a King. *Lewis* King *of France*, the Eleventh *of that Name*, when *Affairs*

rex Calliarum, undecimus ejus nominis, cum, *adhuc parvulus*, *domi*, peregrinaretur *apud Dionysium*, ... casum ... tus est *fabulari*, ... cum *puellari* ... *respice finem*, ... *illecti* ... *illum*. *Nam monarchiæ* ... *hoc genus*. Rex *descendit* frequenter *ad hujus* ... venatu, *ut* ... magni *principi* delectantur *plebis* ... *distribuitur* ... cum magna ... *Rex* ... *potiretur* ... *Gallos* ... *monuit Cadmum*, ... *moneret* ... *quæ* ... *ferret* ... *signum* ... *non* ... *le luturum* ... *principes* ... *illum* ... *Cadmus* ... *Rex* ... *Cadmus* ... *Rex* ... *Cadmus* ... *Rex

rum ipse captus *illecebra* cibi, *paulatim* devoravit *omnes*, una *duntaxat* insigniter *magna* excepta. Ubi *Conon* prorepsisset *in aulam*, qua *rex* erat *iturus*, statim agnitus est *a rege*, et *accersitus*. Ille *detulit* munus *cum* magna *alacritate*, rex *accepit* cum *majore* alacritate, *mandans* cuidam *e proximis*, ut *reponeretur* diligenter *inter* ea *quæ* haberet *charissima*. Jubet *Cononem* prandere *secum*; a prandio *agit gratias* Cononi, *et* jussit *mille* coronatos *numerari* pro rapa *illi* cupienti *repetere* suum rus. *Cum* fama *hujus rei*, ut *sit* pervagata esset *per* omne *regis* famulitium, *quidam* ex aulicis *dedit* regi *non inelegantem* equum *dono*. Rex *intelligens* illum *provocatum* benignitate *quam* præstiteret *Cononi*, captare *prædam*, accepit *munus* vultu *majorem in modum* alacri, *et*

had crept *into the Hall* where *the King* was *to pass*, he was presently known *by the King*, and *sent for*. He *offered* his Present *with* great *Chearfulness*; the King *received it* with *greater* Chearfulness; *ordering* one *of those next him*, that *it should be laid up* diligently *amongst those* Things *which* he counted *most dear*. He orders *Conon* to dine *with him*; after Dinner *he gave Thanks* to Conon; *and* ordered *a thousand* Crowns *to be paid* for his Turnip *to him* desiring *to return to* his own Country. *When* the Fame *of this Thing*, as *it happens*, had gone *thro'* all *the King's* Servants, *one* of the Courtiers *gave* the King *no unhandsome* Horse *as a Present*. The King *understanding* that he *being encouraged* by the Kindness *which* he had shewn *to Conon*, catched at *a Prize*, received *the Present* with a Countenance *more than ordinarily* chearful; and *having* called together *his Nobles*, he began *to consult* with them what Present *he should make as a Return for* so fine *and so valuable* a

con-

convocatis *primoribus*, cœpit *consultare* quo munere *pensaret* tam bellum *tamque pretiosum* equum. *Interim* qui donarat *equum*, concepit *opimas* spes *animo*, cogitans *sic*, si *sic pensavit* rapam *donatam* a rustico, *quanto* munificentius *pensaturus est* talem equum *oblatum* ab aulico. *Cum* alius responderet aliud *regi* consultanti *veluti* de magna re, *et* captator *lactatus esset* diu *vana spe*, tandem *rex* inquit, *Venit mihi in mentem* quod *darem* illi, *et* quopiam *ex proceribus* accersito, *dixit* in aurem, *ut* adferret *id* quod *reperiret* in cubiculo (*simulque* designat *locum*) obvolutum *diligenter* serico. *Rapa* adfertur. *Rex* donat *eum* sua manu *aulico*, ut *erat* obvoluta, *addens*, equum *videri* sibi *bene* pensatum *cimelio* quod *constitisset* sibi *mille* coronatis. *Aulicus*, digressus *dum* tollit *lin-*

Horse. *In the mean Time* he who had given *the Horse*, conceived *rich* Hopes *in his Mind*, thinking *thus*, if *he made such a Return for* a Turnip *presented*, by a Country Fellow, *how much* more generously *will he make a Return for* such a Horse *given him* by a Courtier. *When* one answered one Thing, another another *to the King*, consulting *as* about a grand Affair, *and* this catching Fellow *had been fed* a long Time *with vain Hopes*, at last *the King* says, *It comes into my Mind* what *I should give* him, *and* one *of the Nobles* being called to him, *he whispered* in his Ear, *that* he should bring *that* which *he should find* in his Bedchamber, (*and at the same Time* he describes *the Place*) wrapped up *diligently* in Silk. *The Turnip* is brought. *The King* gives *it* with his own Hand *to the Courtier*, as *it was* wrapped up, *adding*, that the Horse *seemed* to him *well* paid for *with a precious Thing* which *had cost* him *a thousand* Crowns. *The Courtier* going away, *whilst* he takes off *the*

teum,

teum, reperit *pro thesauro* non *carbones*, ut aiunt, *sed* rapam *jam* subaridam. *Ita* ille captator *captus* risui fuit *omnibus*.

Cloth finds *for a Treasure*, not *Coals*, as they say, *but* a Turnip *now* dry. *Thus* that catching Fellow *being catched*, was a Laughing-Stock *of every Body*.

A. Jam *si* permittis, *rex*, ut *plebeius* loquar *regalia*, referam *quod* ex tua fabula *venit* in mentem *de* eodem *Ludovico*. Nam *ut* ansa *trahit* ansam, *ita* fabula *fabulam*. Cum *quidam famulus* vidisset *pediculum* repentem *in regia veste*, flexis genibus, *et* manu sublata, *significat* se *velle* præstare *nescio quid officii*. Ludovico *præbente* se, *sustulit* pediculum, *et* abjecit *clam*. Rege *rogante* quid esset, *pudet* fateri. *Cum* rex *instaurat*, fassus est *fuisse* pediculum. *Est* lætum *omen*, inquit, *declarat enim* me *esse* hominem, *quod* hoc genus *vermiculorum* infestat *hominem* peculiariter, *præsertim* in adolescentia, *jussitque* quadraginta *co-*

Now *if* you permit me, *O King*, that *I being a Commoner*, should speak of *Things belonging to Kings*, I will relate *what* upon your Story *comes* into my Mind *of* the same *Lewis*. For *as* a Link of a Chain *draws* a Link, *so does* a Story *a Story*. When *a certain Servant* had seen *a Louse* creeping *upon the King's Coat*, on his bended Knees, *and* with his Hand held up, *he signifies* that he *would* perform *some Office or other*. Lewis *offering* himself, *he took off* the Louse, *and* threw it away *privately*. The King *asking* what it was, *he was ashamed* to confess. *When* the King *urged him*, he confessed *that it was* a Louse. *It is* a joyful *Omen*, quoth he, *for it declares* that I *am* a Man, *because* this Kind *of Vermin* does infest *Man* peculiarly, *especially* in his Youth, *and he ordered* forty *Crowns* to be paid him *for his Ser-*

ronatas

ronatos numerari *pro officio*. Post aliquam multos dies, *alter quidam*, qui *viderat* tam humile *officium* cessisse *feliciter* illi, *nec animadvertens* plurimum intercesse *factus* quid *ex animo* an *arte*, aggressus est *regem* simili *gestu*, ac *rursus* illo *præbente* se *simulabat* se tollere *quidddm* e regia veste, *quod* mox *abjiceret*. Cum *rex* urgeret *tergiversantem*, ut diceret *quid esset*, pudore *mire simulato*, tandem *respondit* esse *pulicem*. Rex *intellecto* fuco, *Quid*, inquit, *an tu facies* me *canem?* Jussit *hominem* tolli *ac* quadraginta *plagas* infligi *pro* quadraginta *coronatis captatis*.

vice. After a good many Days, *some other*, who *had observed* that so much a *Service* had fallen out *luckily* for him, *and not minding* that there is a great Deal of Difference *whether you do a* Thing *from the Heart*, or *by Art*, accosted *the King* with the like *Gesture*, and *again* he *offering* himself, *he pretended* that he took *something* from the King's Coat, *which* presently *he threw away*. When *the King* urged him *declining* to tell *what it was*, Shame *being wonderfully counterfeited*, at length *he answered* that it was *a Flea*. The King *hearing understood* the Roguery, *What*, quoth he, *will you make* me *a Dog?* He ordered *the Fellow* to be taken away, *and* forty *Stripes* to be given him *for* the forty *Crowns he catched at*.

Phylyth. Non est *tutum*, ut *audio*, lude*re cum regibus* facetiis; *quemadmodum enim* leones *præbent se* nonnunquam *placide* fricanti, *iidem*, ubi *lubitum est*, sunt *leones*, et *collusor* jacet. *Ibi-*

It is not *safe*, as *I hear*, to play *with Kings* in Waggery; *for as* Lions *offer themselves* sometimes *quietly* to one that rubs them, *the same*, when *they please*, are *Lions*, and *their Play-fellow* lies dead. *In like Manner* Kings

dem

dum reges *favebat*. Sed *afferam* fabulam *non dissimilem* tuæ fabulæ, *ut* [illegible]*damus* interim *a Ludovico*, cui *erat* pro delectamento *fallere* hiantes *corvos*. Acceperat *dono* alicunde *decem* millia *coronatorum*. Quoties autem *nova* pecunia *obtigit* principibus, *omnes* officiarii *venantur*, et *captant* aliquam *partem* prædæ. *Id* nonfugiebat *Ludovicum*. Cum *igitur* ea pecunia *exprompta esset* in mensa, *qua magis invitaret* ſpem *omnium*, ſic *locutus eſt* circumſtantibus. *Quid*, an non videor *vobis* opulentus *rex*? Ubi *collocabimus* tantam *vim* pecuniæ? *Eſt* donatitia, *convenit* donari *viciſſim*. Ubi *nunc* ſunt *amici*, quibus *debeo* pro *ſuis* officiis *in me*? Adſint *nunc* priuſquam *hic* theſaurus *effluat*. Ad hanc vocem *pernulti* accurrere, *nemo non* ſperabat *aliquid* ſibi. *Cum* rex *vidiſſet* aliquem *inhiantem* maxi-

favour. But *I will bring* a Story *not unlike* your Story, *that we may not depart* in the mean Time *from Lewis*, to whom *it was* a Diverſion *to deceive* gaping *Crows*. He had received *as a Preſent* from ſomebody *ten* Thouſand *Crowns*. But as often as *new* Money *has come in* to Princes, *all* the Officers *hunt for it*, and *endeavour to catch* ſome *Part* of the Prize. *That* did not eſcape *Lewis*. When *therefore* that Money *had been drawn out* upon the Table, *that he might raiſe the more* the Hopes *of all*, thus *he ſpoke* to them ſtanding about him. *What*, do not I ſeem *to you* a rich *King*? Where *ſhall we diſpoſe of* ſo great *a Quantity* of Money? *It is* given, *it is fit* it be given *again*. Where *now* are *my Friends*, to whom *I am indebted* for *their* Services *to me*? Let them come *now*, before *this* Treaſure *be gone*. Upon this Saying *a great many* came in, *every Body* hoped the

me, *et* jam *devorantem* pecuniam *oculis*, conversus *ad eum*, inquit, *Amice*, quid tu narras? *Ille* commemorabat *se* amisse *regios* falcones *diu* summa fide, *nec* sine *gravibus* impendiis. *Alius* adferebat *aliud*; quisque *exaggerabat* suum *officium* verbis, *quantum* poterat. *Rex* audiebat *omnes* benigne *et* comprobabat *orationem* singulorum. *Hæc* consultatio *dilata est* in longum tempus, *quo* torqueret *omnes* diutius *spe* metuque. *Primus* cancellarius *astabat* inter eos: *nam* jusserat, *et hunc* acciri. *Is* prudentior *cæteris*, non prædicabat *sua officia*, sed *agebat* spectatorem *fabulæ*. Tandem *rex* conversus *ad hunc* inquit, *Quid* narrat *meus* cancellarius? *Ille* solus *petit* nihil, *nec* prædicat *sua officia*. Ego, *inquit* cancellarius, *accepi* plus a regia *bo-*

came in, *every Body* hoped *for something* to himself. *When* the King *saw* one *gaping at it very much*, *and* now *devouring* the Money *with his Eyes*, being turned *to him*, he says, *Friend*, what do you say? *He* said, *that he* had maintained *the King's* Hawks *a long Time* with great Faithfulness, *and not* without *great* Charges. *Another* alledged *another Thing*; every Man *magnified* his *Office* by Words *as much as* he could. *The King* heard *all* kindly, *and* approved of *the Speech* of every one. *This* Consultation *was continued* for a long Time, *that* he might torment *them all* the longer *with Hope* and Fear. *The first* Chancellor *stood* amongst them; *for* he had ordered *him also* to be called. *He*, more prudent *than the rest*, did not extol *his Services*, but *acted* the Spectator *of this Play*. At last *the King* being turned *to him*, says, *What* says *my* Chancellor? *He* alone *asks for* nothing, *nor* does he extol *his Services*. I, *says* the Chancellor, *have received* more *from* the royal *Bounty*, than

nignitate, quam *promeruerim*; nec *sum* magis *solicitus* de ulla re, *quam* ut *respondeam* regiæ *munificentiæ* in me, *tantum abest ut velim* flagitare *plura*. Tum *rex* inquit, *Unus igitur* omnium *non eges* pecunia? *Tua* benignitas, *inquit* alter, *jam præstitit* ne egerem. *Ibi* rex *versus* ad alios *inquit*, Næ *ego sum* magnificentissimus *omnium* regum, *qui* habeam *tam* opulentum *cancellarium*. Heic *spes* accensa est *magis* omnibus, *futurum* ut *pecunia* distribueretur *cæteris*, quandoquidem *ille* ambiebat *nihil*. Ubi *rex* lusisset *ad hunc modum* satis diu, *coegit* cancellarium, ut *auferret* totam *eam* summam *domum*. Moxq; *versus* ad cæteros *jam* mœstos, *Vobis erit expectanda*, inquit, *alia* occasio.

I have deserved; nor *am I* more *concerned* about any Thing, *than* that *I may answer* the royal *Bounty* towards me, *so far am I from desiring* to ask *more*. Then *the King* says, *Do you alone therefore* of all *not want* Money? *Your* Bounty, *says* the other, *has already secured me* from wanting. *There* the King *being turned* to the others, *says*, Truly *I am* the most magnificent *of all* Kings, *who* have *so* rich *a Chancellor*. Here *Hope* was kindled *more* in all, *that it would come to pass*, that *the Money* would be distributed *to the rest*, seeing *he* desired *nothing*. When *the King* had played *in this Manner* long enough *he forced* the Chancellor *to take* all *that* Sum *Home*. And by and by *being turned* to the rest *now* said, *You must wait*, says he, *another* Occasion.

Phil. Fortasse *videbitur* frigidius, *quod* sum narraturus: *proinde* deprecor *suspicionem* mali *doli* fu-

Perhaps *it will appear* flat, *which* I am going to tell, *wherefore* I bar *the Suspicion* of evil *Deceit*, or Roguery, *that I may not* cive-

cive; *ne videar ambisse* immunitatem *de industria*. Quidam *adiit* eundem *Ludovicum*, petens *ut* juberet *munus*, quod *forte* vacabat *in eo pago*, in quo *habitabat*, transferri *in ipsam*. Rex, *audita* petitione, *respondit* expedite, *Efficies* nihil. *Petitor* etiam *mox* actis *gratiis* regi *discesset*. Rex, *colligens* ex ipso fronte, *esse* hominem *non omnino* siniſtri *ingenii*, ſuſpicauſque *illum* non intellexiſſe *quod* reſpondiſſet, *jubet* eum *revocari*. Redit. *Tum* rex *inquit*, Intellexeras *quid* reſponderim *tibi?* Intellexi. *Quid* igitur *dixi?* Me *effecturum* nihil. *Cur* igitur *agebas* gratias? *Quoniam*, inquit, *est quod agam* domi: *proinde* perſecuturus eram *ancipitem* ſpem *hic*, meo magno incommodo: *nunc* interpretor *beneficium*, negaſſe *beneficium* cito *meque* lucratum *quicquid* eram perdi-

ſeem to have ſought Immunity *on purpoſe*. A certain Man *went to* the ſame *Lewis*, deſiring *that* he would order *an Office*, which *by Chance* was vacant *in that Diſtrict*, in which *he lived*, to be conferred *upon him*. The King, *having heard* his Petition, *anſwered* readily, *You will do* nothing. *The Petitioner* likewiſe *preſently* having given *Thanks* to the King, *departed*. The King *gathering* from his very Look, *that he was* a Man *by no Means* of dull *Parts*, and ſuſpecting *that he* did not underſtand *what* he had anſwered him, *orders* him *to be called back*. He returns. *Then* the King *ſays*, Did you underſtand *what* I anſwered *you?* I did underſtand. *What* then *did I ſay?* That *I ſhould effect* nothing. *Why* therefore *did you give* Thanks; *Becauſe*, ſays he, *I have ſomething to do* at Home, *and therefore I* ſhould have purſued *doubtful* Hopes *here* to my great Loſs: *Now* I conſtrue it *as a Kindneſs* to deny *the Kindneſs* quickly, *and that* I have gained *whatſoever* I ſhould have loſt, *if* I had been fed *by*

turus

turus, *ſi* lætatus fuiſſem *vana ſpe*. Ex eo reſponſo *rex* conjecturans *minime ſi quem* hominem, *ubi* percunctatus eſſet *pauca*, Habeb's, *inquit*, quod *petis*, quo *agas* mihi *gratias* bis; *ſimulque* verſus *ad officiarios*, Expediantur diplomata, *huic*, inquit, *ſine mora*, ne hæreat *heic* diu *ſuo damno*.

vain Hopes. By that anſwer *the King* gueſſing him to be *no dull* Man, *when* he had aſked him *a few Things*, You ſhall have, *quoth he*, what *you deſire*, that *you may give* me *Thanks* twice: *And at the ſame Time* turning *to the Officers*, Let the Patents be made ready *for him*, ſaith he, *without Delay*, that he may not ſtay *here* long *to his Loſs*.

Eu. Non deeſt *quod referem* de Ludovico, *ſed* malo *de noſtro* Maximiliano. *Qui*, ut *nequaquam ſolitus eſt* defodere *pecuniam*, ita *erat* clementiſſimus *in eos* qui *decoxerant*, modo *commendaretur* titulo *nobilitatis*. Cum vellet *opitulari* cuidam *juveni* ex hoc genere *hominum*, mandavit *illi* legationem, *ut* peteret *centum* millia *florenorum* a quadam *civitate* neſcio quo titulo. *Titulus autem* erat *talis*, ut *ſi* quid *impetratum eſſet* dexteritate *legati* poſſet *duci* pro lucro. *Legatus*

I want not *ſomething to relate* of Lewis, *but* I had rather tell *of our* Maximilian. *Who*, as *he uſed not* to bury *his Money*, ſo *he was* very merciful *to thoſe* who *had ſpent their Eſtate*, ſo *they were recommended* by a Title *of Nobility*. Being deſirous *to help* a certain *young Man* of this Sort *of Men*, he committed *to him* a Deputation, *that* he ſhould demand *a hundred* thouſand *Florins* from a certain *City* upon I know not what Title. *But the Title* was *ſuch*, that *if* any Thing *was obtained* by the Dexterity *of the Deputy*, it might *be reckoned* as clear Gain. *The Deputy* got *fifty* thouſand, *he*

gatus

gatus extorſit *quinquaginta* millia, *reddidit* Cæſari *triginta*. Cæſar *lætus* inſperatâ *præda* dimiſit *hominem*, inquirens *nihil* præterea. *Interea* quæſitores *et* rationales *olfeceranr* plus *acceptum fuiſſe* quam *exhibitum*: interpellant *Cæſarem*, ut *accerſeret* hominem. *Accitus eſt*, venit *illico*. Tum *Maximilianus* inquit, *Audio* te accepiſſe *quinquaginta* millia. *Faſſus eſt*: Exhibuiſti *non niſi* triginta. *Faſſus eſt* et hoc. *Reddenda eſt* ratio, *inquit*. Promiſit *ſe facturum*, et *diſceſſit*. Rurſum *cum* nihil *eſſet* actum, *officiariis* interpellantibus, *revocatus eſt*. Tum *Cæſar* inquit, *Nuper* juſtus es *reddere* rationem. *Memini*, inquit ille, *et ſum in hoc*. Cæſar *ſuſpicatus* rationem *nondum eſſe* ſatis *ſubductam* illi, *paſſus eſt* illum *abire ſic*. Cum *ſic eluderet*, officiarii *inſtabant* vehementer, *clamo-*

returned Cæſar *thirty*, Cæſar *being glad* of this unexpected *Booty*, diſmiſſed *the Man*, enquiring *nothing* further. *In the mean Time* the Treaſurers *and* Auditors *had ſmelled out*, that more *was received* than *given in*, they ſpeak to *Cæſar*, that *he would ſend for* the Man. *He was ſent for*, comes *preſently*. Then *Maximilian* ſays, *I hear* that you received *fifty* thouſand. *He confeſſed it*. You gave in *but* thirty. *He confeſſed* that too. *You muſt give* an Account *ſays he*. He promiſed *he would do it*, and *departed*. Again *when* nothing *was* done, *the Officers* ſpeaking to Cæſar, *he was recalled*. Then *Cæſar* ſays, *Lately* you were ordered *to give* an Account. *I remember*, ſays he, *and* I am *about it*. Cæſar *ſuſpecting* that his Account *was not yet* ſufficiently *drawn up* by him, *he ſuffered* him *to go away ſo*. When *he thus evaded*, the Officers *preſſed the Matter* mightily, *crying out* that it was not to be borne with, *that* he *ſhould play upon* Cæſar ſo

lan-

tantes non esse ferendum, *ut* ille *illuderet* Cæsari *tam palam*. Persuadent *ut* accersitus *juberetur* exhibere *rationem* inibi, *ipsis præsentibus*. Cæsar *annuit*. Accitus *venit* illico, *nihil* tergiversatus. *Tum* Cæsar *inquit*, Nonne pollicitus es *rationem*? Pollicitus, *respondit ille*. Opus est *jam*, inquit, *nec* est *locus* tergiversandi *amplius*. Ibi *juvenis* inquit *sat dextre*, Non detrecto *rationem*, invictissime *Cæsar*; verum *non sum* admodum peritus *hujusmodi rationum*, ut qui nunquam reddiderim: *Isti* qui *assident* sunt *peritissimi* talium rationum: *si* videro *vel semel* quemadmodum *illi* tractent *hujusmodi* rationes, *ego imitabor* facile. *Rogo* jubeas *illos* vel edere *exemplum*, videbunt *me* docilem. *Cæsar* sensit *dictum* hominis, *quod* hi *non intelligebant*, in quos *dicebatur*; ac *subridens* in-

openly. They persuade him, *that* being sent for, *her should be ordered* to give in *his Account* there, *whilst they were* by. Cæsar *agrees*. Being sent for, *he comes* quickly, *not at all* declining it. *Then* Cæsar *says*, Did not you promise *an Account*? I did, *replied he*. It must be *just now*, says he, *nor* is there *Room* for declining it *any longer*. There *the young Man* says *dextrously enough*, I do not refuse *an Account*, most invincible *Cæsar*; but *I am not* very much skilled *in such Accounts*, as *who* never gave any in. *Those* who *sit by* are *very skilful* in such Accounts, *if* I see *but once* how *they* manage *such* Accounts, *I shall imitate them* easily. *I desire* you would command *them* but to set me *an Example*, they shall see *me* tractable. *Cæsar* understood *the Saying* of the Man, *which* they *did not understand*, against whom *it was said*: and *smiling*, says, *You say true*, and *to demand what*, is *reasonable*. So *he dismissed* the young quit,

quit, *Narras* verum, *et* poſtulas *æquam*. Ita *dimiſit* juvenem: *Subindicabat enim* illos *ſolere* reddere *rationem* Cæſari, *quemadmodum* ipſe *reddiderat*, nimirum, *ut* bona pars *pecuniæ* remaneret *penes ipſos*.

Fellow. *For he intimated* that they *uſed* to give *Account* to Cæſar, *as* he *had given his*, to wit, *that* a good Part *of the Money* ſhould remain *with them*.

Le. Nunc *eſt* tempus, *ut* fabula *deſcendat* ab equis *ad aſinos*, ut *aiunt*, a regibus *ad Antonium* ſacrificum *Lovanienſem*, qui *fuit in deliciis* Philippo *cognomento* bono. *Feruntur* multa *hujus viri*, vel *jucunde* dicta, *vel* jocoſe *facta*, ſed *pleraque* ſordidiora. *Nam* ſolebat *condire* pleroſque ſuos luſus *quodam* unguento, *quod* non ſonat *admodum* eleganter, *ſed* olet *pejus*. Deligam *unum* ex mundioribus. *Invitaret* unum *atque* alterum *bellum* homunculum *obvium* forte *in via*. Cum *rediiſſet* domum, *reperit* culinam *frigidam*. Nec *erat* nummus *in loculo*, quod *nequaquam*

Now *it is* Time *that* the Story *ſhould deſcend* from Horſes *to Aſſes*, as *they ſay*, from Kings *to Anthony* the Prieſt *of Lovain*, who *was in Favour* with Philip *by Sirname* the Good. *There are reported* many Things *of this Man*, either *pleaſantly* ſaid, *or* jocoſely *done*, but *moſt of them* nafty. *For* he uſed *to ſeaſon* moſt of his Mirth *with a certain* Ointment, *which* does not ſound *very* neatly, *but* ſmells *worſe*. I will chooſe *one* of the cleaner. *He had invited* one *and* another *pretty* Fellow *that met him* by Chance *in the ſtreet*. When *he was returned* Home, *he finds* the Kitchen *cold*. Nor *was there* any Money *in his Pocket*, which *was not* unuſual *with him*. Here *was* need *of ſpeedy*

erat

erat insolens *illi*. Heic *erat* opus *celeri* consilio. *Subduxit* se *tacitus*, et *ingressus* cuinam *fœneratoris*, quicum *illi erat* familiaritas, *quod* ageret *frequenter* cum illo, *famula* digressa, *subduxit* unam *ex æneis* ollis, *una* cum *carnibus* jam *coactis*, ac *deferebat* tectam *veste* domum; *dat* coquæ, *jubet* carnes *et* jus *protinus* effundi *in* aliam *fictilem* ollam *simulq*; ollam *fœneratoris* defricari *donec* niteret. *Eo* facto, *mittit* puerum *ad fœneratorem*, qui *deposito pignore*, sumat mutuo *duas drachmas* a *fœneratore*, sed *accipiat* chirographum, *quod* testaretur *talem* ollam *missum* ad ipsum. *Fœnerator* non agnoscens *ollam*, utpote *defrictum* ac *nitentem*, recipit *pignus*, dat *chirographum*, et *numerat* pecuniam. *Ea pecunia* puer *emit* vinum. *Ita* prospecto est *convivio*. Tandem *cum* prandium *appararetur* fœneratori, *olla* desiderat.

Contrivance. *He withdrew* himself *silently*, and *entering* the Kitchen *of an Usurer*, with whom *he had* a familiar Acquaintance, *because* he dealt *frequently* with him, *the Maid* being gone aside, *he took off* one *of the brazen* Pots, *together* with *the Flesh* now *boiled*, and *carried it* covered *under his Coat* Home; *gives it* to the Cook Maid, *orders* the Flesh *and* Broth *immediately* to be poured out *into* another *earthen* Pot, *and at the same Time* the Pot *of the Usurer* to be rubbed *till* it was bright. *That* being done, *he sends* a Boy *to the Usurer*, who *leaving it in Pawn*, should borrow *two Drachms* of *the Usurer*, but *should take* a Note, *that* should testify *that such* a Pot *was sent* to him. *The Usurer* not knowing *the Pot*, as *being rubbed* and *bright*, takes *the Pawn*, gives *the Note*, and *pays* the Money. *With that Money* the Boy *buys* Wine. *Thus* Provision was made *for a Feast*. At last *when* Dinner *was preparing* for the Usurer, *the Pot* was missing. *Upon this* there was a Brawl *with*

derata est. *Heic* jurgium *adversus coquam*. Cum *ea* gravaretur, *affirmavit* constanter *neminem* fuisse *eo die* in culina *præter* Antonium. *Videbatur* improbum *suspicari* hoc *de sacrificæ*. Tandem *itum est* ad illum. *Exploratum* an *olla* esset *apud illum*, at *nulla* reperta est. *Quid multis?* Olla *flagitata est* ab illo *serio*, quod *salus* ingressus esset *culinam* quo tempore *desiderata est*. Ille *fassus est* sumpsisse mutuo *quandam* ollam, *sed* quam *remisisset* illi *unde* sumpserat. *Cum* illi *pernegarent* id, *et* contentio *incaluisset*, Antonius, *aliquot* testibus *adhibitis*, inquit, *Videte* quam *periculosum* est *agere* cum *hominibus* horum *temporum* sine *chirographo*; actio *furti* propemodum intenderetur *mihi*, ni *haberem* manum *fœneratoris*, et *protulit* syngrapham. *Dolus* intellectus est; *fabula* dis-

the Cook-Maid. When *she* was grievously charged, *she affirmed* constantly *that no body* had been *that Day* in the Kitchen *besides* Anthony. *It seemed* wicked *to suspect* this *of a Priest*. At length *they went* to him: *Searched* whether *the Pot* was *with him*, but *none* was found. *What needs many Words?* The Pot *was demanded* of him *in earnest*, because *he alone* had entered *the Kitchen*, at what Time *it was missing*. He *confessed he* borrowed *a certain* Pot, *but* which *he had sent back* to him *of whom* he had it. *When* they *denied* it, *and* the Contention *grew warm*, Anthony, *some* Witnesses *being taken to him*, says, *See* how *dangerous* it is *to deal* with *Men* of these *Times* without *a Note*: An Action *of Theft* would be almost laid against *me*, unless *I had* the Hand *of the Usurer*; and *he produced* the Note. *The Roguery* was understood; *the Story* was spread *through* the whole *Country* with *a great deal of* Laughter, *that the Pot* was pawned

sipata

ſipata eſt *per* totam *regionem* cum *magno* riſu, *ollam* oppignoratam *ipſi* cujus *erat*. Homines *favent* hujuſmodi *dolis* libentius, *ſi* commiſſi ſint *in odioſas* perſonas, *præſertim* eos *qui* ſolent *imponere* aliis.

to *him* whoſe *it was*. Men *favour* ſuch *Tricks* the more willingly, *if* they are practiſed *upon odious* Perſons, *eſpecially* thoſe *who* are wont *to impoſe upon* others.

A. Næ *tu* apperuiſti *nobis* mare *fabularum*, nominato Antonio: *ſed referam* duntaxat *unam*, eamque *brevem*, quam *audivi* nuperrime. *Aliquot* belli *homunculi*, ut *dicunt*, agitabant *convivium* ſimul, *quibus* nihil *in vita* prius *quam* ridere. *Inter hos* erat *Antonius*, atque *item* alter, *et ipſe* celebris *in hoc genere* laudis, *et* velut *æmulus* Antonii. *Porro* quemadmodum *inter philoſophos*, ſi *quando* conveniunt, *quæſtiunculæ* ſolent *proponi* de rebus *naturæ*, ita *brevi* ſtatim *quæſtio* nata eſt, *quænam* pars *hominis* eſſet *honeſtiſſima*. Alius *divinabat* oculos, *alius* cor

Truly *you* have opened *to us* a Sea *of Stories*, by naming Anthony: *But I will relate* only *one*, and that *a ſhort one*, which *I heard* very lately. *Some* pretty *little Fellows*, as *they call them*, kept *a Feaſt* together, *with whom* nothing *in Life* is better *than* laughing. *Among theſe* was *Anthony*, and *likewiſe* another, *be alſo* famous *in this Sort* of Praiſe, *and* as it were *a Rival* of Anthony. *Moreover* as *amongſt Philoſophers*, if *at any time* they meet, *little Queſtions* uſed *to be propoſed* about the Things *of Nature*, ſo *here* immediately *a Queſtion* aroſe, *what* Part *of Man* was *the moſt honourable*. One *gueſſed* the Eyes, *another* the Heart, *another* the Brain, *another* likewiſe *another Thing*, and *every*

other

alius cerebrum, *alius* item *aliud*, et *quisque* adferebat *rationem* suæ divinationis. *Antonius* jussus *dicere* sententiam, *dixit* os *videri* sibi *honestissimam* partem *omnium*, et *addidit* nescio *quam* causam. *Tum* ille *alter*, ne quid ipsi conveniret *cum Antonio*, respondit, *eam* partem *qua* sedemus *videri* sibi *honestissimam*. Cum *id* videretur *absurdum* omnibus, *attulit* hanc causam, *quod* is *duceretur* vulgo *honoratissimus*, qui *primus* consideret, *hoc honoris* competere *parti* quam *dixisset*. Applausum est *huic* sententiæ, *et* risum est *affatim*. Homo *placuit* sibi *de hoc dicto*, et *Antonius* visus est *victus* in eo certamine. *Antonius* dissimulavit, *qui* non detuleret *primam* laudem *honestatis* ori *ob aliud*, nisi *quod* sciret *illum*, velut *æmulum* suæ gloriæ *nominaturum* diversam *partem*.

one gave *a Reason* of his Guests. *Anthony* being ordered *to declare* his Opinion, *said* that the Mouth *seemed* to him *the most honourable* Part *of all*, and he *added* I know not *what* Reason. *Then* that *other*, that he might not in any Thing agree *with Anthony*, answered *that that* Part *on which* we sit *seemed* to him *the most honourable*. When *that* appeared *absurd* to all, *he gave* this Reason, *that he was reckoned* commonly *the most honourable*, who *first* sat down, *that his Honour* belonged *to that Part* which *he had named*. They applauded *this* Opinion, *and* laughed *heartily*. The Man *was pleased with* himself *for this Saying*, and *Anthony* seemed *conquered* in that Dispute. *Anthony* took no Notice, *who* had not given *the chief* Praise *of Honour* to the Mouth for *any Thing else*, but *that* he knew *that he*, as the *Rival* of his Glory, *would name* the quite contrary *Part*. After *some* Days, *when* both of them *were invited* again *to* the same *Feast*, Anthony *entering*

Post

Poſt *aliquot* dies, *cum* uterque *vocatus eſſet* rurſus *ad* idem *convivium*, Antonius *ingreſſus* offendit *æmulum* confabulantem *cum* aliquot *aliis*, dum *cœna* adornatur, *et* averſus *omiſit* clarum ventris crepitum *ante faciem* alterius. *Ille* indignatus *inquit*, Abi *ſcurra*, ubinam *didiciſti* iſtos mores? *Tum* Antonius *inquit* Etiam *indignaris*? *Si* ſalutaſſem *te* ore, *reſaluteſſes*, nunc *ſaluto* te *parte* corporis, *vel* te *judice*, honeſtiſſima *omnium*, et *vocor* ſcurra. *Sic* Antonius *recuperavit* gloriam *amiſſam* prius. *Diximus omnes*, ſupereſt *ut* judex *pernunciet*.

finds *his Rival* talking *with* ſome *others*, whilſt *Supper* is getting ready, *and* turning his Back of him, *he let fly* a rouſing Fart *before the Face* of the other. *He* being mad *ſays*, Get you gone *you rude Droll*, where *did you learn* theſe Manners? *Then* Anthony *ſays*, What *are you angry*? *If* I had ſaluted *you* with my Mouth, *you would have ſaluted me again*, now *I ſalute* you *with a Part* of the Body, *even* you *being Judge*, the moſt honourable *of all*, and *I am called* a rude Droll. *Thus* Anthony *recovered* the Glory *loſt* before. *We have all ſaid*, it remains *that* the Judge *pronounce Sentence*,

Ge. Faciam *id*, ſed *non* priuſquam *quiſque* ebiberit *ſuum cyathum*. En *auſpicor*, ſed *lupus* in fabula.

I will do *it*, but *not* before *every Man* drinks off *his Glaſs*. Lo *I begin*, but *the Wolf* in the Fable,

P. Levinus Panagathus *adfert* haud lævum *omen*.

Levinus Panagathus *brings* no unlucky *Omen*.

L. Quid *actum eſt* inter *tam lepidos* congerrones?

What *has been done* amongſt *ſuch pretty* Companions?

Pe.

Po. Quid *aliud?* certatum eſt *fabulis*, donec *lupus* intervenires.

What *elſe?* We have been contending *in Stories*, 'till *you as a Wolf* came in.

Le. Huc *igitur* adſum, *ut* perficiam *fabulam:* volo *vos omnes* prandere prandium theologicum *apud me* cras.

Hither *therefore* I am come, *that* I may finiſh *the Farce:* I deſire *you all* to take a Theological Dinner *with me* To-morrow.

Ge. Promittis *Scythicum* convivium.

You promiſe us *a Scythian* Feaſt.

L. Niſi *fatebimini* hoc *fuiſſe* jucundius *vobis* fabuloſo convivio, *non recuſo* dare pœnas *in cœna*. Nihil jucundius *quam* cum *nugæ* tractantur *ſerio*.

Unleſs *you confeſs* that this *was* more pleaſant *to you* than the fabulous Feaſt, *I do not refuſe* to ſuffer Puniſhment *at Supper*. Nothing is more pleaſant *than* when *Triflles* are handled *ſeriouſly*,

CHARON.

Charon, Genius, Alastor.

C. QUID *ita properas* gestiens, *Alastor?*

WHY *do you hasten so* rejoicing, *Alastor?*

Al. O Charon, *opportune tu quidem.* Properabam *ad te.*

O Charon, *you come in good Time indeed.* I was hastening *to you.*

Ch. Quid novæ rei?

What News?

A. Fero *nuntium* futurum *lætissimum tibi* Proserpinæque.

I bring *News* that will be *very joyful to you* and Proserpine.

Ch. Effer *igitur* quod *fers*, et *exonera te.*

Declare *then* what *you bring*, and *unload yourself.*

Al. Furiæ *gesserunt* suum negotium *non minus* naviter *quam* feliciter, *infecerunt* omnes *partes* orbis *tartareis* malis, *dissidiis*

The Furies *have done* their Business *no less* diligently *than* happily, *they have infected* all *the Parts* of the World *with hellish* Evils, *Quarrels,*

dim, bellis, *latrociniis*, peſtilentiis, *adeo ut* jam *ſint* plane *calvæ*, emiſſis *colubris*, et *obambulent* exhauſtæ *venenis*, quærentes *quicquid* viperarum *atque* eſpidum *eſt* uſquam, *quando* ſint *tam glabræ* quam *ovum*, et *non habent* pilum *in capite*, nec *quidquam* efficacis ſucci *in pectore*. Proinde *tu ſuc* appares *cymbam* ac *remos*; mox enim *tanta* multitudo *umbrarum* ventura eſt, *ut* verear *ne* non ſufficias *tranſmittendis omnibus*.

Wars, *Robberies*, Plagues, *ſo that* now *they are* quite *bald*, having diſcharged *their Snakes*, and *walk about* exhauſted *of their Poiſons*, ſeeking *whatſoever* Vipers *and* Aſps *there are* any where, *ſeeing* they are *as bare* as *an Egg*, and *have not* a Hair *upon their Head*, nor *any Thing* of effectual Juice *in their Breaſt*. Wherefore *do you ſee* you make ready *your Boat* and *Oars*; for by and by *ſo great* a Multitude *of Ghoſts* will come, *that* I am afraid *leſt* you ſhould not be ſufficient *to ferry them all over*.

Ch. Iſta *non fugerant nos*.

Thoſe Things *were not unknown to us*.

Al. Unde *reſcibas?*

From whom *had you heard them?*

Ch. Offa *pertulerat* ante biduum.

Offa *brought us News* two Days ago.

Al. Nihil *eſt* velocius *illa dea*. Sed *quid* igitur *tu ceſſas* hic?

Nothing *is* ſwifter *than that Goddeſs*. But *why then do you loiter* here?

Ch. Ita *nimirum* res *ferebat*. Profectus ſum

So *forſooth* the Matter *obliged me*. I came *hither*

huc, ut *compararem* mihi *aliquam* validam *triremem*, nam *mea cymba*, jam *putris* vetuſtate *ac* ſutilis, *non ſufficerit* huic operi; *ſi* ſunt *vera* quæ *Oſſa* narravit, *quanquam* quid *opus* erat *Oſſa?* Res *ipſa* compellit, *nam* feci naufragium.

that *I might provide* myſelf *ſome* ſtrong *Galley*, for *my Boat*, now *rotten* with Age, *and* patched up, *will not be ſufficient* for this Work; *if* thoſe Things are *true* which *Oſſa* told, *altho'* what *Need* was there *of Oſſa?* The Thing *itſelf* obliges me, *for* I have been ſhipwrecked.

Al. Nimirum *totus diſtillas*, ſuſpicabar *te redire* e balneo.

Indeed *you drop all over*, I ſuſpected *you were returning* from the Bath.

Ch. Imo *enatabam* e Stygia palude.

Nay, indeed, *I ſwam* out of the Stygian Lake.

Al. Ubi *reliquiſti* umbras?

Where *did you leave* the Souls?

Ch. Natant *cum ranis*.

They are ſwimming *with the Frogs*.

Al. Sed *quid* narravit *Oſſa?*

But *what* ſaid *Oſſa?*

Ch. Tres *monarchas* orbis *ruere* in mutuum exitium *capitalibus* odiis. *Nec ullam* partem *orbis Chriſtiani* eſſe *immunem* a furiis, *nam* illi

That three *Monarchs* of the World *were ruſhing* upon mutual Deſtruction *with capital* Hatreds. *And that no* Part *of the Chriſtian World* was *free* from the Furies, *for* thoſe *three*

tres pertrahunt *omnes* reliquos *in consortium* belli. *Omnes* esse *talibus* animis, *ut* nemo *velit* cedere *alteri*; nec *Danum*, nec *Polonum*, nec *Scotum*, nec *vero* Turcam *esse* in otio; *moliri* dira; *pestilentiam* sævire *ubique*, apud *Hispanos*, apud *Britannos*, apud *Italos*, apud *Gallos*. Ad hæc novam *luem* natam *ex varietate* opinionum, *quæ* sic vitiavit *animos* omnium, *ut* fit *nulla* fincera *amicitia* usquam, *sed* frater *diffidat* fratri, *nec* uxor conveniat *cum marito*. Spes est, *magnificam* perniciem *hominum* nascituram *hinc* quoque *olim*, si *res* pervenerit *a linguis* et *calamis* ad manus.

draw *all* the rest *into a Share* of the War. *That they all* were *of such* Minds, *that* no one *would* yield *to another*; neither *the Dane*, nor *the Pole*, nor *the Scot*, nor, *indeed* the Turk *was* at quiet; *that they attempted* dismal things; *that the Plague* raged *every where*, amongst *the Spaniards*, amongst *the Britons*, amongst *the Italians*, amongst *the French*. Besides that there was a new *Plague* risen *from the Variety* of Opinions, *which* has so vitiated *the Minds* of all, *that* there is *no* sincere *Friendship* any where, *but* Brother *distrusts* Brother, *nor* does the Wife agree *with her Husband*. There is Hope, *that a noble* Destruction *of Men* will arise *from hence* too *hereafter*, if *the Thing* comes *from Tongues* and *Quills* to Hands.

Al. Ossa *narravit* omnia *hæc* verissime; *nam* ipse *vidi* plura *bis oculis*, assiduus *comes* et *adjutor* furiarum, *quæ* nullo tempore *declararunt* se

Ossa *told* all *these Things* very truly; *for* I *saw* more *with these Eyes*, being a constant *Companion* and *Assistant* of the Furies, *which* at no Time *declared* them-

magis dignas *ſuo nomine.*

selves *more* worthy *of their Name.*

Ch. Atqui *periculum* eſt, *ne* quis *dæmon* exoriatur, *qui* adhortetur *ſubito* ad pacem; *et* animi *mortalium* ſunt *mutabiles.* Nam *audio* eſſe *quendam* polygraphum *apud ſuperos* qui *non deſinit* infectari *bellum* calamo, *et* adhortari ad pacem.

But *the Danger* is, *leſt* any *Dæmon* ſhould ſtart up, *that* ſhould exhort them *ſuddenly* to Peace; *and* the Minds *of Mortals* are *changeable.* For *I hear* there is *a certain* Scribler *with thoſe above*, that *does not ceaſe* to rail at *the War* with his Pen, *and* exhort them to Peace.

Al. Ille *canit* ſurdis *jampridem.* Olim *ſcripſit* quærimoniam *profligatæ* pacis, *nunc* ſcripſit *epitaphium* eidem *extinctæ.* Sunt *alii* contra, *qui* juvent *noſtram rem* non minus *quam* ipſæ furiæ.

He *ſings* to them that have been deaf *long ſince.* Long ſince *he writ* a Complaint *of vanquiſhed* Peace, *now* he has writ *an Epitaph* for the ſame *being dead.* There are *others* on the other Hand, *who* help on *our Buſineſs* no leſs *than* the Furies themſelves.

Ch. Quinam iſti?

Who are they?

Al. Sunt *quædam* animalia *pullis* et *candidis* palliis, *cinericiis* tunicis, *ornata* variis *plumis.* Hæc *nunquam recedunt* ab aulis *principum*: inſibilant *in aurem* a-

They are *certain* Animals *in black* and *white* Garments, *with aſh-colour'd* Tanicks, *adorned* with divers *Feathers.* Theſe *never depart* from the Courts *of Princes*: They inſtil *in their Ear* the Love *of*

morem-

mprem *belli*. Hortantur *proceres* et *plebem* eodem. *Clamitant* in evangelicis concionibus *bellum* esse *justum*, *sanctum* et pium. *Quoque magis mireris* fortem *animum* hominum, *clamitant* idem *apud* utramque *partem*. Apud Gallos *concionantur* Deum *stare* pro Gallis, *nec posse* vinci, *qui* habeat *Deum* protectorem. *Apud* Anglos *et* Hispanos, *hoc bellum* non geri *a Cæsare*, sed *a Deo*. Tantum præbeant *se* fortes *viros*, victoriam *esse* certam. *Quod si* quis *interciderit*, eum *non perire*, sed *recta subvolare* in cœlum *armatum* sicut *erat*.

War: They advise *the Nobles* and *common People* to the same. *They bawl out* in their Sermons, *that this War* is *just*, holy, *and* pious. *And that you may the more admire* the stout *Mind* of the Men, *they say* the same *with* both *Sides*. Amongst the French *they preach* that God *stands up* for the French, *and that he cannot* be conquered, *who* has *God* for his Protector. *Amongst* the English *and* Spaniards, *that this War* is not carried on *by Cæsar*, but *by God*. Let them only shew *themselves* stout *Men*, the Victory *is* certain. *But if* any one *falls* that he *does not perish*, but *flies directly* into Heaven, *armed* as *he was*.

Ch. Et *tanta fides habetur* iftis?

And *is so great Credit given* to them?

Al. Quid *non potest* simulata *religio*? Huc *accedit* juventus, *imperitia* rerum, *sitis* gloriæ, *ira*, animus *pronus* natura *ad id* quo *vocatur*. His facile imponitur, *aut plus-*

What *cannot* pretended *Religion do*? To this *is added* Youth, *Ignorance* of Things, *a Thirst* of Glory, *Anger*, a Mind *prone* by Nature *to that* to which *it is invited*. These are easily imposed upon, *aut plus-*

rimum

strum perpellitur difficile, *propendens* ad ruinam *suapte sponte.*

is the Waggon pushed on difficultly; *that leans* towards a Fall *of itself.*

Ch. Ego *lubens fecero* aliquid *boni* istis animalibus.

I *would willingly do* some *Good* to those Animals.

Al. Appara *lautum* convivium. *Potes* nihil *gratius.*

Prepare *a fine* Feast. *You can do* nothing *more acceptable.*

Ch. Ex malvis, *lupinis*, et *porris*, nam *non est* alia *annona* apud nos, *ut scis.*

Of Mallows, *Lupines*, and *Onions*, for *there is no* other *Provision* with us, *as you know.*

Al. Imo *ex perdricibus*, capis *et* phasianis, *si vis esse* gratus *convivator.*

Nay *Partridges*, Capons, *and* Pheasants, *if* you will *be* a grateful *Entertainer.*

Ch. Sed *quæ* res *movet* istos, *ut* promoveant *bellum* tantopere? *Aut* quid *commodi* metunt *hinc.*

But *what* Thing *moves* them, *that* they should promote *the War* so much? *Or* what *Advantage* do they reap *hence?*

Al. Quia *capiunt* plus *emolumenti* e morientibus *quam* e vivis. *Sunt* testamenta, *parentalia*, bullæ, *multaque* alia *lucra* non *aspernanda.* Denique *malunt* versari *in castris*, quam *in suis alveariis.* Bellum gig-

Because *they receive* more *Benefit* from the Dead *than* the Living. *There are* Wills, *Funeral Rights*, Bulls, *nay many* other *Gains* not *to be despised.* Finally *they had rather* be *in Camps*, than *in their Cells.* War *makes* many *Bishops*, who *in*

nit

nit multos *episcopos*, qui *in pace* ne quidem fiebant *teruntii*.

Peace were not so much as valued *at a Farthing*.

Ch. Sapiunt.

They are wise.

Al. Sed *quid* opus *est* triremi?

But *what* Need *is there* of a Galley?

Ch. Nihil, *si* velim *facere naufragium* rursus *in media palude*.

None, *if* I would *be shipwrecked* again *in the Middle of the Lake*.

Al. Ob multitudinem?

Because of the Number?

Ch. Scilicet.

Yes.

A. Atqui *vobis* umbras; *non* corpora, *quantulum autem* ponderis *habent* umbræ?

But *you carry* Souls, *not* Bodies, *and how little* Weight *have* Souls?

Ch. Sint *tipulæ*, tamen *vis* tipularum *potest* esse *tanta*, ut onerant *cymbam*. Tum *scis* et cymbam *esse* umbratilem.

Let them be *Water-Spiders*, yet *the Number* of Water-Spiders *may* be *so great*, as to load *my Boat*. Then *you know* my Boat too *is* made of Shadow.

Al. At *ego memini* vidisse *nonnunquam* tria *millia* umbrarum *pendere* a tuo clavo, *cum* esset *ingens* turba, *nec cymba caperet* omnes, *nec* tu sentiebas *ullum* pondus.

But *I remember* I have seen *sometimes* three *thousand* Souls *hang* at your Helm, *when* there was *a great* Multitude, *and your Boat would not hold* all, *nor* did you perceive *any* Weight.

Ch. Ea-

Ch. Fateor *esse* tales *animas*, quæ *demigrarunt* paulatim *e corpore* tenuato *phtisi* aut *hectica*. Cæterum *quæ* revelluntur *subito* e crasso corpore, *ferunt* multum *corporeæ* molis *secum*. Apoplexia autem, *synanche*, pestilentia, *sed* præcipue *bellum*, mittit *tales*.

I confess *there are* such *Souls*, which *have departed* by Degrees *out of a Body* wasted *with a Consumption* or *hectic Fever*. But *those which* are pulled *suddenly* out of a gross Body, *bring* much *of the bodily* Mass *along with them*. And the Apoplexy, *the Quinsey*, the Plague, *but* especially *War* send *such*.

Al. Non opinor *Gallos* aut *Hispanos* ad ferre *multum* ponderis.

I do not think *that the French* or *Spaniards* bring *much* Weight.

Ch. Multo *minus* quam *et horum animæ* non veniunt *omnino* plumeæ. *Cæterum* tales *veniunt* aliquoties *e Britannis*, e Germanis *belle* pastis, *ut* nuper *periclitatus sum* vehens *decem* duntaxat, *et* nisi *feciſſem jacturam*, perieram *una* cum *cymba*, vectoribus, *et* naulo.

Much *less* than *others*, although *their Souls too* do not come *altogether* as light as Feathers. *But* such *come* often *from the Britons*, from the Germans *well* fed, *that* lately *I was in Danger* carrying *ten* only, *and* unless *I had thrown some Things over-board*, I had been lost, *together* with *the Boat*, the Passengers, *and* Freight Money.

Al. Ingens *discrimen!*

A prodigious *Danger*.

Ch. Quid *censes* fieri *interea*, cum *crassi* satrapæ, *thrasones*, et *polymachæro placidæ* accedunt?

What *do you think* is the Case *in the mean Time*, when *gross* Lords, *Hectors*, and *Bullies* come.

Al. Ar-

Al. Arbitror *nullos* ex his *qui* pereunt *in justo* bello *venire* ad te; *nam* aiunt *eos* subvolare *rectà* in cœlum.

I suppose *none* of those *who* die *in a just* War *come* to you; *for* they say *that they* fly up *directly* into Heaven.

Ch. Nescio *quo* subvolent. *Scio* illud *unum*, quoties *est* bellum, *tot* veniunt *ad me*, saucii *lacerique*, ut *demirer* ullum *superesse* apud superos. *Nec* veniunt *solum* onusti *crapula*, et *abdomine*, verum *etiam* bullis, *sacerdotiis*, plurimisque *aliis* rebus.

I know not *whither* they fly to. *I know* this *one Thing*, as often as *there is* a War, *so many* come *to me*, wounded *and mangled*, that *I wonder* that any one *is left* with those above. *Nor* do they come *only* loaded *with the Dregs of hard Drinking*, and *big Bellies*, but *also* with Bulls, *Livings*, and very many *other* Things

Al. Sed *non deferunt* ista *secum*.

But *they do not bring* those Things *with them*.

Ch. Verum; *sed* quæ *veniunt* recentes *adferunt* somnia *talium* rerum.

True; *but* those which *come* fresh *bring* the Dream *of such* Things.

Al. Itane gravant somnia?

Do Dreams load you so?

Ch. Gravant *meam* cymbam. *Quid* dixi *gravant?* Demerserunt *jam*. Postremo *putas* tot *obolos* habere *nihil* sarcinæ?

They do load *my* Boat. *What* said I, *load it?* They sunk it *just now*. Finally *do you think* so many *Half-pennies* have *no* Weight;

Al. Equidem *arbitror*, si *ferant* æreos.

Truly *I think so*, if *they bring* brazen ones.

Ch. Pro-

Ch. Proinde *certum eſt mihi* proſpicere *de navi*, quæ *ſufficiat* oneri.

Wherefore *I am reſolved* to look out *for a Ship* which *may ſuffice* for the Burden.

Al. O felicem te!

O happy you!

Ch. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

Al. Quia *ditescès* propediem.

Becauſe *you will grow rich* preſently.

Ch. Ob *multitudinem* umbrarum.

Becauſe *of the Number* of Ghoſts.

Al. Næ.

Yes.

Ch. Siquidem *adferant* ſuas opes *ſecum*; nunc *qui* deplorant *in cymba*, ſe reliquiſſe *apud ſuperos* regna, *præſulatus*, abbatias, *innumera* talenta *auri*, adferunt *nihil* ad me *præter* obolum. *Itaq;* quod *corroſum eſt* mihi *jam* ter mille *annis*, id totum *effundendum eſt* in unam triremem.

If *they brought* their Riches *along with them*: Now *they who* lament *in the Boat*, that they left *with thoſe above* Kingdoms, *Biſhopricks*, Abbies, *innumerable* Talents *of Gold*, bring *nothing* to me *beſides* a Halfpenny. *Therefore* what *has been ſcraped together* by me *now* theſe three thouſand *Years*, all that *muſt be laid out* in one Galley.

Al. Sumptum faciat oportet, *qui* quærit *lucrum*.

He muſt be at Charge *who* ſeeks *Gain*.

Ch. At *mortales*, ut *audio*, negotiantur *felicius*, qui *favente Mer-*

But *Men*, as *I hear* trade *more luckily*, *who by the Favour of Mer-*

curio

curio diteſcunt *intra triennium.*

cury, grow rich *in three Years.*

Al. Sed *iidem* decoquunt *nonnunquam:* tuum *lucrum* minus, *ſed* certius.

But *the ſame* break *ſometimes.* Your *Gain* is leſs, *but* more certain.

Ch. Neſcio *quam* certum. *Si* quis *deus* exoriatur *nunc,* qui *componat* res *principum,* hæc *tota* ſors *perierit* mihi.

I know not *how* certain. *If* any *God* ſhould ariſe *now,* that *ſhould ſettle* the Affairs *of Princes,* this *whole* Booty *will be loſt* by me.

Al. De iſta re *quidem* jubeo *dormias* in utramvis aurem. *Nihil eſt quod metuas* pacem *intra decennium.* Romanus *pontifex* unus *hortatur* ſedulo *quidem* ad concordiam, *ſed* lavat *laterem.* Et civitates *murmurant* tædio *malorum.* Neſcio *qui* populi *conferunt* ſuſurros, *dictitantes* iniquum eſſe *ut* humanæ *res* miſceantur *ſurſum deorſum,* ob *privatas* iras *aut* ambitionem *duorum* triumve. *Sed* crede *mihi,* furiæ *vincent* conſilia *quamlibet* recta. *Cæterum* quid *opus* erat *petere ſuperos?* At non

For that Matter *truly* I bid you *ſleep* on either Ear. *You need not fear* a Peace *within theſe ten Years.* The Roman *Pontiff* alone *exhorts* diligently *indeed* to Concord; *but* he waſhes *a Brick.* The Cities too *murmur* out of Wearineſs *of their Calamities.* I know not *what* People *join* their Whiſpers, *ſaying,* 'tis unreaſonable *that* human *Affairs* ſhould be jumbled *up and down,* for *the private* Reſentments, *or* Ambition, *of two* or three. *But* believe *me,* the Furies *will conquer* Counſels *never ſo* good. *But* what *Need* was there *to go to theſe above?* Are there no *Workmen*

ſunt *fabri* apud nos? *Certe* habemus *Vulcanum.*

with us? *Certainly* we have *Vulcan.*

C. Pulchre, *ſi* quæram *æream* navim.

Right, *if* I wanted a *brazen* Ship.

Al. Aliquis *accerſetur* minimo.

Some body *may be ſent for* for a ſmall Matter.

Ch. Ita *eſt*, ſed *materia* deficit *nos.*

So *it is*, but *Wood* fails *us*,

Al. Quid *audio?* nihil *ſylvarum* illic?

What *do I hear?* Is there nothing *of Woods* there?

Ch. Etiam *nemora* quæ *fuerant* in Elyſiis campis *abſumpta ſunt.*

Even *the Groves* which *were* in the Elyſian Fields *are conſumed.*

Ch. In quem uſum *tandem?*

For what Uſe *pray?*

Ch. Exurendis *umbris* hæreticorum, *adeo ut* nuper *coacti ſimus* effodere *carbones* e viſceribus *terræ.*

For burning *the Souls* of Hereticks, *ſo that* lately *we were forced* to dig *Coals* out of the Bowels *of the Earth.*

Al. Quid! *An non poſſunt* iſtæ *umbræ* puniri *minore* ſumptu?

What! *Cannot* theſe *Souls* be puniſhed *at leſs* Charge?

Ch. Sic *viſum eſt* Rhadamantho.

So *it ſeemed good* to Rhadamanthus.

Al. Ubi *mercatus eris* triremem, *unde* remiges parabuntur?

When *you have bought* a Gallcy, *whence* will Rowers be got?

Ch. Me-

Ch. Meæ partes *tenere* clavum; *umbræ remigent*, si *velint* trajicere.

My Part is *to hold* the Helm; *let the Souls row*, if *they will* pass over.

Al. At *sunt* quæ *non didicerunt* agere *remum*.

But *there are some* which *have not learnt* to manage *an Oar*.

Ch. Nullus *est* eximius *apud me*. Et monarchæ *remigant*, et *cardinales* remigant, *quisque* suam vicem, *non minus* quam *tenues* plebes, *sive* didicerint *sive* non didicerint.

None *is* exempted *with me*. Monarchs too *row*, and *Cardinals* row, *every Man* his Turn, *no less* than *poor* Commoners, *whether* they have learnt, *or* have not learnt.

Al. Fac *tu mercere* triremem *feliciter* dextro Mercurio. Ego *non remorabor* te *amplius*. Adferam *lætam* nuncium *orco*; sed *heus*, heus, *Charon*.

See *you purchase* a Galley *cheap* by the Favour of Mercury. *I will not detain* you *any longer*. I will carry *this joyful* News *to Hell*; but *soho*, soho, *Charon*.

Ch. Quid est?

What is the Matter?

Al. Fac *matures* reditum, *ne* turba *abruat te* mox.

See *you hasten* your Return, *lest* the Crowd *should overwhelm you* by and by.

Ch. Imo *offendes* jam *plus* quam *ducenta* millia *in ripa*, præter *illas* quæ *natant* in palude; *tamen* properabo *quantum licebit*; dic *illis* me adfuturum *mox*.

Nay *you will find* already *more* than *two hundred* thousand *upon the Bank*, beside *those* which *are swimming* in the Lake; *yet* I will hasten *as much as possible*; tell *them* that I will be with them *presently*.

OPULENTIA SORDIDA.

A. UNDE *es* tam *exsuccus*, quasi *passus sis* rore *cum cicadis*. Videris *mihi* nihil *aliud* quam *syphar* hominis.

FROM whence *are you* so *void of Juice*, as if *you had been fed* with Dew *with the Grashoppers*. You seem *to me* nothing *else* than *the Skin* of a Man,

B. Apud inferos *umbræ* saturantur *malvâ* et *porro*, at *ego vixi* decem *menses* ubi *ne id quidem* contigit.

In Hell *Ghosts* are fed *with Mallows* and *Onions*, but *I have lived* ten *Months* where *not so much as that* fell to my Share.

A. Ubinam *quæso te*, num abreptus *in navem galeatam?*

Where *I pray you*, were you carried *aboard a Gally?*

B. Nequaquam, *sed* Synodii.

No, *but* at Synodium.

A. Periclitatus es *bulimia* in tam opulenta *urbe?*

Were you in Danger *by Famine* in so rich *a City?*

B. Maxime.

Yes.

A. Quid in causa? *An deerat pecunia?*

What was the Reason? *Was Money wanting?*

B. Nec

B. Nec *pecunia* nec *amici*.	Neither *Money* nor *Friends*.
A. Quid *erat* mali *igitur?*	What *was* the Misfortune *then?*
B. Mihi res erat *cum hospite* Antronio.	I had to do *with my Landlord* Antronius.
A. Cum *illo* opulento;	With *that* rich Man?
B. Sed *sordidissimo*.	But *very sordid*.
A. Narras *simile* monstri	You tell me *a Thing like* a Prodigy.
B. Minime. *Sic* divites *fiunt* qui *emergunt* e summa inopia.	No. *So* rich Men *are* that *rise* from extreme Poverty.
A. Quid ita libuit *commorari* tot *menses* apud *talem* hospitem?	Why had you such a Mind *to stay* so many *Months* with *such* an Host.
B. Erat *quod* alligaret, *et* sic *animus* erat *tunc*.	There was something *that* obliged me, *and* so *my Mind* was *then*.
A. Sed *dic* obsecro, *qui apparatu* vivit ille.	But *tell me* I pray you *upon what Provision* does he live.
D. Dicam *quandoquidem* commem ratio *actorum* laborum *solet* esse *jucunda*.	I will tell you, *seeing* the Relation *of past* Troubles *uses* to be *pleasant*.

A. Futura eſt *mihi* certe.

It will be ſo *to me* certainly.

B. Illud *incommodi* acceſſit *a cælo*, cum *agerem* illic. *Boreas* ſpirabat *tres* totos *menſes*, niſi *quod* illic *neſcio* quomodo *nunquam perſeverat* ultra *octavum*.

That *Inconvenience* came *from Heaven*, when *I lived* there. *The North Wind* blew *three* whole *Months*, but *that* there *I know not* how *it never continues* beyond *the eighth* Day.

A. Quomodo *igitur* ſpirabat *tres* totos *menſes*?

How *then* did it blow *three* whole *Months*?

B. Sub eum diem *mutabat* ſtationem *velut* ex conſtituto, *ſed* poſt *octo* horas *migravit* in priorem locum.

About that day *it changed* its Station, *as it were* on Purpoſe, *but* after *eight* Hours *it ſhifted* into its former Place.

A. Ibi *opus erat* luculento *foco*, tenui *corpuſculo*.

There *was Need* of a bright *Fire* for a thin *Body*.

B. Erat *ſatis* ignis, *ſi* ſuppetiſſet *copia* lignorum. *Sed* ne *noſter* Antronius *faceret quid impenſius* huic, *evellebat* radices *arborum* ex ruſculis *inſularibus*, neglectas *ab aliis*, idque *fere* noctu. *Ex his* nondum *bene* ſiccis *ignis* ſtruebatur, *non* abſq; *fumo*,

There was *enough* of Fire, *if* there had been *Plenty* of Wood. *But* leſt *our* Antronius *ſhould be at any Charge* here, *he pulled up* the Roots *of Trees* out of ſome Grounds *in the Iſlands*, neglected *by others*, and that *commonly* in the Night. *Out of theſe* not yet *well* dry a *Fire* was made, *not* without Smoke,

led

sed *sine* flamma, *non* qui *calefaceret*, sed *qui* præstaret, *ne posset* dici *vere* esse *nullum* ignem *ibi*. Unicus autem *ignis* durabat *totum* diem, *adeo* temperatum *erat* incendium.

but *without* Flame, *not* that *would warm*, but *that* would effect; *that it could not* be said *truly* that there was *no* Fire *there*. And one *Fire* lasted *the whole* Day, *so* moderate *was* the Burning.

A. Erat *durum* hybernare *illic*.

It was *hard* to winter *there*.

B. Imo *erat* multo *durius* æstivare.

Nay *it was* much *harder* to summer.

A. Qui fic?

How so?

B. Quoniam *ea* domus *habebat* tantum *pulicum* et *cimicum*, ut *nec licuerit* esse *quietum* interdiu, *nec* capere *somnum* noctu.

Because *that* House *had* so many *Fleas* and *Gnats*, that *it was neither possible* to be *quiet* by Day, *nor* take *Rest* by Night.

A. Miserasdivitas!

Miserable Riches!

A. Præsertim *in hoc* genere *pecoris*.

Especially *in this* Kind *of Cattle*.

A. Oportet fœminas *esse* ignavas *illic*.

The women must *be* idle *there*.

B. Latitant, *nec* versantur *inter viros*: ita *fit* ut *illic* fœminæ *sint* nihil *aliud* quam *fœminæ*; et *ea* mini-

They lie hid, *nor* do they converse *among ſt the Men*: So *it comes to paſs* that *there* Women *are* nothing *elſe* but *Women*; and *thoſe*

furia

fteria *deſint* viris, *quæ* ſolent *ſuppeditari* ab eo ſexu.

Services *are wanting* to the Men, *that* uſe *to be ſupplied* by that Sex.

A. Sed *non pigebat Antronium* tractationis?

But *was not Antronius weary* of that Treatment?

B. Nihil *erat* dulce *illi* educato *in hujuſmodi ſordibus* præter *lucrum*: habitavit *ubivis* potius *quam* domi, *negotiabatur* in omni re. *Scis autem* eam urbem *eſſe* mercurialem *præ cæteris*. Ille *nobilis* pictor *exiſtimavit* deplorandum *ſi* dies *abiiſſet* abſque linea. *Antronius* deplorabat *longe* magis *ſi* dies *præteriiſſet* abſque lucro; *quod* ſi *quando* eveniſſet, *quærebat* Mercurium *domi*.

Nothing *was* pleaſant *to him* brought up *in ſuch Naſtineſs* but *Gain*: He lived *any where* rather *than* at Home; *he traded* in every Thing. *And you know* that City *is* buſied in Trade *above others*. That *noble* Painter *thought it* a Thing to be lamented, *if* a Day *paſſed* without a Stroke. *Antronius* lamented it *much* more, *if* a Day *paſſed* without Gain, *which* if *at any Time* it happened *he ſought* Gain *at Home*.

A. Quid faciebat?

What did he do?

B. Habebat *ciſternam* in ædibus, *ex more* ejus civitatis. *Illic* hauriebat *aliquos* ſitulos *aquæ*, et *infundebat* in vinaria vaſa. *Hoc* erat *certum* lucrum.

He had *a Ciſtern* in his Houſe, *according to the Cuſtom* of that City. *There* he drew *ſome* Buckets *of Water*, and *poured them* into the Wine Veſſels. *This was certain* Gain.

A. For-

A. Fortaſſe *vinum* erat *æquo vehementius.* — Perhaps *the Wine* was *too ſtrong.*

B. Imo *erat* plus *quam* vappa; *nam* nunquam emebat *vinum* niſi *corruptam* quo *emeret* minoris. *Ne* quid *ex ei* perire, *ſubinde* miſcebat *fæces* decem annorum, *volvens* ac *revolvens* omnia, *quo* videtur *muſtum.* Nequeenimille paſſus fuiſſet *ullam* micam *fæcis* perire. — Nay *it was* more *than* dead Drink; *for* he never bought *Wine* unleſs *it was corrupted,* that *he might buy it* cheaper. *Leſt* any *of it* ſhould be loſt, *now and then* he mixed *Dregs* of ten Years old, *rumbling* and *jumbling* all together, *that* it might ſeem *new Wine.* For he would not have ſuffered *any* Bit *of Dregs* to be loſt.

A. At *ſi* qua fides *medicis,* tale *vinum* gignit *calculos* veſicæ. — But *if* any Credit muſt be given *to the Doctors,* ſuch *Wine* breeds *the Stone* of the Bladder.

B. Non erant *medici*; nam *erat* nullus *annus* in ea domo *tam* felix, *quin* unus *atque* alter *periret* calculo. *Neque* ille horrebat *funeſtam* domum. — They were not *Doctors*; for *there was* no *Year* in that Houſe *ſo* happy, *but* one *and* another *died* of the Stone. *Nor* did he dread *a mourniful* Houſe.

A. Non? — No?

B. Colligebat *etiam* vectigal *a mortuis,* nec *aſpernabatur* lucellum *quamvis* exiguum. — He collected *alſo* Tribute *of the Dead*; nor *did he deſpiſe* Gain, *though never ſo* ſmall.

A. Dicis *furtum.* — You ſpeak *of Theft.*

B. No-

B. Negotiares *vocant* lucrum.

Tradeſmen *call it* Gain.

A. Quid *interea* bibebat *Antronius?*

What *in the mean Time* drank *Antronius?*

B. Idem *nectar* ferme.

The ſame *Nectar* commonly.

A. Non ſenſit *malum?*

Did he perceive no *Harm?*

B. Erat *durus*, qui *poſſet* eſſe *vel* fœnum, *et*, ut *dixi*, fuerat *educatus* a teneris *annis* in talibus *deliciis*. Exiſtimabat *nihil* certius *hoc lucro*.

He was *hard*, who *could* eat *even* Hay, *and* as *I ſaid*, he had been *brought up* from his tender *Years* in ſuch *Dainties*. He looked upon *nothing* more certain *than this* Gain.

A. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

B. Si *ſupputes* uxorem, *filios*, filiam, *generum*, opuas, *et* famulas, *alebat* domi *triginta* tria *corpora*. Jam *quo* dilutius *vinum* erat, *hoc* parcius *bibebatur* et *ſerius* exhauriebatur. *Hic* ſubducito *mihi*, quam non pœnitendam *ſummam* fitula *aquæ* addita *in ſingulos dies* conficiat *in annum*.

If you *reckon* his Wife, *Sons*, Daughter, *Son-in-law*, Work-folks, *and* Maids, *he maintained* at Home, *thirty-three Bodies*. Now *by how much the* weaker *the Wine* was, *by ſo much* the more ſparingly *it was drank*, and *the latter* it was drawn off. *Here* reckon *for me*, what a conſiderable *Sum* a Bucket *of Water* added *for every Day* would make *in a Year*.

A. O ſordes!

A. O Sneakingneſs!

B. At-

B. Atque *non minus* compendii *redibat* ex pane.

But *no leſs* Profit *aroſe* from the Bread.

A. Quo pacto?

How?

B. Emebat *vitiatum* triticum, *quod* alius *noluiſſet* emere. *Hic* præſens *lucrum* ſtatim, *quod* emebat *minoris*. Cæterum *medicabatur* vitio *arte*.

He bought *ſpoiled* Wheat *which* another *would not* buy. *Here* was preſent *Gain* immediately, *becauſe* he bought it *cheaper*. But *he cured* the Fault *by Art*.

A. Quo *tandem*?

What *pray*?

B. Eſt *genus* argillæ *non* diſſimile *frumento*, quo *videmus* equos *delectari*, dum *et arrodunt* parietes, *et* bibunt *libentius* ex lacunis *turbidis* ea argilla. *Admiſcebat* tertiam *partem* ejus terræ.

There is *a Sort* of Clay *not* unlike *Meal*, with which *we ſee* Horſes *are pleaſed*, whilſt *they both gnaw* Walls, *and* drink, *more willingly* out of Ditches *muddled* with that Clay. *He mixed* a third *Part* of that Earth.

A. Eſt *iſtuc* medicari?

Is *that* curing?

B. Certe *vitium* tritici *minus ſentiebatur*. An putas *hoc* lucrum *quoque* aſpernandum? *Adde* jam *aliud* ſtratagema: *Subigebat* panem *domi*, nec id *crebius*, etiam *æſtate*, quam *bis* in menſe.

Certainly *the Fault* of the Wheat *was leſs perceived*. Do you think *this* Gain *alſo* to be deſpiſed? *Add* now *another* Stratagem: *He made* his Bread *at home*, and that not *oftener*, even *in Summer*, than *twice* in a Month.

A. Iſtuc

A. Istuc *est* apponere *lapides* non *panes*.

That *is* to serve up *Stones* not *Loaves*.

B. Aut *si* quid *est* durius *lapide*. Sed *remedium* erat *paratum* huic *malo* quoque.

Or *if* any Thing *be* harder *than a Stone*. But *a Remedy* was *provided* for this *Evil* too.

A. Quodnam?

What?

B. Macerabant *fragmenta* panis *vino* immersa *cyathis*.

They soaked *Pieces* of Bread *in Wine* being dipped *in the Glasses*.

A. Labra *habebant* similes *lactucas*. Sed *ferebant operæ* talem *tractationem*?

Lips *they had* like *Lettices*. But *did the Work Folks bear with* such *Treatment*?

B. Primum *narrabo* apparatum *primarium* ejus familiæ, *quo* divines *facilius* quomodo *operæ* tractentur.

First *I will tell you* the Provisions *of the principal Persons* of his Family, *that* you may guess *the more easily* how *Work Folks* are treated.

A. Cupio *audire*.

I desire *to hear*.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *illic* de jentaculo. *Prandium* differebatur *fere* in primam *horam* a meridie.

There was *no* Mention *there* of *Breakfast*. *Dinner* was put off *commonly* 'till the first *Hour* after Noon.

A. Quamobrem?

What for?

B. Antronius *paterfamilias* expectabatur:

Antronius *the Master of the Family* was waited

Ce-

Cænabatur interdum *ad decimam horam.*

for. *We ſupped* ſometimes *at the tenth Hour.*

A. At *tu* ſolebas *eſſe* impatientior *inediæ.*

But *you* uſed *to be* more impatient *under Faſting.*

B. Eoque *ſubinde* clamabam *ad Orthrogonum* generum *Antronii*, (nam *agebamus* in eodem *conclavi*) Heus *Orthrogone*, non cœnatur *hodie* apud Synodos? *Reſpondit* commode *Antronium* adfuturum *brevi.* Cum *viderem* nihil *apparari*, et *ſtomachus* latraret; *Heus*, inquam, *Orthrogone*, erit pereundum *fame* hodie? *Excuſabat* horam, *aut* aliquid *ſimile.* Cum *non ferrem* latratum *ſtomachi*, interpellabam *occupatum* rurſus *Quid futurum eſt?* inquam, *eritne moriendum* fame? *Ubi* jam *Orthrogonus* conſumpſiſſet *omnem tergiverſationem*, abiit *ad famulos*, juſſitque *menſam* adornari. *Tandem* cum *nec* Antronius *rediret*, nec *quidquam* apparatu, *Orthrogonus* victus *meis*

And therefore *now and then* I cried out *to Orthrogonus*, Son-in-Law *of Antronius*, (for *we were* in the ſame *Room*) Soho *Orthrogonus*, do they not ſup *To day* amongſt the Synodians? *He anſwered* ſoftly, *that Antronius* would come *preſently.* When *I ſaw* nothing *got ready*, and *my Stomach* barked; *Soho*, I ſay, *Orthrogonus*, muſt we periſh *with Famine* To-day? *He alledged in Excuſe* the Hour, *or* ſome *like Thing.* When *I could not bear* the barking *of my Stomach*, I interrupted him *being buſy* again. *What will become of us?* ſay I, *muſt we die* of Hunger? *When* now *Orthrogonus* had ſpent *all his Excuſes*, he went *to the Servants*, and ordered *the Table* to be ſpread. *At length* when *neither* Antronius *returned*, nor *any Thing* was got ready, *Orthrogonus* being prevailed upon *by my Reproaches*, went down *to his*

conviciis, descendebat *ad uxorem*, socrum, *ac* liberos, *clamitans*, ut *appararent* cœnam.

Wife, Mother-in-law, *and* Children, *crying out*, that *they should make ready* Supper.

A. Nunc *saltem* expecto *cœnam*.

Now *however* I expect *the Supper*.

B. Ne propera. *Tandem* claudus *famulus* prodibat *præfectus* ei negotio, *non* admodum *dissimilis* Vulcano; *insternit* mensam *lintea*. Ea *prima* spes *cœnæ*. Tandem *post* longam *vociferationem*, vitreæ *phialæ* afferuntur *cum* aqua *limpida* sane.

Be not hasty. *At length* a lame *Servant* came out *appointed for* that Business, *not* very *unlike* Vulcan; *he covers* the Table *with a Cloth*. That was *the first* Hope *of Supper*. At last *after* long *Shouting*, Glass *Vials* are brought, *with* Water *clear* indeed.

A. Altera *spes* cœnæ.

Another *Hope* of Supper.

B. Ne propera, *inquam*. Ruisus *post* atroces clamores, *phiala* plene *istius* fœculenti *nectaris* adferetur.

Do not hasten, *I say*. Again, *after* fierce Clamours, *a Vial* full *of that* dreggy *Nectar* is brought.

A. O *bene* factum!

O *well* done!

B. Sed *sine* pane. Nihil *periculi* adhuc. *Nemo famelicus* bibit *tale* vinum *lubens*. Clamatum est *iterum* usque ad ravim. *Tum demum*

But *without* Bread. Nothing *of Danger* yet. *No hungry Body* drinks *such* Wine *willingly*. I shouted *again* even to Hoarseness. *Then* at last *that* Bread *is*

demum *illi* panis *apponitur*, quem *ursus* vix frageret *dentibus*.

set on, which *a Bear* could scarce break *with his Teeth*.

A. Certe *jam* consultum est *vitæ*.

However *now* Provision is made *for Life*.

B. Sub multam noctem *tandem* Antronius *venit*, fere *hoc* inauspicatissimo *proœmio* ut *diceret* stomachum sibi dolere.

Late at Night *at last* Antronius *comes*, commonly *with this* most unlucky *Preface*, that *he said* his Stomach was out of Order.

A. Quid *mali* auspicii *hic*?

What *ill* Luck *was here*?

B. Quia *tunc* erat *nihil* quod edetetur.

Because *then* there was *nothing* to eat.

A. Dolebat re vera?

Was it out of Order indeed?

B. Adeo *ut* solus *devoraturus fuerit* tres *capos* si *quis* dedisset *gratis*.

So much *that* he alone *would have eaten* three *Capons*, if *any one* would have given them *for nothing*.

A. Expecto *convivium*.

I wait for *the Feast*.

B. Primum *patina* cum *subacta farina* apponebatur illi, *quod genus opsonii* venditur *illic* tenuibus. *Illius* se uti *hoc* remedio *adversus* omne *genus* morbi.

First *a Dish* with *Bean* Meal *was served up* for him, *which* Kind *of Victuals* is sold *there* to the Poor. *He said* he used *this* Remedy *against* every *Kind* of Disease.

A. Quot *convivæ* eratis?

How many *Guests* were you?

B. Interdum *octo* aut *novem*. Inter quos *erat* ille *doctus* Verpius, *quem* arbitror *non ignotum* tibi? *et* major natu *filius*.

Sometimes *eight* or *nine*. Amongst whom *was* that *learned Man* Verpius, *who* I think *is not unknown* to you; *and* his elder *Son*.

A. Quid *apponebatur* illis?

What *was served up* to them?

B. An non satis est *frugi hominibus*, quod *Melchisedeck* obtulit *Abrahæ* victori *quinque regum*?

Is not that enough *for moderate Men*, which *Melchisedeck* offered *to Abraham* the Conqueror *of five Kings*?

A. Nihil *opsonii* igitur?

Nothing *of other Victuals* then?

B. Erat *nonnihil*.

There was *something*.

A. Quodnam?

What?

B. Memini *nos fuisse* novem *convivas* numero *immensa*, cum *numerarem* non nisi *septem* foliola *lactucæ* innatanta *aceto*, sed *absque* oleo.

I remember *we were* nine *Guests* in Number *at Table*, when *I counted* but *seven* little Leaves *of Lettice* swimming *in Vinegar*, but *without* Oil.

A. Devorabat ille *igitur* suas fabas *solus*.

Did he devour *then* his Beans *by himself*?

B. Eme-

B. Emerat *vix semiobolo*, nec *tamen* vetabat, *si* quis *assidens* proxime *vellet gustare*; sed *videbatur* incivile *eripere* suum *cibum* languido.

He had bought them *for scarce a Farthing*, nor *yet* did he forbid it, *if* any one *sitting* next him *had a mind to taste*; but *it seemed* uncivil *to take* his *Victuals* from the sick Man.

A. Secabantur foliis, *quemadmodum* proverbium *meminit* de cumino?

Where the Leaves cut, *as* the Proverb *makes mention* of Cumin?

B. Non; *sed* lactucis *absumptis* a primoribus, *reliquit* immergebant *tamen* aceto.

No; *but* the Lettices *being eat up* by the chief Persons, *the rest* dipped *their Bread* in the Vinegar.

A. Quid autem *post* septem *folia*?

But what *after* the seven *Leaves*?

B. Quid *nisi* caseus *clausula* conviviorum?

What *but* Cheese, *the Conclusion* of Feasts?

A. Hiocine erat *perpetuus* apparatus?

Was this *his perpetual* Provision?

B. Propemodum? *nisi* quod *interdum*, si *expertus fuisset* Mercurium *propitium*, eo die *erat* paulo *profusior*.

Almost; *but* that *sometimes*, if *he had found* Mercury *favourable*, that Day *he was* a little *more profuse*.

A. Quid tum?

What then?

B. Jubebat *tres* ne-ceceptes *uvas* emi *uno*

He ordered *three* fresh *Bunches of Grapes* to be

nummulo *ærea*. Ea res *exhilarabat* totam familiam.

bought *with one* little Pie of Money *of Brass*. That Thing *rejoyced* the whole Family.

A. Quidni?

Why not?

B. Id *duntaxat* eo tempore, *cum* est *summa* vilitas *uvarum* ibi.

That *only* at that Time, *when* there is *a very great* Cheapness *of Grapes* there.

A. Proin *profundebat* nihil *extra autumnum*.

Wherefore *did he spend* nothing *out of Autumn*?

B. Profundebat. *Sunt* illic *naviculatores*, qui *hauriunt* quoddam *minutum* genus *concharum*, potissimum *e lutosis*. Hi *significant* certo *clamore* quid *habeant* venale. *Interdum* jubebat *emi* ab his *dimidio* nummuli, *quem* illi *appellant* Bagathinum. *Tum vero* dixisses *esse* nuptias *in ea familia*. Nam *erat* opus *igni*, licet *percoquatur* celerrime. *Atque* hæc *quidem* post caseum *loco* bellariorum.

He did spend. *There are* there *Boatmen*, who *take* a certain *little* Sort *of Shell-fish*, chiefly *out of the Sewers*. These *give Notice* by a certain *Cry* what *they have* to sell. *Sometimes* he ordered some *to be bought* of them *for Half* a Piece of Money, *which* they *call* Bagathinus. *But then* you would have said *that there was* a Wedding *in that Family*. For *there was* Need *of a Fire* altho' *they* be *boiled* very quickly. *And* these were *indeed* after the Cheese *instead* of Sweetmeats.

A. Bella *bellaria* mehercule. *Sed* nihil

Pretty *Sweetmeats* indeed. *But* was no Flesh

carnium apponebatur *unquam*, aut *piscium*?

ſerved up *ever*, or *Fiſh*?

B. Tandem *victus* meis clamoribus, *cæpit* eſſe *ſplendidior*. Quoties autem *volebat* videri *Lucullus*, hi *ferme* erant *miſſus*.

At laſt *being overcome* with my Clamours, *he began* to be *more ſplendid*. But as often as *he had a Mind* to ſeem *a Lucullus*, theſe *commonly* were *his Diſhes*.

A. Iſtuc *vero* lubens audiero.

That *indeed* I would willingly hear.

B. Primo loco *juſculum* debatur, *quod* illi, *neſcio* ob quam cauſam, *appellant* miniſtram.

In the firſt Place *a Broth* was given us, *which* they, I *know not* for what Cauſe, *call* Miniſtra.

A. Lautum *opinor*.

Dainty *I ſuppoſe*.

B. Conditum *lit gromatibus*. Cacabus *admovetur* igni *plenus* aqua; *conjiciunt* in eum *aliquot* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini, *qui* jam olim *induruit in ſaxum*. Nam *opus eſt* bonæ *ſecuri* ad defringendum aliquid. *Cum ea fragmenta* cœperint *ſolvi* tepore *aquæ*, inficiunt eam, *ne poſſit* dici *mera* aqua.

Seaſoned *with the Spices*. A Kettle *is ſet upon* the Fire *full* of Water, *they throw* into it *ſome* Pieces *of* Cheeſe made of Cow's Milk, *which* long before *was grown as hard as a Stone*. For *there is Need of* a good *Ax* to break any thing off. *When* thoſe *Fragments* begin *to be diſſolved* by the Warmth *of the Water*, they give it a Taſte, *that it cannot* be called *meer*

præ-

Præparant stomachum *hoc jusculo.*

Water. *They prepare* the Stomach *with this Broth.*

A. Dignum suibus.

Fit for Swine.

B. Dein *paulum* carnium *de ventre* veteris vaccæ *apponitur*, sed *elixum* ante quindecim dies.

Then *a little* Flesh *of* Tripe of an old Cow *is served up*, but *boiled* fifteen Days before.

A. Fœtet *igitur.*

It stinks *then.*

B. Maxime, *sed* remedium *adhibetur.*

Yes, *but* a Remedy *is applied.*

A. Quodnam.

What?

B. Dicam, *sed* vereor *ne imiteris.*

I will tell you, *but* I fear *lest you should imitate it.*

A. Scilicet.

Yes.

B. Misceat *ovum* calefactæ *aquæ*; eo jure *perfundunt* carnem; *ita* oculi *fallentur* magis *quam* nares. *Nam* fœtor *erumpit* per omnia. *Si* dies *requirat* esum *piscium*, interdum *tres* aurate *apponuntur*, nec *hæ* magnæ, *cum* sint *septem* aut *octo* convivæ.

They mix *an Egg* with warm *Water*; with that Sauce *they* sprinkle the Flesh; *so* the Eyes *are deceived* more *than* the Nostrils. *For* the Stink *breaks* through all. *If* the Day *requires* the eating *of Fish*, sometimes *three* Gilthead *are served up*, nor *these* great ones, *when* there are *seven* or *eight* Guests.

A. Nihil *præterea?*

Nothing *besides?*

B. Ni-

B. Nihil *nisi* ille *saxeus* caseus.

Nothing *but* that *stony* Cheese.

A. Narras *mihi* novum Lucullum: *sed* qui *potuit* tam *exilis* apparatus *sufficere* tot convivis, *præsertim* refectis *nullo jentaculo*?

You tell *me* of a new Lucullus: *But* how *could* such *slender* Provision *suffice* so many Guests, *especially* refreshed *with no Breakfast*?

B. Imo *ne scis* insciens, *socrus*, nurus, *minor natu* filius, *famula*, et *aliquot* parvuli *alebantur* ex reliquiis *ejus convivii*.

Nay, *that you may not be* ignorant, *a Mother-in-Law*, a Daughter-in Law, *the younger* Son, *a Maid*, and *some* little ones *were fed* out of the Remains *of that Meal*.

A. Tu *quidem* auxisti *meum* admirationem, *non ademisti*.

You *indeed* have increased *my* Admiration, *not taken it away*.

B. Vix possum *describere* istuc *tibi*, nisi *prius* depinxero *ordinem* convivii.

I can hardly *describe* that *to you*, unless *first* I paint *the Order* of the Feast.

A. Pinge *igitur*.

Paint it *then*.

B. Antronius *obtinebat* primum *locum*, nisi *quod* ego *sedebam* dexter illi, *velut* extraordinarius. *E regione* Antronii *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *assidebat* Orthrogono; *Strategus*, natione

Antronius *had* the first *Place*, but *that* I *sat* upon his right Hand, *as* an extraordinary Person. *Over against* Antronius *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *sat by* Orthrogonus; *Strategus*, by Nation *a Greek*, by Verpius. *His eldest* Son *sat* on

Græcus

Græcus, Verpio. *Natu major* filius *assidebat* finister Antronio. *Si* quis *convivæ* accessit, *locus* dabatur *pro dignitate*. Primum *erat* minimum *periculi* vel *discriminis* de jure; *nisi quod* fragmenta *casei* bubulini *natabant* in discis *procerum*. Cæterum *quoddam* vallum *fiebat* ex *ferme* quatuor *phialis* vini *aquæque*, ut *nemo* posset *attingere* quod *erat* appositum, *præter tres*, ante quos *patina* stabat; *nisi* quis *sustinuisset* esse *impudentissimus*, et *transilire* septa. *Nec* tamen *ea patina manebat* diu; *sed* tollebatur *mox*, ut *aliquid* supereffet *familiæ*.

the left Hand of Antronius. *If* any *Guests* came in, *a Place* was given him *according to his Worth*. First *there was* very little *of Danger* or *Hazard* as to the Broth; *but that* Pieces *of Cheese* made of Cow's Milk *swam* in the Dishes *of the great Folks*. But *a certain* Rampart *was made* out of *commonly* four *Vials* of Wine *and Water*, that *no body* could *touch* what *was* served up, *besides three*, before whom *the Dish* stood; *unless* any one *would have endured* to be *very impudent*, and *to leap over* the Hedge. *Nor* yet *did that Dish stay* long, *but* was taken away *presently*, that *something* might be left *for the Family*.

A. Quid *igitur* edebant reliqui?

What *then* did the rest eat?

B. Deliciabantur *suo more*.

They feasted *after their Fashion*.

A. Qui?

How?

B. Macerabant *illum* argillaceum *panem* vino *vetustissimo* fœcis.

They soaked *that* Clay *Bread* in Wine *of very old* Dregs.

A. Tale

A. Tale *convivium* oportuit esse *perbreve.*

Such *a Feast* must have been *very short.*

B. Frequenter *prolixius* hora.

Often *longer* than an Hour.

A. Qui potuit?

How could it?

B. Sublatis *mox*, ut *dixi*, quæ *non carebant* periculo, *caseus* apponebatur, *unde* erat *nullum* periculum, *ne* quisquam *abraderet* quidquam *escario cultello.* Illa *præclara* fæx *manebat*, et *suus cujusque panis.* Atque *fabulæ* miscebantur *tuto* inter *hæc bellaria.* Interim *senatus* fœminarum *prandebat.*

These Things being taken away *presently*, as *I said*, which *did not want* Danger, *the Cheese* was set on, *from whence* there was *no* Danger, *lest* any one *should scrape* any Thing *with an eating Knife.* That *famous* Dregs *staid*, and *every one's Bread.* And *Stories* were mixed *safely* amongst *these Sweetmeats.* In the mean Time *the Parliament* of Women *dined.*

A. Quid *operæ* interim?

What did *the Work Folks* in the mean Time?

B. Habebant *nihil* commune *nobiscum*; prandebant *ac* cœnabant *suis horis.*

They had *nothing* common *with us*; they dined *and* supped *at their own Hours.*

A. Verum *cujusmodi*, apparatus?

But *of what Sort* was the Provision?

B. Istuc *est* tuum *divinare.*

That *is* your Part *to guess.*

A. At

A. At *hora* vix ſufficit *Germanis* in jentaculum, *tantundem* in merendam, *ſeſquihora* in prandium, *duæ* horæ *in cænam*; ac *niſi* expleantur *aſſatim* eleganti *vino*, bonis *carnibus* ac *piſcibus*, deſerunt *patronum*, ac *fugiunt* in bellum.

But *an hour* hardly ſuffices *the Germans* for Breakfaſt, *as much* for Drinking, *an Hour and a Half* for Dinner, *two* Hours *for Supper*; and *unleſs* they be filled *plentifully* with fine *Wine*, good *Fleſh* and *Fiſh*, they forſake *their Maſter*, and *fly* into the War.

B. Cuique gentiſ eſt *ſuus mos*. Itali *impendunt* minimum *gulæ*, malunt *pecuniam* quam *voluptatem*; et *ſunt* ſobrii *natura* quoque, *non* ſolum *inſtituto*.

Every Nation has *its own Way*. The Italians *beſtow* very little *upon the Throat*, they had rather have *Money* than *Pleaſure*; and *they are* ſober *by Nature* too; *not* only *by Cuſtom*.

A. Nunc *profecto* non miror *te rediiſſe* nobis *tam exilem*, ſed *demirer* te rediiſſe *omnino vivum*, *præſertim* cum *aſſueviſſes* antea *capis*, perdicibus, *turturibus*, et *phaſianis*.

Now *truly* I do not wonder *that you are returned* to us *ſo thin*, but *I wonder* that you are returned *at all* alive, *eſpecially* when *you were accuſtomed* before *to Capons*, Partridges, *Pigeons*, and *Pheaſants*.

B. Plane perieram, *niſi* remedium *repertum fuiſſet*.

I had certainly periſhed *unleſs* a Remedy *had been found out*.

A. Res *male agitur*, ubi *eſt* opus *tot* remediis.

The Matter *is ill manag ed*, where *there* is *Need of ſo many* Remedies.

B. Ef-

B. Effeceram *ut* quarta *pars* pulli *elixi* daretur *mihi* jam *languescenti*, in singula convivia.

I had prevailed *that* a fourth *Part* of a Pullet *boiled* should be given *me* now *languishing*, for every Meal.

A. Nunc *incipies* vivere.

Now *you will begin* to live.

B. Non *admodum*. Exiguus pullus *emebatur*; ne *multum* impenderetur; *cujusmodi* sex *non sufficerent* uni Polono *boni stomachi* in jentaculum. *Nec dabant cibum* empto, *ne esset quid* impendii. *Quare* ala *aut* poples *emetti* macie, *et* semivivi coquebatur. *Jecur* dabatur *filio* Orthrogoni *infanti*. Mulieres autem *ebibebant* jus *semel* atque *iterum*, nova *aqua* infusa *subinde*. Itaque *poples* veniebat *ad me* siccior *pumice*; et *incipidior* quovis *putri* ligno. *Jus* erat *nihil* nisi *mera* aqua.

Not *very much*. A small Pullet *was bought*, lest *much* should be expended; *of which Sort* six *would not suffice* one Polander *of a good Stomach* for Breakfast. *Nor did they give Meat* to it when bought, *that there might not be any Thing* of Charge. *Wherefore* a Wing *or* a Leg of it *mortified* with Leanness, *and* Half alive was boiled. *The Liver* was given *to the Son* of Orthrogonus *an Infant*. But the Women *supped of* the Broth *once* and *again*, new *Water* being poured in *now and then*. Wherefore *the Leg* came *to me* drier *than a Pumice-Stone*, and *more insipid* than any *rotten* Wood. *The Broth* was *nothing* but *mere* Water.

A. Et *tamen* audio *genus avium* esse *illic* copiosissimum, *et* elegans *et* vile.

And *yet* I hear *that Fowl* is *there* very plentiful, *and* fine *and* cheap.

B. Eſt *prorſus*, ſed *pecunia* eſt *carior* illis.

It is *indeed*, but *Money* is *dearer* to them.

A. Dediſti ſatis pœnarum, *etiamſi* occidiſſes *Romanum* pontificem, *aut* ſi *minxiſſes* ad ſepulchrum *divi* Petri.

You have ſuffered Puniſhment enough, *although* you had killed *the Roman* Pontiff, *or* if *you had piſſed* againſt the Sepulchre *of St.* Peter.

B. Sed *audi* reliquum *fabulæ*. Scis *eſſe* in quaqua *hebdomada* quinque *dies*, quibus *veſcimur* carnibus.

But *hear* the reſt *of the Story*. You know *there are* in every *Week* five *Days*, upon which *we eat* Fleſh.

A. Nimirum.

Yes,

B. Itaque *emebant* duntaxat *duos* pullos. *Die Jovi* fingebant *ſe* oblitas *emere*, ne *vel opponerent* totum *pullum* eo die, *vel* aliquid *ſupereſſet*.

Wherefore *they bought* only *two* Pullets. *On Thurſday* they pretended *they* forgot *to buy one*, leſt *either they ſhould ſerve up* a whole *Pullet* that Day, *or* ſomething *ſhould be left*.

A. Næ *iſte* Antronius *ſuperat* Plautinum *Euclionem*. Sed *qua remedio* conſulebas *vitæ* piſcariis diebus?

Truly *that* Antronius *outdoes* Plautus's *Euclio*. But *by what Remedy* did you provide *for Life* on Fiſh Days?

B. Dederam *negotium* cuidam *amico*, ut *emeret* tria *ova* mihi *meo ære* in fingu-

I gave *a Charge* to a certain *Friend*, that *he ſhould buy* three *Eggs* for me *with my own Money* for

los

los dies, *duo* in prandium, *unum* in cœnam. *Sed* heic *quoque* fœminæ *pro* recentibus *care* emptis *supponebant* semiputria *Ut* crederem *præclare mecum actas*, si *esset* unum *ex tribus* quod *posset* edi. *Tandem* emeram *ut* utrem *puteris* vini *mea pecunia*; cæterum *mulieres* affracta *sera*, intra paucos dies *exsorbuerunt*, Antronio *non admodum irato*.

every Day *two* for Dinner, *one* for Supper. *But* here *likewise* the Women *for* fresh ones *dear*-bought *put me* half rotten ones. *That* I thought *they dealt well with me*, if *there was* one *of three* that *could* be eaten. *At length* I bought *likewise* a Cagg *of purer* Wine *with my own Money*; but *the Women* having broken *the Lock*, in a few Days *drew it off*, Antronius *not being very angry*.

A. Itane, *nullus erat* illic, *qui misereſceret* tui?

Ay, *was there none* there *that pitied* you?

B. Misereſceret! *Imo* videbar *illis* quiſpiam *gluto* et *bellua*, qui *unus* devorarem *tantum* ciborum. *Itaque* Orthrogonus *admonebat* me *ſubinde*, ut haberem *rationem* ejus regionis; *et* conſulerem *meæ* incolumitati; *et* commemorabat *aliquot* noſtrates, *quibus* edacitas *conciliaſſet* illic *aut* mortem, *aut* aliquem *graviſſimum* morbum.

Pitied! *Nay* I ſeemed *to them* ſome *Glutton*, and *a Gormandizer*, who *alone* devoured *ſo much* Meat. *Therefore* Orthrogonus *adviſed* me *now and then* to have *a Regard* to that Country, *and* take care of *my* Security; *and* he mentioned *ſome* of our Countrymen, *upon whom* Gluttony *had brought* there *either* Death, *or* ſome *very grievous* Diſtemper. *When* he *ſaw* me prop up *my poor Body* with ſome *Dainties*

Cum is *videret* me fulcire *corpuſculum* quibuſdam *deliciis*, quas *pharmacopolæ* venditant *illic* ex pineis nucleis, *aut* peponum, *melonumque*, fractum *et* aſſiduis *laboribus*, et *inedia*, et *jam* etiam *morbo*, ſubornat *medicum*, amicum *mihi* ac *familiarem*, ut perſuadeat *moderationem* victus. *Egit* hoc *mecum* diligenter; *moxque* ſenſi *ſubornatum*, nec reſpondi tamen. *Cum* ageret *idem* mecum *accuratius*, nec faceret finem *admonendi*, Dic *mihi*, inquam, *egregie vir*, loqueris *iſthæc* ſerio *an* joco? *Serio*, inquit. *Quid* igitur *ſuades* ut faciam? *Abſtine* a cœnis *in totum*; et *adde* vino, *ut minimum*, dimidium *aquæ*. Riſi *præclarum conſilium*. Si *cupis* me *extinctum*, eſſ t *mors* huic corpuſculo, *et* raro *et* exili, *et* ſubtiliſſimis *ſpiritibus*, abſtinere *vel ſemel* a cœna. *Habeo id compertum* toties *ipſa re*, which *the Apothecarier* ſell *there* of Fine Kernels, *or* of Cucumbers, *and Melons*, being broken *both* with continual *Fatigues* and *Faſting*, and *now* alſo *with a Diſtemper*, he procures *a Doctor*, a Friend *to me* and *Acquaintance*, to perſuade me to *a Moderation* of Diet. *He treated upon* this *with me* diligently; *and preſently* I perceived *he was put upon it*, yet I did not anſwer. *When* he treated upon *the ſame thing* with me *more accurately*, and did not make an End *of adviſing me*, Tell *me*, ſay I, *excellent Sir*, do you ſay *thoſe Things* in Earneſt, *or* in Jeſt? *In Earneſt*, ſays he. *What* then *do you adviſe me* to do? *Abſtain* from Suppers *altogether*; and *add* to your Wine, *at leaſt*, half *Water*. I laughed at *his famous Advice*. If *you deſire to have* me *dead*, it would be *Death* to this poor Body, *both* thin *and* ſpare, *and* of very ſubtile *Spirits*, to abſtain *but once* from Supper. *I have found that* ſo often *by Experience*, that *I have no Mind* to try *again*. And what *do you think*

at

ut *non libeat* experiri *iterum*. Quid autem *censes* futurum, *si* sic pransus *temperem* a cœna? *Et* jubes *aquam* addi *tali vino?* Quasi *non præstaret* bibere *puram* aquam *quam* fœculentam. *Nec* dubito *quin* Orthrogonus *jusserit* te *sequi* hæc. *Medicus* subrisit, *ac* mitigavit *consilium*. Non loquor *hæc*, inquit, *doctissime* Gilberte, *quod* arceam *te* a cœnis *in totum*; licebit *gustare* ovum *et* bibere *semel*, sic enim *ipse vivo*. Ovum *coquitur*, in cœnam, *capio* inde *dimidium* vitelli, *do* reliquum *filio*, mox *hausto* semicyatho *vini*, studeo *in multam noctem*.

would be, *if* when I have so dined *I should abstain* from Supper? *And* do you order *Water* to be added *to such Wine*? As tho' *it were not better* to drink *pure* Water *than* dreggy. *Nor* do I doubt *but* Orthrogonus *bid* you *say* this. *The Doctor* smiled, *and* qualified *his* advice. I do not say *these Things*, quoth he, *most learned* Gilbert, *that* I would restrain *you* from Suppers *altogether*; you may *taste* an Egg, *and* drink *once*; for so *I myself live*. An Egg *is boiled* for Supper, *I take* from hence *half* of the Yolk, *I give* the rest *to my Son*, by and by *having drank* half a Glass *of Wine*, I study *'till late at Night*.

A. Num medicus prædicabat *ista* vera?

Did the Doctor say *these Things* truly?

B. Verissima. *Nam* ipse *ambulans* forte *per viam* redibam *a sacro*, et *comes* adnuerat *medicum* habitare *illic*; libuit *videre* illius *regnum*; erat *autem dominicus*

Very truly. *For* I myself *walking* by Chance *along the Street*, was coming *from Prayers*; and *my Companion* had told me *that the Doctor* lived *there*; I had a Mind *to see* his *Kingdom*, and it was *the*

dies: *pulsavi* fores, *apertæ sunt*; ascendi, *offendo* medicum *prandentem* cum filio, *et* eodem *famulo*: apparatus *erant* duo *ova*, nihil *præterea*.

Lord's Day: *I knocked at* the Door, *it was opened*; I went up, *I find* the Doctor *dining* with his Son, *and* the same *his Servant*: The Provision *was* two *Eggs*, nothing *besides*.

A. Homines oportuit esse *exsangues*.

The Men must have been *void of Blood*.

B. Imo *ambo* erant *pulchre habito* corpore, *vivido* ac rubido *colore*, lætis oculis.

Nay *both* were *of a good like* Body, *of a lively* and ruddy *Colour*, with chearful Eyes.

A. Est *vix* credibile.

It is *scarce* credible.

B. At *ego narro* compertissima. *Nec* ille solus vivit *ad istum modum*, sed *complures* alii, *et* clare imaginibus, *et* re lauta. *Polyphagia* et *polypotia*, crede *mihi*, est *res* consuetudinis, *non* naturæ. *Si* quis *assuescat* paulatim, *proficiet* eo *tandem*, ut *faciat* idem *quod* Milo, *qui* absumpsit *totum* bovem *eodem* die.

But *I tell you* Things I know very well. *Nor* does he alone live *after that Manner*, but *many* others *both* nobly descended, *and* of a good Estate. *Much Eating* and much *Drinking*, believe *me*, is *a Thing* of Custom, *not* Nature. *If* any one *would use himself* by Degrees, *he would improve* to that Degree *at last*, that *he might do* the same *that* Milo did, *who* eat up *a whole* Ox *in the same* Day.

A. Immortalem Deum! *Si* licet *tanti* va-

Immortal God! *If* it be possible *to maintain*

letudinem

letudinem *tam parvo* victu, *quantum* impendiorum *perit* Germanis, *Anglis*, Danis, *et* Polonis?

one's Health *with ſo little* Victuals, *how much* Charge *is loſt* by the Germans, *Engliſh*, Danes, *and* Poles;

B. Plurimum *haud dubie*, et *quidem* non *ſine* gravi *detrimento* tum *valetudinis*, tum *ingenii*.

Very much *no Doubt*, and *indeed* not *without* grievous *Prejudice* both *to the Health*, and alſo *to a Man's Parts*.

A. Sed *quid* obſtabat *quo minus ille victus ſufficerit* tibi?

But *what* hindered *that Diet would not ſuffice* you?

B. Quia *aſſueveram* diverſis, *et* erat *ſerum* jam *mutare* conſuetudinem; *quanquam* exiguitas *ciborum* non tam offendebat *me* quam *corruptio*. Duo *ova* poterant *ſufficere*, ſi *fuiſſent* recens *nata*: cyathus *vini* erat *ſatis*, niſi *vapida* fax *daretur* pro vino: *dimidium* panis *aluiſſet*, niſi *argilla* daretur *pro pane*.

Becauſe *I had been accuſtomed* to different Things, *and* it was *too late* then *to change* a Cuſtom; *altho'* the ſmall Quantity *of the Victuals* did not ſo much offend *me* as *the Corruption*. Two *Eggs* might *have ſufficed*, if *they had been* new *laid*: A Glaſs *of Wine* was *enough*, but that *dead* Dregs *was given me* for Wine: *Half* a Loaf *would have fed me*, but that *Clay* was given me *for Bread*.

A. Antronium *eſſe* adeo *ſordidum* in tantis opibus!

That Antronius *ſhould be* ſo *ſordid* in ſo much Wealth.

B. Arbitror *ejus cenſum* non fuiſſe *in-*

I believe *his Eſtate* was not *leſs than* eighty *thou-*

tra

tra octoginta *millia* ducatorum *Nec* erat *ullus* annus, *quo* lucrum *mille* ducatorum *non accederet*, ut dicam *parcissime*.

ſand Ducats. *Nor* was there *any* Year, *in which* the Gain *of a thouſand* Ducats *was not added to it*, to ſpeak *very ſparingly*.

A. Sed *num* juvenes illi, *quibus* hæc *parabuntur*, utebantur *eadem* parſimonia?

But *whether or no* did the young Men, *for whom* this *was provided*, uſe *the ſame* Frugality?

B. Utebantur; *ſed* domi *duntaxat*, foris *liguriebant*, ſcortabantur, *ludebant* alea. *Cumque* pater *gravaretur* impendere *triuncium* in gratiam *honeſtiſſimorum* convivarum, *juvenes* perdebant *interdum* ſexaginta *ducatos* una nocte *alea*.

They did uſe it; *but* at Home *only*, abroad *they fared daintily*, whored, *played* at Dice. *And whereas* the Father *thought much* to expend *a Farthing* on the Account *of the moſt honourable* Guests, *the young Fellows* loſt *ſometimes* ſixty *Ducats* in one Night *at Dice*.

A. Sic *ſolent* perire *quæ* corraduntur *ſordibus*. Verum incolumis *e tantis* periculis, *quo* te confers?

So *that uſes* to be loſt, *which* is ſcraped together *by Covetouſneſs*. But now that you are eſcaped *out of ſo great* Danger, *whither* do you betake yourſelf?

B. Ad vetuſtiſſimum *contubernium* Gallorum, *ſarturus* quod diſpendii *ſecum eſt* illic.

To a very old *Club* of French Men, *to make up* what Loſs *I ſuſtained* there.

DILU-

DILUCULUM.

A. HODIE *volebam* te conventum, *ſed* negabaris *eſſe* domi.

TO-DAY *I was deſirous* to have met with you, *but* you were denied *to be* at Home.

B. Non mentiti ſunt *omnino*. Non eram *quidem* tibi, *ſed* eram *tum* mihi maxime.

They did not lye *altogether*. I was not *indeed* for you, *but* I was *then* for myſelf very much.

A. Quid *ænigmatis* eſt *iſtud?*

What *Riddle* is *that?*

B. Noſti *illud* vetus *proverbium*, Non dormio *omnibus*. Nec *jocus* Naſicæ *fugit te* cui volenti *inviſere* familiarem *Ennium*, cum *ancilla* juſſu *heri*, negaſſet *eſſe* domi: *Naſica* ſenſit *et* diſceſſit. *Cæterum* ubi *Ennius* viciſſim *ingreſſus* domum *Naſicæ*, rogaret *puerum* num *eſſet*

You know *that* old *Proverb*, I do not ſleep *for all Men*. Nor *does the Jeſt* of Naſica *eſcape you* to whom deſirous *to viſit* his Friend *Ennius*, when *the Maid*, by the Order *of her Maſter*, denied *that he was* at Home; *Naſica* perceived it, *and* departed. *But* when *Ennius* in his Turn *entering* the Houſe *of Naſica*, aſked *the Boy*

in-

intus, *Nasica* clamavit *de cubiculo*, inquiens, *Non sum* domi. *Quumque* Ennius *agnita* voce *dixisset*, Impudens, *non agnosco* te *loquentem?* Imo, *inquit* Nasica, *tu* impudentior, *qui* non habes *fidem* mihi, *cum* ego *crediderim* tuæ ancillæ.

whether *he was* within, *Nasica* shouted *from the Parlour*, saying, *I am not* at Home. *And when* Ennius *knowing* his Voice *said*, You impudent Fellow, *do not I know* you *speaking?* Nay, *says* Nasica, *you are* more impudent, *who* do not give *Credit* to me, *whereas* I *trusted* your Maid.

A. Eras *fortassis* occupatior.

You were *perhaps* busy.

B. Imo *suavitur* otiosus.

Nay *acutely* idle.

A. Rursum *torquet* ænigmate.

Again *you trouble me* with a Riddle.

B. Dicam *igitur* explanate. *Nec* dicam *ficum* aliud *quam* ficum.

I will tell you *then* plainly. *Nor* will I call *a Fig* any Thing else *than* a Fig.

A. Die.

Tell me.

B. Altum dormiebam.

I was fast asleep.

A. Quid ais? *Atqui* octavo *hora* præterierat *jam*, cum *sol* surgat *hoc mense* ante quartam.

What say you? *But* the eighth *Hour* had passed *then*, whereas *the Sun* riseth *this Month* before the fourth.

B. Li-

B. Libertum eſt *ſoli* per me *quidem* ſurgere *vel* media nocte, *modo* liceat *mihi* dormire *uſque* ad ſatietatem.

It is free *for the Sun* for me *indeed* to riſe *even* at Midnight, *ſo that* it be allowed *me* to ſleep *to* Satisfaction.

A. Verum *utrum* iſtuc accidit *caſu*, an *eſt* conſuetudo?

But *whether* did that happen *by Chance*, or *is it* a Cuſtom?

B. Conſuetudo *prorſus*.

Cuſtom *entirely*.

A. Atqui *conſuetudo* rei *non* bonæ *eſt* peſſima.

But *the Cuſtom* of a Thing *not* good *is* very bad.

B. Imo *nullus* ſomnus *eſt* ſuavior *quam* poſt ſolem exortum.

Nay *no* Sleep *is* pleaſanter *than* after the Sun is riſen.

A. Qua hora *tandem* ſoles *relinquere* lectum?

What Hour *at laſt* do you uſe *to leave* your Bed?

B. Inter *quartam* et *nonam*.

Betwixt *the fourth* and *the ninth*.

A. Spatium *ſatis amplum*. Reginæ *vix* tot horis comuntur, *ſed* unde *veniſti* in iſtam conſuetudinem?

Time *long enough*. Queens *hardly* are ſo many Hours a dreſſing, *but* how *came you* into that Cuſtom?

B. Quia *ſolemus* proferre *convivia* luſus, *et* jocus *in multam noctem*. Penſa-

Becauſe *we uſe* to prolong *Feaſts*, Games, *and* Jeſts 'till *late at Night*. We make up

mus

mus *id dispendii* matutino ſomno.

that Loſs by Morning Sleep.

A. Vix unquam vidi *hominem* perditius *prodigum* te.

I ſcarce ever ſaw *a Man* more perniciouſly *prodigal* than you.

B. Videtur *mihi* parſimonia *magis* quam *profuſio*. Interim *nec abſumo* candelas, *nec* detero *veſtes*.

It ſeems *to me* Frugality *rather* than *Prodigality*. In the mean Time *I neither conſume* Candles, *nor* wear *Cloaths*.

A. Præpoſtera *frugalitas* quidem *ſervare* vitrum *ut* perdas *gemmas*. Ille *philoſophus* aliter ſapuit, *qui* rogatus *quid* eſſet *pretioſiſſimum*, reſpondit *tempus*. Porro *cum* conſtet *diluculum* eſſe *optimam* partem *totius* diei, *tu gaudes* perdere *quod* eſt *pretioſiſſimum* in pretioſiſſima re.

Prepoſterous *Frugality* indeed *to ſave* Glaſs *that* you may loſe *Jewels*. That *Philoſopher* was otherwiſe minded, *who* being aſked *what* was *the moſt precious Thing*, anſwered *Time*. Moreover, *ſince* it is agreed *that the Morning* is *the beſt* Part *of the whole* Day, *you love* to loſe *what* is *the moſt precious* in the moſt precious Thing.

B. An hoc perit *quod* datur *corpuſculo*?

Is that loſt, *which* is given *to the Body*?

A. Imo *detrahitur* corpuſculo, *quod* tum *ſuaviſſime afficitur*, maximeq; vegetatur, *cum* reficitur *tempeſtivo* moderatoq; *ſomno*, et *corrobatur* matutina vigilia.

Nay *it is taken* from the Body, *which* then *is moſt ſweetly affected*, and moſt of all recruited, *when* it is refreſhed *with ſeaſonable* and moderate *Sleep*, and *is ſtrengthened* with Morning Watching.

B. Sed

B. Sed eſt *dulce* dormire.

But it is *pleaſant* to ſleep.

A Quid *poteſt* eſſe *dulce* ſatienti *nihil?*

What *can* be *pleaſant* to one that perceives *nothing?*

B. Hoc *ipſum* eſt *dulce* ſentire *nihil* moleſtiæ.

This *very Thing* is *pleaſant* to perceive *nothing* of Trouble.

A. Atqui *ſunt* feliciores *iſto nomine*, qui *dormiunt* in ſepulchris; *nam* nonnunquam *inſomnia* ſunt *moleſta* dormienti.

But *they are* more happy *in that Reſpect* who *ſleep* in their Graves; *for* ſometimes *Dreams* are *troubleſome* to a Man aſleep.

B. Aiunt *corpus* ſaginari *maxime* eo ſomno.

They ſay *that the Body* is fattened *moſt of all* with that Sleep.

A. Iſta *eſt* ſagina *glirium*, non *hominum*. Animalia *quæ* parantur *epulis* recte ſaginantur. *Quorſum attinet* homini *accerſere* obeſitatem, *niſi* ut *incedat* onuſtos *graviore* ſarcina? *Dic* mihi, *ſi* haberes *famulum* utrum *malles* obeſum, *an* vegetum *et* habilem *ad omnia munia?*

That *is* the Fattening *of Dormice*, not *of Men*. Animals *that* are prepared *for Feaſts* are rightly fattened. *What ſignifies it* for a Man *to procure* Fatneſs, *but* that *he may go* loaded *with a heavier* Pack? *Tell* me, *if* you had *a Servant*, whether *you had rather have him* fat, *or* lively *and* fit *for all Services?*

B. *Atqui non ſum* famulus.

But *I am not* a Servant.

A. Sat eſt *mihi*, quod *malles* miniſtrum *aptum* officiis *quam* bene *ſaginatum*.

It is enough *for me*, that *you had rather have* a Servant *fit* for Service, *than* well *fattened*.

B. Plane mallem.

Indeed I had rather.

A. At *Plato* dixit *animum* hominis *eſſe* hominem, *corpus* eſſe *nihil* aliud *quam* domicilium, *aut* inſtrumentum. *Tu* certe *fateberis*, opinor, *animam* eſſe *principalem* portionem *hominis*, corpus *miniſtrum* animi.

But *Plato* ſaid *that the Soul* of a Man *is* the Man, *that the Body* is *nothing* elſe *than* a Houſe, *or* Inſtrument. *You* however *will confeſs*, I ſuppoſe, *that the Soul* is *the principal* Part *of Man*, the Body *the Servant* of the Mind.

B. Eſto, *ſi* vis.

Let it be ſo, *if* you will.

A. Cum *tibi nolles* miniſtrum *tardum* abdomine, *ſed* malles *agilem* et *alacrem*, cur *pares* ignavum *et* obeſum *miniſtrum* animo?

Since *you would not have* a Servant *heavy* with a great Belly, *but* had rather have one *nimble* and *briſk*, why *do you provide* a lazy *and* fat *Servant* for the Mind?

B. Vincor *veris*.

I am overcome *with Truth*.

A. Jam *accipe* aliud *diſpendium*. Ut *animus* longe *præſtat* corpori, *ita* fateris *opes* animi *longe* præcellere *bona* corporis.

Now *hear* another *Loſs*. As *the Mind* far *excels* the Body, *ſo* you confeſs *that the Riches* of the Mind *far* excel *the good things* of the Body.

B. Dicis

B. Dicis probabile.

You ſay what is likely.

A. Sed *inter bona* animi, *ſapientia* tenet *primas.*

But *amongſt the good things* of the Mind, *Wiſdom* has *the firſt Place.*

B. Fateor.

I confeſs.

A. Nulla *pars* diei *eſt* utilior *ad parandam* hanc, *quam* diluculum, *cum* ſol *exoriens* novus *adfert* vigorem *et* alacritatem *omnibus*, diſcutitque *nebulas* conſuetas *exhaliari* e ventriculo, *quæ* ſolent *obnubilare* domicilium *mentis.*

No *Part* of the Day *is* more uſeful *for the getting of* this *than* the Morning, *when* the Sun *riſing* freſh *brings* Vigour *and* Briſkneſs *to all things*, and diſſipates *the Fumes* that uſe *to be exhaled* out of the Stomach, *which* are wont *to cloud* the Habitation *of the Mind.*

B. Non repugno.

I do not ſay nay.

A. Nunc *ſupputa* mihi *quantum* eruditionis *poſſis* parere *tibi* illis *quatuor* horis, *quas* perdis *intempeſtivo* ſomno.

Now *reckon up* for me *how much* Learning *you might* get *to yourſelf* in thoſe *four* Hours, *which* you loſe *in unſeaſonable* Sleep.

B. Multum *profecto.*

Much *indeed.*

A. Expertus ſum *plus* effici *in ſtudiis*, una hora *matutina*, quam *tribus* poſtmeridianis, *idque* nullo *detrimento* corporis.

I have experienced *that more* is done *in one's Studies*, in one Hour *in the Morning*, than *in three* in the Afternoon, *and that* with no *Damage* to the Body.

A. Sat eſt *mihi*, quod *malles* miniſtrum *aptum* officiis *quam* bene *ſaginatum*.

It is enough *for me*, that *you had rather have* a Servant *fit* for Service, *than* well *fattened*.

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Let it be ſo, *if* you will.

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B. Non repugno. I do not ſay nay.

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B. Audivi. I have heard ſo.

A. Deinde *reputa* illud; *ſi* conferas *in ſummam* jacturam *ſingulorum dierum*, quantus *cumulus* ſit futurus. Then *conſider* that; *if* you caſt up *into a Sum* the Loſs *of every Day*, how great *a Maſs* it will be.

B. Ingens *profecto*. A huge one *truly*.

A. Qui *profundit* gemmas *et* aurum *temere*, habetur *prodigus*, et *accipit* tutorem; *qui* perdit *hæc* bona *tanto* pretioſiora, *nonne eſt* multo *turpius* prodigus? He that *ſquanders away* Jewels *and* Gold *raſhly*, is reckoned *a Prodigal*, and *receives* a Guardian; *he that* throws away *theſe* good things *ſo much* more precious, *is not he* much *more ſcandalouſly* prodigal?

B. Sic *apparet*, ſi *perpendamus* rem *recta* ratione. So *it appears*, if *we examine* the Matter *by right* Reaſon.

A. Jam *expende* illud *quod* Plato *ſcripſit*, nihil *eſſe* pulchrius, *nihil* amabilius *ſapientia*, quæ *ſi* poſſet *cerni* corporeis *oculis*, excitaret *incredibiles* amores *ſui*. Now *conſider* that *which* Plato *writ*, that nothing *is* more beautiful, *nothing* more lovely *than Wiſdom*, which *if* it could *be ſeen* with bodily *Eyes*, would raiſe *incredible* Love *of itſelf*.

B. Atqui *illa* non poteſt *cerni*. But *that* cannot *be ſeen*.

A. Fateor, *corporeis* oculis, *verum* cernitur *oculis* animi, I confeſs, *with bodily* Eyes, *but* it is ſeen *with the Eyes* of the Mind,

quæ

quæ eſt *potior* pars *hominis*, et *ubi* eſt *incredibilis* amor, *ibi* oportet *adſit* ſumma *voluptas*, quoties *animus* congreditur *cum* tali amica.

which is *the better* Part *of Man*, and *where* there is *incredible* Love, *there* muſt *be* the greater *Pleaſure*, as oft as *the Mind* confers *with* ſuch a Miſtreſs.

B. Narras *veriſimile*.

You ſay *what is likely*.

A. Ito *nunc* et *commuta* ſomnum, *imaginem* mortis, *cum* hac *voluptate*, ſi *videtur*.

Go *now* and *change* Sleep, *the Image* of Death, *for* this *Pleaſure*, if *it ſeems good*.

B. Verum *interim* nocturni *luſus* pereunt.

But *in the mean Time* nightly *Sports* are loſt.

A. Perdit *plumbum* bene, *qui* vertit *in aurum*. Natura *tribuit* noctem *ſomno*. Exoriens *ſol* revocat *cum* omne *genus* animantium, *tum* præcipue *hominem*, ad munia *vitæ*. Qui *dormiunt*, inquit *Paulus*, dormiunt *nocte*; et *qui* ſunt *ebrii*, ſunt *ebrii* nocte. *Proinde* quid *eſt* turpius *quam* cum *omnia animantia* expergiſcantur *cum* ſole, *quædam* etiam *ſalutent* eum *nondum* apparentem, *ſed* adven-

He loſes *Lead* well, *who* turns it *into Gold*. Nature *has given* the Night *for Sleep*. The riſing *Sun* calls upon *both* every *Kind* of living Creatures, *and* eſpecially Man, to the Offices *of Life*. They who *ſleep*, ſays *Paul*, ſleep *in the Night*; and *they who* are *drunk*, are *drunk* in the Night. *Therefore* what *is* more ſcandalous *than* when *all Animals* awake *with* the Sun, *ſome* alſo *ſalute* him *not yet* appearing *but* coming, *with ſinging*, when *the Elephant* adoreth *the riſing* Sun, *that*

tantem *cantu*; cum *elephantus* adoret *orientem* ſolem, *hominem* ſtertere *diu* poſt *exortum* ſolis? *Quoties* ille *aureus* ſplendor *illuſtrat* tuum *cubiculum*, nonne videtur *exprobrare* dormienti, *ſtulte*, quid *gaudes* perdere *optimam* partem *vitæ tuæ*? Non luceo *in hoc* ut *dormiatis* abditi, *ſed* ut *invigiletis* honeſtiſſimis rebus. *Nemo* accendit *lucernam*, ut *dormiat*, ſed *ut* agat *aliquid* operis: *et* nihil aliud quam ſtertis *ad hanc lucernam* pulcherrimam *omnium*?

Man ſhould ſnore *a long Time* after *the Riſing* of the Sun? *As often as* that *golden* Splendor *enlightens* your *Bed Chamber*, does it not ſeem *to upbraid* you ſleeping, *thou Fool*, why *doſt thou love* to loſe *the beſt* Part *of thy Life*? I do not ſhine *for this* that *you may ſleep* in private, *but* that *you may mind* the moſt honourable Things. *No body* lights *a Candle* that *he may ſleep*, but *that* he may do *ſome* Work: *And* doſt thou nothing elſe but ſnore *by this Candle*, the fineſt *of all*?

B. Declamas *belle*.

You declaim *prettily*.

A. Non *belle*, ſed *vere*. Age, *non dubito* quin *audiveris* frequenter *illud* Heſiodeum, *parſimonia* eſt *ſero* in fundo.

Not *prettily*, but *truly*. Well, *I doubt not* but *you have heard* frequently *that* of Heſiod, *Sparing* is *too late* in the Bottom.

B. Frequentiſſime, *nam* vinum *eſt* optimum *in medio* dolio.

Very frequently, *for* Wine *is* the beſt *in the Middle* of the Caſk.

A. Atqui *prima* pars *lei vita*, nimirum, *adoſcientia*, eſt *optima*.

But *the firſt* Part *in Life*, to wit, *Youth*, is *the beſt*.

A. Pro-

A. Profecto *ſic* eſt.

Truly *ſo* it is.

B. At *diluculum* eſt *hoc* dici, *quod* adoleſcentia *vitæ*. An non faciunt *igiter* ſtulte, *qui* perdunt *adoleſcentiam* nugis, *matutinas* horos *ſomno*?

But *the Morning* is *that* to the Day, *which* Youth is *to Life*. Do not they do *therefore* fooliſhly, *who* loſe *their Youth* in Trifles, *their morning* Hours *in Sleep*?

A. Sic *apparet*.

So *it appears*.

B. An eſt *ulla* poſſeſſio, *quæ* ſit *conferenda* cum *vita* hominis?

Is there *any* Poſſeſſion *that* is *to be compared* with *the Life* of Man?

A. Ne *univerſa* gaza *quidem* Perſarum.

Not *all* the Treaſure *indeed* of the Perſians.

B. An non odiſſes *hominem* vehementer, *qui* poſſet *ac* vellet *decurtare* vitam *tibi* malis *artibus* ad aliquot annos?

Would you not hate *the Man* very much, *who* could *and* would *ſhorten* your Life *for you* by evil *Arts* for ſome Years?

A. Ipſe *mallem* eripere *vitam* illi.

I *had rather* take *his Life* from him.

B. Verum *arbitror* pejores *et* nocentiores, *qui* volentes *reddunt* vitam *breviorem* ſibi.

But *I think them* worſe *and* more miſchievous, *who* voluntarily *make* Life *ſhorter* to themſelves.

A. Fateor *ſi* quis *tales* reperiuntur.

I confeſs *if* any *ſuch* are found.

B. Re-

B. Reperiuntur! *Imo* omnes *similes* tui *faciunt* id.

Found! *Nay* all *like* you *do* that.

A. Bona verba.

Good Words.

B. Optima. *Recta* sic *cum* tuo animo, *nonne Plinius videtur* dixisse *rectissime*, vitam *esse* vigiliam, *et* hominem *vivere* hoc *pluribus* horis, *quo* majorem *partem* temporis *impenderit* studiis? *Somnus enim* est *quædam mors*. Unde *et* fingitur *venire* ab inferis, *et* dicitur *germanus* mortis *ab Homero*. Itaque *quos* somnus *occupat*, nec censentur *inter vivos*, nec *inter mortuos*, sed *tamen* potius *inter mortuos*.

Very good. *Think* thus *with* your Mind, *does not Pliny seem* to have said *very rightly*, that Life *is* a Watch, *and* that Man *lives* so many *the more* Hours, *by how much* the greater *Part* of his Time *he spends* in his Studies? *For Sleep* is *a Sort of Death*. From whence *also* it is pretended *to come* from Hell, *and* is called *the Brother-german* of Death *by Homer*. Wherefore *those whom* Sleep *seizeth* are neither though *amongst the Living*, nor *amongst the Dead*, but *yet* rather *amongst the Dead*.

A. Ita *videtur* omnino.

So *it seems* indeed.

B. Nunc *subducite* rationem *mihi*, quantam *portionem* vitæ *resecent* sibi, *qui* singulis diebus *perdunt* tres *aut* quatuor *horas* somno.

Now *cast up* the Account *for me*, how great *a Part* of Life *they cut off* from themselves, *who* every Day *lose* three *or* four *Hours* in Sleep.

A. Video *immensam* summam.

I see *an immense* Sum.

B. Non-

B. Nonne haberes *alcumiſtam* pro deo, *qui* poſſet *adjicere* decem *annos* ſummæ *vitæ*, et revocare *provectiorem* ætatem *ad vigorem* adoleſcentiæ?

Would not you reckon *the Alchymiſt* for a God, *that* could *add* ten *Years* to the Sum *of your Life*, and call back *advanced* Age *to the Vigour* of Youth?

A. Quid ni haberem?

Why ſhould I not reckon him ſo?

B. Sed *potes* præſtare *hoc* tam *divinum* beneficium *tibi*.

But *you may* do *this* ſo *divine* a Benefit *to yourſelf*.

A. Quid ſic?

How ſo?

B. Quia *mane* eſt *adoleſcentia* diei, *juventus* ſervet *uſque ad* meridiem. *Mox* virilis ætas, *cui* ſuccedit *veſpera* pro ſenecta; *occaſus* excipit *veſperam*, velut *mors* diei. *Parſimonia autem* eſt *magnum* vectigal, *ſed* nuſquam *majus* quam *heic*. An non igitur adjunxit *ſibi* ingens *lucrum*, qui *deſiit* perdere *magnam* partem *vitæ*, eamq; *optimam*?

Becauſe *the Morning* is *the Youth* of the Day, *Youth* keeps warm *'till* Noon. *By and by* the manly Age, *after which* comes *the Evening* for old Age; *Sun-ſet* ſucceeds *the Evening*, as *the Death* of the Day. *And Frugality* is a *great* Revenue, *but* no where *greater* than *here*. Has not he therefore procured *to himſelf* a great *Gain*, who *has ceaſed* to loſe *a great* Part *of his Life*, and that *the beſt*?

A. Prædicas vera.

You ſay true.

B. Proinde *eorum queremonia* videtur *ad-*

Wherefore *their Complaint* ſeems *very* impudent,

modum

modum impudens, *qui* accuſant *naturam*, quod finierit *vitam* hominis *tam anguſtis* ſpatiis, *cum* ipſi *ſponte* amputent *ſibi* tantum *ex eo* quod *datum eſt*. Vita *eſt* longa *ſatis* cuique, *ſi* diſpenſetur *parce*. Nec *eſt* mediocris *profectus*, ſi *quis* gerat *quæque* ſuo tempore. *A prandio* vix ſumus *ſemihomines*, cum *corpus* onuſtum *cibis* aggravat *mentem*. Nec *eſt* tutum *evocare* ſpiritus *ab officina* ſtomachi, *peragentes* officium *concoctionis* ad ſuperiora *multo* minus *a cœna*. At *homo* eſt *totus* homo *matutinis horis*, dum *corpus* eſt *habile* ad omne miniſterium, *dum* alacer *animus* viget, *dum* omnia *organa* mentis *ſunt* tranquilla *et* ſerena, *dum* particula *divinæ* auræ *ſpirat*, ut ait ille, *ac* ſapit ſuam originem, *et* rapitur *ad honeſta*.

who accuſe *Nature* for having bounded *the Life* of Man *within ſo narrow* a Compaſs, *when* they *of their own Accord* cut off *from themſelves* ſo much *of that* which *was given them*. Life *is* long *enough* for every one, *if* it be diſpoſed of *ſparingly*. Nor *is it* a mean *Proficiency*, if *a Man* does *every Thing* in its Time. *After Dinner* we are ſcarce *half Men*, when *the Body* loaded *with Meat* oppreſſes *the Mind*. Nor *is it* ſafe *to call off* the Spirits *from the Work-houſe* of the Stomach, *performing* the Offices *of Concoction* to the upper Parts, *much* leſs *after Supper*. But *a Man* is *wholly* Man *in the Morning Hours* whilſt *the Body* is *fit* for all Service, *whilſt* the chearful *Mind* is vigorous, *whilſt* all *the Organs* of the Mind *are* quiet *and* ſerene, *whilſt* the Particle *of divine* Air *breathes*, as a certain one ſays, *and* has a Tincture of its Original, *and* is carried out *to honourable Things*.

A. Tu concionaris *quidem* eleganter.

You preach *indeed* finely.

B. Fa-

B. Faber ærarius *ob* vile *lucellum* ſurgit *ante lucem*, et *amor* ſapientiæ *non poteſt* expergefacere *nos*, ut *audiamus* ſaltem *ſolem* evocantem *ad inæſtimabile* lucrum. *Medici* fere *non dant* pharmacum *niſi* diluculo, *illi* norunt *aureas* horas, *ut ſubveniat* corpori, *nos non novimus eas* ut locupletemus *et* ſanemus *animum?* Quod *ſi* hæc *habent* leve *pondus* apud te, *audi* quid *illa* cœleſtis *ſapientia* apud Solomonem *loquatur*. Qui *vigilaverint* ad me, *inquit*, mane *invenient* me. *In myſticis* pſalmis, *quanta* commendatio *matutini temporis?* Mane *propheta* extollit *miſericordiam* domini, *mane* ejus vox *auditur*, mane *ejus deprecatio* prævenit *dominum*. Et *apud Lucam* evangeliſtam *populus* expetens *ſanitatem* et *doctrinam* a domino *confluit* ad illum *mane*. Quid *ſuſpiras?*

A Brazier *for* poor *Gain* riſes *before Light*, and *the Love* of Wiſdom *cannot* awake *us*, that *we may hear* at leaſt *the Sun* calling us up *to ineſtimable* Gain. *Doctors* commonly *give not* Phyſic *but* in the Morning; *they* know *the golden* Hours, *to relieve* the Body, *do not we know them* to enrich *and* cure *the Mind?* But *if* theſe Things *have* little *Weight* with you, *hear* what *that* heavenly *Wiſdom* with Solomon *ſays*. They that *watch* for me, *ſays ſhe*, in the Morning *ſhall find* me. *In the myſtical* Pſalms *how great is* the Commendation *of the morning Time?* In the Morning *the Prophet* extols *the Mercy* of the Lord, *in the Morning* his Voice *is heard*, in the Morning *his Prayer* prevents *the Lord*. And *in Luke* the Evangeliſt, *the People* deſiring *Health*, and *Inſtruction* from the Lord, *flock in* to him *in the Morning*. Why *do you ſigh?*

A. Vix teneo lachrymas, *cum* ſubit *quantam* jacturam *vitæ* fecerim.

I ſcare refrain from Tears, *when* I think *how great* a Waſte *of Life* I have made.

B. Eſt *ſupervacaneum* diſcruciari *ob ea*, quæ *non poſſunt* revocari, *ſed* tamen *poſſunt* ſarciri *poſterioribus curis*. Incumbe *huc* igitur *potius* quam *facias jacturam* futuri temporis *quoque* inani deploratione *præteritorum*.

It is *needleſs* to be tormented *for thoſe Things*, which *cannot* be recalled, *but* yet *may* be cured *by future Care*. Apply yourſelf *to this* therefore *rather* than *make a Waſte* of the Time to come *too* by a vain lamenting *of what is paſt*.

A. Mones *bene*, ſed *diutina* conſuetudo *jam facit me ſui juris*.

You adviſe *well*, but *long* Cuſtom *has now brought me under its Dominion*.

B. Phy! Clavus *pellitur* clavo, *conſuetudo conſuetudine*.

Puh! A Nail *is driven out* by a Nail, *Cuſtom* is overcome *by Cuſtom*.

A. At *duram eſt* relinquere *ea* quibus *diu aſſueveris*.

But *it is hard* to leave *thoſe Things* to which *you have been long uſed*.

B. Initio *quidem*, ſed *diverſa* conſuetudo *primum* leni*t eam* moleſtiam, *mox* vertit *in ſummam voluptatem*, ut *non oporteat te* pœnitere *brevis moleſtiæ*.

At the Beginning *indeed*, but *a different* Cuſtom *firſt* mitigates *that* Trouble, *by and by* turns it *into the greateſt Pleaſure*, that *you ought not* to be concerned *for a ſhort Trouble*.

A. Ve-

A. Vereor non ut ſuccedat.

I am afraid it will not ſucceed.

B. Si *eſſes* ſeptuagenarius, *non retraherem* te *a ſolitis*. Nunc *vix egreſſus es* decimum ſeptimum *annum*, opinor. *Quid autem eſt* quod *iſta* ætas *non poſſit* vincere, *ſi* adſit *modo* promptus *animus?*

If *you were* ſeventy Years old, *I would not take* you *off from what you were uſed to*. Now *you are ſcarce paſt* the ſeventeenth *Year*, I believe. *And what is it* which *that* Age *cannot* conquer, *if* there be *but* a ready *Mind?*

A. Quidem *aggrediar*, conaborque, *ut* fiam *philologus* ex phylypno.

Truly *I will attempt it*, and endeavour, *that* I may become *a Philologer* of a Lover of Sleep.

B. Si *feceris id*, ſcio ſatis, *poſt* paucos *dies*, et *gratulaberis* ſerio *tibi*, et *ages* mihi *gratēs*, qui monuerim.

If *you do that*, I know well enough, *after* a few *Days*, both *you will rejoice* in earneſt *to yourſelf*, and *give* me *Thanks*, who adviſed you to it.

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COLLOQUIUM SENILE.

Euſebius, Pampyrus, Polygamus, Glycion.

Eu. QUAS *novas aves video* hic? *Niſi* animus *fallit* me, *aut* oculi *proſpiciunt* parum, *video* tres *veteres* congerrones *meos* confidentes, *Pampyrum*, Polygamum, *et* Glycionem.

WHAT *new* Birds *do I ſee* here? *Unleſs* my Mind *deceives* me, *or* my Eyes *diſcern* but little, *I ſee* three *old* Companions *of mine* ſitting together, *Pampyrus*, Polygamus, *and* Glycion.

Pa. Quid tibi vis *cum* vitreis *oculis*, faſcinator? *Congredere* propius *Euſebi*.

What do you mean *with* your glaſs *Eyes*, you Wizard? *Come* nearer *Euſebius*.

Po. Salve *Euſebi*, multum *exoptate*.

God ſave you *Euſebius*, much *longed for*.

Gly. Sit *bene* tibi *optime* vir.

May it be *well* with you *very good* Sir.

Eu. Una *ſalute*, ſalvete *omnes*. Quis *deus* aut *caſus* felicior *deo* conjunxit *nos*? Nam

In one *Salutation*, God ſave you *all*. What *God*, or *Chance* more lucky *than a God*, has joined *us*? For

nemo

nemo noſtrum *vidit* alium *jam* quadraginta *annis*, opinor. *Mercurius* non potuiſſet *contrahere* nos *in unum* melius *ſuo caduceo.*

none of us *has ſeen* another *now* this forty *Years*, I think. *Mercury* could not *have brought* us *together* better *with his Rod.*

A. Quid *agitis* hic?

What *are you doing* here?

Pa. Sedemus.

We are ſitting.

Eu. Video, *ſed* qua de cauſa?

I ſee, *but* for what Cauſe?

Po. Operimur *currum*, qui *devehat* nos *Antwerpiam.*

We are waiting for *a Coach*, that *ſhould carry* us *to Antwerp.*

Eu. Ad mercatum?

To the Mart?

Po. Scilicet; *ſed* ſpectatores *magis* quam *negotiatores.*

Yes; *but* Spectators *more* than *Traders.*

Eu. Et *nobis eſt iter* eodem. *Verum* quid *obſtat*, quo minus eatis?

And *I am travelling* to the ſame Place. *But* what *binders* that you do not go?

Po. Nondum convenit *cum* aurigis.

We are not yet agreed *with* the Coachmen.

Eu. Difficile *genus* hominum; *ſed* viſne *ut* imponamus illis?

A hard *Kind* of Men: *But* are you willing *that* we ſhould impoſe upon them?

Po. Liberet *ſi* liceret.

It would pleaſe me *if* it could be.

Eu. Simulemus *nos* velle *abire* simul *pedibus.*

Let us pretend *that we* will *go* together *on Foot.*

Po. Credant *citius* cancros *volaturos*, quam *nos* tam *grandes* confecturos *hoc* iter *pedibus.*

They would believe *sooner* that Crabs *would fly*, than *that we* ſo *elderly* ſhould diſpatch *this* Journey *on Foot.*

Gl. Vultis *rectum* ac *verum* conſilium?

Would you have *right* and *true* Advice?

Po. Maxime.

Yes.

Gl. Illi *potant*, quo diutius *faciunt* id, *hoc* plus *periculi* erit, *ne ubi* dejiciant *nos* in lutum.

They *are drinking*, the longer *they do* that, *ſo much* the more *Danger* will there be, *leſt ſome where* they throw *us* into the Dirt.

P. Oportet venias *admodum diluculo*, ſi *velis* aurigam *ſobrium.*

You muſt come *very early*, if *you will have* a Coachman *ſober.*

Gl. Quo *perveniamus* maturius *Antwerpiam*, ſtipulemus *currum* nobis *quatuor* ſolis. *Cenſeo* tantillum *pecuniæ* contemnendum. *Hoc* damnum *penſabitur* multis *commoditatibus.* Sedebimus *commodius*, ac *tranſigemus* hoc *iter* ſuaviſſime *mutuis* fabulis.

That *we may come* the ſooner *to Antwerp*, let us hire *a Coach* for us *four* alone. *I think* that ſo little *Money* is to be deſpiſed. *This* Loſs *will be made up* by many *Conveniences.* We ſhall ſit *more conveniently*, and *ſhall paſs* this *Journey* moſt ſweetly *in mutual* Stories.

Po. Gly-

Po. Glycion *ſuadet* rectè.

Glycion *adviſes* right.

Gl. Tranſegi. *Conſcendamus.* Voh! *nunc* libet *vivere*, poſteaquam *contigit* mihi *videre* ſodales *olim* cariſſimos, *ex* tanto intervallo.

I have bargained. *Let us go in.* Oh! *now* I have a Mind *to live*, after *it has happened* to me *to ſee* Companions *formerly* very dear *after* ſo long an Interval.

Eu. Ac *videor* mihi *repubeſcere.*

And *I ſeem* to myſelf *to grow young again.*

Po. Quot *annos* ſupputatis, *ex quo* convixímus *Lutetiæ?*

How *many Years* do you count it *ſince* we lived together *at Paris?*

Eu. Arbitror *non* pauciores *quadraginta* duobus.

I think *no* fewer *than forty* two.

Po. Tum *videbamur* omnes æquales.

Then *we ſeemed* all of an Age.

Eu. Ita *eramus* ferme, *aut* ſi *erat* quid *diſcriminis*, erat *perpuſillum.*

So *we were* almoſt, *or* if *there was* any thing *of Difference*, it was *very little.*

Pa. At *nunc* quanta *inæqualitas?* Nam *Glycion* habet *nihil* ſenii, *et* Polygamus *queat* videri *hujus avus.*

But *now* how great is *the Inequality*; For *Glycion* has *nothing* of old Age, *and* Polygamus *might* ſeem *his Grand-Father.*

Eu. Profecto *ſic* res *habet.* Quid rei *in cauſa?*

Truly *ſo* the Thing *is.* What Thing *is the Occaſion?*

Pa. Quid? *Aut* hic *ceſſavit* ac *reſtitit* in curſu, *aut* ille *antevertit*.

What? *Either* he *has loitered* and *ſtopped* in the Race, *or* the other *has outran him*.

Eu. Oh! *anni* non ceſſant, *quantumvis* homines *ceſſent*.

Oh! *Years* do not loiter, *how much ſoever* Men *may loiter*.

Po. Dic *bona* fide, *Glycion*, quot *annos* numeras?

Tell me *in good* Faith, *Glycion*, how many *Years* do you reckon?

Gl. Plures *quam* ducatos.

More *than* Ducats.

Po. Quot *tandem*?

How many *at laſt*?

Gl. Sexaginta *ſex*.

Sixty *ſix*.

Po. Sed quibus *artibus* remoratus es *ſenectutem*? Nam *neque* canities, *neque* rugoſa *cutis* adeſt. *Oculi* vigent, *ſeries* dentium *utrinque* nitet, *color* eſt *vividus*, corpus *ſuccolentum*.

But by what *Arts* have you kept off *old Age*? For *neither* Hoarineſs, *nor* a wrinkled *Skin* is yet come upon you. *The Eyes* are briſk, *the Row* of Teeth *on each ſide* is neat, *the Colour* is *lively*, and the Body *full of Blood*.

Gl. Dicam *meas* artes, *modo* tu narres *nobis* viciſſim *tuas* artes, *quibus* acceleraſti *ſenectutem*.

I will tell *my* Arts, *ſo be* you tell *us* again *your* Arts, *by which* you haſtened on *old Age*.

Po. Recipio *me facturum*. Dic *igitur*,

I undertake *that I will do it*. Tell us *then*, whi-

que

quo *contuliſti* te *relicta* Lutetia?

ther *did you betake* yourſelf *after you left* Paris?

Gl. Recta *in patriam.* Commoratus *illic* fere *annum*, cœpi *diſpicere* de eligendo *genere* vitæ. *Quam* rem *ego* credo *habere* non *leve* momentum *ad felicitatem.* Circumſpiciebam *quid* ſuccederet *cuiquam*, quid *ſecus.*

Directly *into my Country.* Having ſtaid *there* almoſt *a Year*, I began *to conſider* about chooſing *a Way* of Life. *Which* Thing *I* believe *to have* no *ſmall* Moment *towards Happineſs.* I conſidered *what* ſucceeded *with any one*, what did *otherwiſe.*

Po. Miror *fuiſſe tibi* tantum *mentis*, cum *nihil* fuerit *nugacius* te *Lutetiæ.*

I wonder *you had* ſo much *Senſe*, whereas *nothing* was *more trifling* than you *at Paris.*

Gl. Tum *ætas* ferebat; *et* tamen, *o bone*, non geſſi *omnem* rem *hic* meo marte.

Then *my Age* allowed it; *and* yet, *good Sir*, I did not manage *the whole* Affair *here* by my own Conduct.

Po. Mirabar.

I wondered.

Gl. Priuſquam *aggrederer* quidquam, *adii* quendam *e civibus*, grandem natu, *prudentiſſimum* longo *uſu* rerum, *et* probatiſſimum *teſtimonio* totius *civitatis*, ac *meo judicio*, feliciſſimum *etiam.*

Before *I attempted* any thing, *I went* to one *of the Citizens*, elderly, *very wiſe* by long *Experience* in Affairs, *and* very well approved of *by the Teſtimony* of the whole *City*, and *in my Judgement* very happy *too.*

Eu. Sa-

Eu. Sapiebas.

You were wiſe.

Gl. Uſus *hujus* conſilio *duxi* uxorem.

Uſing *his* Advice, *I married* a Wife.

Po. Pulchre dotatam?

With a good Fortune?

Gl. Mediocri *dote*: ea *res* ceſſit *mihi* plane *ex animi ſententia*.

With a moderate *Fortune*: That *Thing* fell out *to me* truly *according to my Heart's Deſire*.

Po. Quot *annos* natus *eras* tum?

How many *Years* old *were you* then?

Gl. Ferme *viginti* duos.

Almoſt *twenty* two.

Po. O felicem te!

O happy you!

Gl. Non debeo *totum* hoc *fortunæ*, ne quid erres.

I do not owe *all* this *to Fortune*, do not miſtake.

Po. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Gl. Dicam, *alii* diligunt *priuſquam* deligant, *ego* delegi *judicio*, priuſquam *diligerem*, et *tamen* duxi *hanc* magis *ad poſteritatem*, quam *ad voluptatem*. Vixi *cum ea* ſuaviſſime *non* plures *octo* annos.

I will tell you. *Others* love *before* they chooſe, *I* choſe *judiciouſly*, before *I loved*, and *yet* I married *her* more *for iſſue* than *for Pleaſure*. I lived *with her* moſt pleaſantly *no* more *than eight* Years.

Po. Re-

Po. Reliquit *orbum?*

Did ſhe leave you *childleſs?*

Gi. Imo *duo* filii, *totidemque* filiæ *ſuperſunt.*

Nay *two* Sons, *and as many* Daughters *ſurvive her.*

Po. Viviſne *privatus*, an *fungeris* magiſtratu?

Do you live *a private Perſon*, or *do you bear* any Office?

Gl. Eſt mihi *publicum* munus. *Majora* poterant *contingere*, verum *delegi* hoc *mihi*, quod *haberet* tantum *dignitatis*, ut *vindicaret* me *a contemptu*, cæterum *minime* obnoxium *moleſtiis* negotiis. *Ita* nec eſt *quod* quiſquam *objiciat* me *vivere* mihi. *Et* eſt unde dem operam *amicis* quoque *nonnunquam*: contentus *hoc* ambii *nihil* magis: *verum* geſſi *magiſtratum* ſic *ut* dignitas *accreverit* illi *ex me*. Ego *duco* hoc *pulchrius* quam *ſumere mutuo* dignitatem *ex ſplendore* muneris.

I have *a public* Office. *Greater Places* might *have fallen to me*, but *I choſe* this *for myſelf*, becauſe *it had* ſo much *of Honour*, that *it would ſecure* me *from Contempt*, but *not at all* liable *to troubleſome* Buſineſs. *So* there is no reaſon *that* any one *ſhould object* that I *live* for myſelf. *And* I have it in my Power to be ſerviceable *to my Friends* too *ſometimes*: content *with this*, I ſought *no* more: *But* I bore *my Office* ſo, *that* Dignity *accrued* to it *from me*. I *reckon* this *handſomer* than *to borrow* Dignity *from the Splendour* of an Office.

Eu. Nihil *verius*

Nothing *more true.*

Gl. Sic

Gl. Sic *consenui* inter *meos* cives *charus* omnibus.

Thus *I grew old* amongſt *my* Citizens *dear* to all.

Eu. Istuc *est* difficillimum, *cum* dictum sit *non* abs re, *cum* qui *habet* neminem *inimicum*, nec habere *quenquam* amicum; *et* invidiam *esse* semper *comitem* felicitatis.

That *is* very hard, *seeing* it has been said *not* without Reason, *that he* who *has* no body *his Enemy*, has not *any one* his Friend; *and* that Envy *is* always *the Companion* of Happineſs.

Gl. Invidia *solet* comitari *insignem* felicitatem. *Mediocritas* est *tuta*. Et *hoc* fuit *mihi* perpetuum *studium*, ne compararem quid mei commodi *ex incommodis* aliorum. *Ingressus* memet *nullis* negotiis, *sed* præcipue *continui* me *ab his*, quæ *non poterunt* suscipi *sine* offensa *multorum*. Itaque *si* amicus *erit* juvandus, *benefacio* illi *sic*, ut *parem* nullum *inimicum* mihi *hac de causa*. Et *si* quid *simultatis* otium fuerit *alicunde*, aut lenio *purgatione*, aut *extinguo* officiis, *aut* patior *intermori* dissimulatione. *Abstineo*

Envy *uses* to attend upon *extraordinary* Happineſs. *A Mean* is *safe*. And *this* was *my* conſtant *Care*, not to procure to myſelf any Advantage *by the Diſadvantage* of others. *I thruſt* myſelf *into no* Buſineſs, *but* eſpecially *kept* myſelf *from that* which *could not* be undertaken *without* the Offence *of many*. Wherefore *if* a Friend *is* to be aſſiſted, *I befriend* him *ſo*, that *I procure* no *Enemy* to myſelf *upon that Account*. And *if* any *Difference* ariſes *on any hand*, I either ſoften it *by clearing myſelf*, or *quaſh it* by Kindneſs, *or* ſuffer it *to die away* by taking no Notice. *I abſtain* always *from Contention*; which *if* it happen, *I had rather* ſem-

ſemper *contentione*; quæ *ſi* inciderit, *malo* facere jacturam *rei* quam *amicitiæ*. In cæteris *ago* quendam Mitionem, *arrideo* omnibus; *ſaluto* et *reſaluto* benigniter. *Repugno* nullius *animo*. Damno *inſtitutum* aut *factum* nullius: *præfero* me *nemini*: quod *velim* taceri, *credo* nemini: *non ſcrutor* aliorum *arcana*, et *ſi* forte *novi* quid *nunquam effutio*. Aut taceo *de his* qui *non ſunt* præſentes, *aut* loquor *amice* ac *civiliter*. Magna *pars* ſimultatum *inter* homines *naſcitur* ex intemperantia *linguæ*. Nec excito *nec* alo *alienas* ſimultates. *Sed* ubicunque *opportunitas* datur, *aut extinguo*, aut *mitigo*. His rationibus *hactenus* vitavi *invidiam*, et *alui* benevolentiam *meorum* civium.

ſuffer the Loſs *of Money* than *Friendſhip*. In other Things *I act* a Mitio, *I ſmile upon* all Men; *I ſalute* and *re-ſalute* kindly. *I oppoſe* no Man's *Inclinations*. I condemn *the Uſage* or *Actions* of no Man. *I prefer* myſelf *before no body*. What *I would have* concealed, *I truſt* to no body: *I examine not into* other Men's *Secrets*, and *if* by chance *I knew* any Thing, *I never blab it*. I either hold my Tongue *of thoſe* who *are not* preſent, *or* ſpeak *friendly* and *civilly*. A great *Part* of the Quarrels *amongſt* Men *ariſes* from the Intemperance *of the Tongue*. I neither excite *nor* promote *other Men's* Quarrels. *But* whereſoever *an Opportunity* is given, *I either put an end to them*, or *leſſen them*. By theſe Means *hitherto* I have avoided *Envy*, and *preſerved* the Good-will *of my* Citizens.

Pa. Non ſenſiſti *cælibatum* gravem?

Did not you find *a ſingle Life* troubleſome?

Gl. Nihil *unquam* accidit *mihi* quidem

Nothing *ever* happened *to me* indeed *more bitter* in

acer-

acerbius in vita *morte* uxoris; *ac* optaſſem *vehementer*, illam *conſeneſcere* una *mecum*, et *frui* communibus *liberis*; ſed *quando* viſum eſt *aliter* ſuperis, *judicavi* ſic *expedire magis* utrique; *neque* putavi *cauſam* cur *diſcruciarem* me *inani* luctu, *præſertim* cum *is* nihil prodeſſet *defunctæ*.

my Life, *than the Death* of my Wife: *And* I could have wiſhed *mightily*, that ſhe *might have grown old* together *with me*, and *enjoyed* our common *Children*; but *ſince* it ſeemed *otherwiſe* to God, *I judged it* ſo *to be better* for both: *Neither* did I think *there was any Cauſe* why *I ſhould torment* myſelf *with vain* Mourning, *eſpecially* ſince *that* would do no good *to the deceaſed*.

Po. Nunquamne inceſſit libido *repetendi matrimonii*, præſertim *cum* iſtud *ceſſiſſet* feliciter?

Had you never a Deſire *to marry again*, eſpecially *ſince* it *fell out* luckily.

Gl. Inceſſit libido; *ſed* duxeram *uxorem* cauſa *liberorum*; non duxi *rurſus* cauſa *liberorum*.

I had Deſire; *but* I had married *a Wife* for the Sake *of Children*; I did not marry *again* for the Sake *of Children*.

Po. At *eſt* miſerum *cubare* ſolum *totas* noctes.

But *it is* miſerable *to lie* alone *whole* Nights.

Gl. Nihil *eſt* difficile *volenti*. Tum *cogita* quantas *commoditates* cælibatus *habeat*. Quidam *decernunt* ex omni re, *ſi*

Nothing *is* difficult *to one that is willing*. Then *conſider* how great *Advantages* a ſingle Life *has*. Some *take* out of every Thing, *if* any *Inconveniency*

quid

quid *incommodi* ineſt: *qualis* ille *Crates* videtur *fuiſſe*, cujus titulo *fertur* epigramma *colligens* mala *vitæ*. Iſtud *proverbium placet* his, *optimum* non naſci. *Metrodorus* arridet *mihi* magis, *decerpens* undiquaque, *ſi* quid *boni* inęſt. *Nam* ſic *vita* fit *dulcior*. Et *ego* induxi *animum* ſic, *ut* oderim *vel* expetam *nihil* vehementer. *Ita* fit, *ut* ſi *quid* boni *contingat*, non efferar *aut* inſoleſcam, *ſi* quid *decedat*, non admodum crucier.

is in it? *Such as* that *Crates* ſeems *to have been*, under whoſe Name *goes* an Epigram, *collecting* the Evils *of Life*. That *Proverb pleaſes* them, *'tis beſt* not to be born. *Metrodorus* pleaſes *me* more, *gathering* from all Sides, *if* any *Good* be in a thing. *For* ſo *Life* becomes *more pleaſant*. And *I* have brought *my Mind* to that, *that* I hate *or* deſire *nothing* very much. *So* it comes to paſs, *that* if *any* Good *happens to me*, I am not elated *or* inſolent; *if* any thing *is loſt*, I am not much troubled.

Po. Næ *tu* es *philoſophus* ſapientior *Thalete* ipſo, *ſi* quidem *potes* iſtud.

Truly *you* are *a Philoſopher* wiſer *than Thales* himſelf, *if* indeed *you can do* that.

Gl. Si *quid* ægritudinis *obortum eſt* animo, *ut* vita *mortalium* fert *multa* hujuſmodi, *ejicio* ex animo *protinus*, ſive *ſit* ira *ex offenſa*, ſive *quid* aliud *factum* indigne.

If *any thing* of Trouble *ariſes* in my Mind, *as* the Life *of Mortals* produces *a great many things* of this kind, *I caſt it* out of my Mind *immediately*, whether *it be* Anger *from any Offence* or *any thing* elſe *done* unworthily.

Po. At *ſunt* quædam *injuriæ* quæ *mo-*

But *there are* ſome *Injuries* which *would* rai*ſe*

veant ſtomachum *vel* placidiſſimo: *et* tales *ſunt* frequenter *offenſæ* famulorum.

Reſentment *even* in the meekeſt Man: *And* ſuch *are* frequently *the Offences* of Servants.

Gl. Patior *nihil* reſidere *in animo:* ſi *queam* mederi, *medeor:* ſin *minus*, cogito *ſic*, quid *proderit* me *ringi*, re *habitura* nihilo *melius?* Quid multis? *Patior* ut ratio impetret *hoc* a me *mox*, quod *tempus* paulo *poſt* impetraret *a me.* Certe *eſt* nullus *dolor* animi *tantus* quem *patiar* ire cubitum *mecum.*

I ſuffer *nothing* to ſettle *in my Mind:* If *I can* cure it, *I do cure it:* But if *not*, I think *thus*, what *will it ſignify* for me *to be vexed*, the Thing *being like to be* nothing *the better?* What needs many Words? *I ſuffer* Reaſon to obtain *that* of me *preſently*, which *Time* a little *after* would obtain *of me.* However *there is* no *Trouble* of Mind *ſo great* which *I ſuffer* to go to Bed *with me.*

Eu. Nihil mirum *ſi* tu *non ſeneſcis*, qui *ſis* tali *animo.*

No Wonder *if* you *do not grow old*, who *are* of ſuch *a Mind.*

Gl. Atque *adeo* ne reticeam *quid* apud amicos, *cavi* cum primis *ne committerem* quid *flagitii*, quod *poſſet* eſſe *probro* vel *mihi* vel *meis* liberis; *nam* nihil *eſt* irrequietius *animo* conſcio *ſibi* male. *Quod* ſi *quid* culpæ *ſit* admiſſum, *non eo* cubitum, *priuſquam* recon-

And *accordingly* that I may not conceal *any thing* with my Friends, *I took care* eſpecially *not to commit* any *Crime*, which *might* be *a Scandal* either *to me* or *my* Children; *for* nothing *is* more reſtleſs *than a Mind* conſcious *to itſelf* of any thing that is bad. *But* if *any* Fault *be* committed, *I do not go* to Bed, *before* I reconcile *myſelf* to God.

ciliaro

ciliaro *me* Deo. *Convenire* bene *cum* Deo *eſt* fons *veræ* tranquilitatis: *nam homines* non poſſunt *nocere* vel *magnopere*, qui *vivunt* ſic.

To agree well *with* God *is* the Fountain *of true* Tranquility: *For Men* cannot *hurt* them *much*, who *live* ſo.

Eu. Num *quando* metus *mortis* cruciat *te?*

Whether *at any Time* does the Fear *of Death* torment *you?*

Gl. Nihilo *magis* quam *dies* nativitatis *macerat*. Scio *moriendum*. Iſta *ſolicitudo* fortaſſe *adimat* mihi *aliquot* dies *vitæ*, certe *poſſet* adjiecere *nihil*. Itaque *committo* hanc *totam* curam *Deo*. Ipſe *curo* nihil *aliud* quam *ut* vivam *bene* ſuaviterque.

No *more* than *the Day* of my Birth *troubles me*. I know *I muſt die*. That *Trouble* perhaps *would take away* from me *ſome* Days *of my Life*, however *it could* add *nothing*. Wherefore *I commit* this *whole* Care *to God*. I *mind* nothing *elſe* but *that* I may live *well* and pleaſantly.

Po. At *ego* ſeneſcerem *tædio*, ſi *degerem* tot *annos* in *eadem* urbe, *etiamſi* contingat *vivere* Romæ.

But *I* ſhould grow old *with Wearineſs*, if *I ſhould live* ſo many *Years* in *the ſame* City, *although* it ſhould happen to me *to live* at Rome.

Gl. Mutatio *loci* quidem *habet* nonnihil *voluptatis*; vero *ut* peregrinationes longinquæ *addunt* prudentiam *fortaſſe*,

The Change *of Place* indeed *has* ſomething *of Pleaſure*; but *as* Travelling into foreign Countries *gives* prudence *perhaps*, *ſo* has it *very much* Danger.

ita habent *plurimum* periculorum. *Videor* mihi *obire* totum *orbem* tutius *in* geographica tabula, *neque videre* paulo *plus* in hiſtoriis, *quam* ſi *volitarem* viginti *totos* annos, *ad exemplum* Ulyſſis, *per* omnes *terras* marinque. *Habeo* prædiolum, *quod* abeſt *non* plus *quam* duobus *millibus* paſſuum *ab urbe*. Ibi *ſio* ruſticus *ex* urbano *nonnunquam*. Atque *recreatus* ibi, *redeo* novus *hoſpes* in urbem: *nec* ſaluto *ac* ſalutor *aliter* quam *ſi* renavigaſſem *ex* inſulis *nuper* inventis.

I ſeem to myſelf *to paſs over* the whole *World* more ſafely *in* a Map, *and not to ſee* a little *more* in Hiſtories, *than* if *I ſailed about* twenty *whole* Years, *after the Example* of Ulyſſes, *through* all *Lands* and Seas. *I have* a little Eſtate *which* is diſtant *no* more *than* two *thouſand* Paces *from the City*. There *I become* a Countryman *of* a Citizen *ſometimes*. And *being refreſhed* there, *I return* a new *Gueſt* into the City; nor do I ſalute *and* am ſaluted *otherwiſe* than *if* I had ſailed back *from* the Iſlands *lately* found out.

Eu. Non adjuvas *valetudinem* pharmacis?

Do not you ſupport *your Health* by Phyſick?

Gl. Mihi nihil rei *cum* medicis. *Nec incidi* venam *unquam*, nec *devoravi* catapotia, *nec* hauſi *potiones*. Si *quid* laſſitudinis *aboritur*, propello *malum* moderatione *victus*, aut *ruſticatione*.

I have nothing to do *with* the Doctors. *I have neither opened* a Vein *at any Time*, nor *ſwallowed* Pills, *nor* drunk *Potions*. If *any* Languor *ariſes*, I remove *the Evil* by a Moderation *of Diet*, or *living in the Country*.

Eu. Nihilne tibi *cum* ſtudiis?

Have you nothing to do *with* Studies? Gl.

Gl. Eſt; *nam* in his *eſt* præcipua *oblectatio* vitæ. *Verum* oblecto, *non* macero *me* his. *Siquidem* ſtudeo *vel* ad voluptatem, *vel* ad utilitatem *vitæ*, non autem *ad oſtentationem*. A cibo *aut paſcor* literatis *fabulis*, aut *adhibeo* lectorem. *Nec* unquam incumbo *libris* ultra *horam*. Tum *ſurgo*, et *arrepta* teſtudine, *vel centillo* obambulans *pauliſper* in cubiculo, *vel* repeto *mecum* quod *legerim*, et *ſi* congerro *eſt* in promptu, *refero*; mox *redeo* ad librum.

I have; *for* in theſe *is* the chief *Diverſion* of my Life. *But* I divert, *not* torment *myſelf* with them. *For* I ſtudy *either* for Pleaſure, *or* for the Convenience *of Life*, and not *for Oſtentation*. After Meat *I am either cheared* with learned *Stories*, or *I employ* a Reader. *Nor* do I ever mind *my Books* above *an Hour*. Then *I riſe*, and *taking up* my Fiddle, *I either play* whilſt I walk *a little* in my Chamber, *or* I run over *with myſelf* what *I have read*, and *if* a Companion *be* at hand, *I relate it to him*; by and by, *I return* to my Book.

Eu. Dic *bona* fide, *ſentis* nulla *incommoda* ſenectutis, *quæ* feruntur *eſſe* plurima?

Tell me *in good* Truth, *do you perceive* no *Inconveniencies* of old Age, *which* are reported *to be* very many?

Gl. Somnus *eſt* aliquanto *deterior*, nec *eſt* memoria *perinde* tenax, *niſi* infixero *aliquid*. Liberavi *meam* fidem, *expoſui* vobis *meas* magicas *artes*, quibus *ego* meam *juventutem*. Nunc *referat Polygamus* pari

My Sleep *is* ſomething *worſe*, nor *is* my Memory *ſo* tenacious, *unleſs* I fix *any thing in it*. I have diſcharged *my* Credit, *I have related* to you *my* magical *Arts*, whereby *I keep up* my *Youth*. Now *let Polygamus relate* with the like *Faithfulneſs*, how

fide, unde *collegerit* tantum *ſenii*.

he *contracted* ſo much *old Age*.

Po. Equidem *celabo* nihil *tam fidos* ſodales.

Truly *I will conceal* nothing *from ſo faithful* Companions.

Eu. Narrabis *etiam* tacituris.

You will tell it *too* to thoſe that will hold their Tongues.

Po. Cum *agerem* Lutetiæ, *ipſi* noſtis *quam non abhorruerim ab Epicuro*.

When *I lived* at Paris, *you yourſelves* know *how far I was from diſliking Epicurus*.

Eu. Sane *meminimus*, ſed *arbitrabamur* te *relicturum* iſtos *mores* una *cum* adoleſcentia *Lutetiæ*.

Indeed *we do remember*, but *we thought* that you *would leave* thoſe *Manners* together *with* your Youth *at Paris*.

Po. Ex *multis* quas *adamaram* illic, *abduxi* unam *mecum* domum *eamque* gravidam.

Of *many* which *I had loved* there, *I carried* one *with me* Home, *and her* with Child.

Eu. In *paternas* ædes?

Into *your Father's* Houſe?

Po. Recta; *ſed* mentitus *eam* eſſe *conjugem* cujuſdam *amici* mei, *qui* venturus eſſet *mox*.

Directly; *but* pretending *that ſhe* was *the Wife* of a certain *Friend* of mine, *who* would come *by and by*.

Eu. Credidit *pater* id?

Did *your Father* believe it?

Po. Imo

Po. Imo *olfecit* rem *intra* quatriduum. *Mox* fuere *sæva* jurgia. *Nec* tamen *temperabam* interim *ab conviviis*, ab alea, *cæterisque* malis *artibus*. Quid multis? *Cum* pater *non faceret* finem *objurgandi* negans *se* velle *alere* tales *gallinas* domi, *ac* subinde *minitans* abdicationem, *verti solum*, et *demigravi* alio *cum* mea *gallina*. Ea *genuit* mihi *aliquot* pullos.

Nay *he smelt out* the Matter *within* four Days. *Presently* there was *cruel* Scolding. *Nor* yet *did I abstain* in the mean time *from Feasts*, from Dice, *and other* bad *Arts*. What needs many Words? *When* my Father *would not make* an End *of Scolding*, denying *that he* would *keep* such *Hens* at Home, *and* now and then *threatening* to discard me, *I ran away*, and *removed* to another Place *with* my *Hen*. She *brought* me *some* Chickens.

Gl. Unde *res suppetebat?*

Where *had you Money?*

Po. Mater *dabat* nonninil *furtim*, ac *præterea* plus *satis* æris alieni *conflatum est*.

My Mother *gave me* something *by stealth*, and *besides* more *than enough* of Debt *was contracted*.

Eu. Reperiebantur *tam* fatui *ut* crederent *tibi?*

Were there any found *so* foolish *as* to trust *you?*

Po. Sunt *qui* credant *nullis* libentius.

There are those *who* trust *none* more willingly.

Eu. Quid *tandem?*

What *at last?*

Po. Tandem *cum* pater *serio* pararet *abdicationem*, amici *intercesserunt*, et *composuerunt* hoc *bellum* his legibus, *ut* ducerem uxorem *nostratem*, et *repudiarem* Gallam.

At last, *when* my Father *in earnest* was preparing *to disinherit me*, Friends *interceded*, and *made up* this *Difference* upon these Terms, *that* I should marry a Woman *of our own Country*, and *divorce* my French Woman.

Eu. Erat

Eu. Erat *uxor?*

Was she *your Wife?*

Po. Verba *futuri* temporis *interceſſerant*, ſed *congreſſus* præſentis *temporis* acceſſerat.

Words *of the future* Time *had paſſed betwixt us*, but *a Rencounter* of the preſent *Time* had been added to them.

Eu. Qui *licuit igitur* divertere *ab illa?*

How *could you then* part *from her?*

Po. Poſt *reſcitum eſt* eſſe meæ Gallæ *maritum* Gallum, *unde* ſubduxerat *ſe* pridem.

Afterwards *it was known* that my French-woman had *a Huſband* a French-man, *from whom* ſhe had withdrawn *herſelf* long before.

Eu. Habes *ergo* uxorem *nunc?*

Have you *therefore* a Wife *now?*

Po. Non niſi *hanc* octavam.

But *this* eighth.

Eu. Octavam! *Non dictus es* Polygamus *ſine* augurio. *Fortaſſe* omnes *deceſſerunt* ſteriles.

An eighth! *You were not called* Polygamus *without* Augury. *Perhaps* they all *died* barren.

Po. Imo *nulla non* reliquit *aliquot* catulos *domi meæ.*

Nay *every one* left *ſome* young ones *in my Houſe.*

Eu. Ego *malim* tot *gallinas*, quæ *ponerent* ova *mihi* domi. *Non tædet* polygamiæ?

I *had rather have* as many *Hens*, that *might lay* Eggs *for me* at Home. *Are you not weary* of marrying ſo often?

Po. Adeo tædet, *ut* ſi *hæc* octava *moreretur* hodie, *ducerem* nonam *perinde*. Imo *hoc* male habet *me*, quod *non liceat* habere *duas* aut *ternas*, cum

I am ſo weary, *that* if *this* eighth *ſhould die* To-day, *I would marry* a ninth *the next Day after To-morrow*. Nay *this* vexes *me*, that *it is not lawful* to have *two* or *three*, when

unus gallus *poſſideat* tot *gallinas*.

Eu. Equidem *haud miror*, ſi *parum pinguiſti*, quodque *collegeris* tantum *ſenii*: nam *nihil* accelerat *ſenectutem* æque quam *immodicæ* atque *intempeſtivæ* compotationes, *impotentes* amores *mulierum*, et *immoderata* ſalacitas. *Sed* quis *alit* familiam?

Po. Mediocris *res* acceſſit *ex obitu* parentum, *et* laboror *gnaviter* manibus.

Eu. Deſciviſti *igitur* a literis.

Po. Plane *ab equis*, quod aiunt, *ad aſinos*; ex heptatechno *factus* faber *monotechnus*.

Eu. Miſer!

Po. Nunquam vixi *cælebs* ultra *decem* dies, *ſemperque* nova nupta *expulit* veterem *luctum*. Habetis *ſummam* vitæ meæ *bona* fide. *Atque* utinam *Pampyrus* narret *nobis* quoq; *fabulam* ſuæ vitæ, *qui* portat *ætatem* belle *ſatis*. Nam, *ni* fallor, *eſt* grandior *me* duobus *aut* tribus *annis*.

one Cock *has* ſo many *Hens*.

Truly *I do not wonder*, if *you are not fat*, and that *you have contracted* ſo much *of old Age*: For *not* ing haſtens on *old Age* ſo much as *exceſſive* and *unſeaſonable* Drinking, *extravagant* Love *of Women*, and *immoderate* Wantonneſs. *But* who *maintains* your Family?

Po. A ſmall *Eſtate* came to me *by the Death* of my Parents, *and* I work *hard* with my Hands.

You have deſerted *therefore* from Letters.

Indeed *from Horſes*, as they ſay, *to Aſſes*; of a Man of ſeven Arts *I am become* a Workman *of one Art*.

Poor Man!

I never lived *a ſingle Man* above *ten* Days, *and always* a new-married Wife *expelled* my old *Sorrow*. You have *the Sum* of my Life *in good* Earneſt. *And* I wiſh *Pampyrus* would tell *us* too *the Story* of his Life, *who* bears *Age* well *enough*. For, *unleſs* I am miſtaken, *he is* elder *than me* by two *or* three *Years*.

Pa. Ei-

Pa. Dicam *equidem* ſi *vobis vacat* audire *talia* ſomnium.

Eu. Imo *erit* voluptas *audire*.

Pa. Ubi *rediiſſem* domum, *ſtatim* ſenex *pater* cœpit *urgere* me, *ut amplecterer* aliquod *genus* vitæ, *unde* non nihil *quæſtus* accederet *rei familiari*: at *poſt* longam *conſultationem* negotiatio *placuit*.

Po. Miror *hoc* genus *vitæ* arriſiſſe *potiſſimum*.

Pa. Eram *natura* fitiens *cognoſcendi* novas *res*, varias *regiones*, urbes, *linguas*, ac *mores* hominum. *Negotiatio* videbatur *maxime* appoſita *ad id*: ex quibus *naſcitur* prudentia.

Po. Sed *miſera*, videlicet, *quæ* ſit *emenda* plerumque *magnis* malis.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Itaque *pater* numeravit *ſatis amplam* ſortem, *ut* auſpicarer *negotiationem*. Simulque *uxor* cum *magna* dote *ambiebatur*, ſed *ea forma*, quæ *poterat* com

I will tell you *indeed* if *you are at leiſure* to hear *ſuch* a Dream.

Nay *it will be* a Pleaſure *to hear it*.

When *I had returned* Home, *immediately* my aged *Father* began *to urge* me *to embrace* ſome *Way* of Life, *whereby* ſomething *of Increaſe* might accrue *to our Eſtate*: And *after* long *Conſultation*, Merchandiſe *pleaſed me*.

I wonder *that this* Kind *of Life* pleaſed you *eſpecially*.

I was *by Nature* greedy *of knowing* new *Things*, divers *Countries*, Cities, *Languages*, and *Manners* of Men. *Merchandiſe* ſeemed *the moſt* appoſite *to that Purpoſe*: From which Things *ariſeth* Prudence.

But *miſerable*, truly *that which* is *to be bought* for the moſt part *with great* Evils.

So *it is*. Wherefore *my Father* gave me *a good large* Stock, *that* I might begin *my Merchandiſe*. And at the ſame time *a Wife* with *a great* Fortune *was courted*, but *of that Beauty*, which *might* re-

mendare

mendare *et* indotatam.

Eu. Succeſſit?

Pa. Imo *priuſquam* redirem *domum*, et *ſors* et *uſura* periit.

Eu. Naufragio *fortaſſe*.

Pa. Plane *naufragio*, nam *impegimus* in ſcopulum *periculoſiorem* quavis *Malea*.

Eu. In quo *mari* occurrit *iſte* ſcopulus? *Aut* quod *nomen* habet?

Pa. Non poſſum *dicere* mare; *ſed* ſcopulus *eſt* infamis *exitiis* multorum. *Latine* dicitur *Alea*; quomodo *vos* Græci *nominetis* neſcio.

Eu. O te ſtultum!

Pa. Imo *pater* ſtultior, *qui* crederet *tantam* ſummam *adoleſcenti*.

Gl. Quid *factum eſt* deinde?

Pa. Nihil *eſt factum*, ſed *cæpi* cogitare *de ſuſpendio*.

Gl. Erat *pater* adeo *implacabilis*?

Pa. Interim *excidi ab uxore*, miſer. *Nam* parentes *puellæ* ſimul atque

commend one *even* without a Fortune.

Did it ſucceed?

Nay *before* I returned *Home*, both *Principal* and *Uſe* was gone.

By Shipwreck *perhaps*.

Plainly *by Shipwreck*, for *we ſtruck* upon a Rock *more dangerous* than any *Malea*.

In what *Sea* occurs *that* Rock? *Or* what *Name* has it?

I cannot *tell* the Sea; *but* the Rock *is* infamous *for the Ruin* of many. *In Latin* it is called *Alea*; how *you* Greeks *name it* I know not.

O you Fool!

Nay *my Father* was more fooliſh, *who* truſted *ſo great* a Sum *to a young Man*.

What *was done* then?

Nothing *was done*, but *I began* to think *of Hanging*.

Was *your Father* ſo *implacable*?

In the mean time *I was baulked of my Wife*, poor Man. *For* the Parents *of*

atque *cognoverunt* hæc *auſpicia*, renunciarunt *affinitatem*; *et* amabam *perditiſſime*.

Gl. Miſerit me *tui*. Sed *interim* quid *conſilii* tentatum eſt?

Pa. Id *quod* ſolet *in deſperatis* rebus. *Pater* abdicabat, *res* perierat, *uxor* perierat. *Quid plura?* Deliberabam *ſerio* mecum, *an* ſuſpenderem *me*, an *conjicerem* memet *aliquo* in monaſterium.

Eu. Crudele *conſilium*. Scio *utrum* eligeris, *mitius* genus *mortis*.

Pa. Imo *quod* viſum eſt *mihi* tum *crudelius*, adeo *totus* diſplicebam *mihi*.

Gl. Atqui *complures* dejiciunt *ſe* eo, *ut* vivant *ſuavius*.

Pa. Corraſo *viatico* ſubduxi *me* furtim *procul* a patria.

Gl. Quo *tandem?*

Pa. In Hiberniam. *Illic* factus ſum *canonicus* ex horum genere, *qui*

the Girl, as ſoon as *they knew* theſe *Omens*, renounced *Affinity with me*; *and* I loved *moſt deſperately*.

I pity *you*. But *in the mean time* what *Courſe* was tried?

That *which* is uſual *in deſperate* Caſes. *My Father* diſcarded me, *my Subſtance* was gone, *my Wife* was gone. *What needs more Words?* I deliberated *ſeriouſly* with myſelf, *whether* I ſhould hang *myſelf*, or *put* myſelf *ſomewhere* into a Monaſtery.

A cruel *Reſolution*. I know *which* you choſe, *the milder* Kind *of Death*.

Nay *what* ſeemed *to me* then *the more cruel*, ſo *entirely* did I diſpleaſe *myſelf*.

But *a great many* put *themſelves* in there, *that* they may live *more pleaſantly*.

Having ſcraped together *Money for my Journey*, I withdrew *myſelf* privately *to a great Diſtance* from my Country.

Whither *at laſt?*

Into Ireland. *There* I was made *a Canon* of their Kind, *who* are *Linen*

qui

qui ſunt *lanei* extime, *laneti* intime.

Gl. Hybernaſti *igitur* apud *Hibernos*?

Pa. Non. *Sed* verſatus *apud* hos *duos* menſes, *navigavi* in Scotiam.

Gl. Quid *offendit* te *apud* illos?

Pa. Nihil *niſi* quod *illud* inſtitutum *videbatur* mihi *mitius* quam *pro meritis* ejus *qui* erat *dignus* non *uno* ſuſpendio.

Eu. Quid *feciſti* in Scotia?

Pa. Illic *ex lineo* factus ſum *pelliceus* apud Carthuſios.

Eu. Homines *plane* mortuos *mundo*.

Pa. Ita *viſum eſt* mihi *cum* audirem *illos* canentes.

Gl. Quid, *mortui canunt* etiam? *Quot* menſes *egiſti* apud *illos* Scotos?

Pa. Propemodum *ſex*.

Gl. O Conſtantiam!

Eu. Quid *offendit* illuc?

Pa. Quia *vita* viſa eſt *mihi* ſegnis *et* delicata

without, *and Woollen* within.

Did you winter *then* amongſt *the Iriſh*?

No. *But* having been *with* them *two* Months, *I ſailed* into Scotland.

What *offended* you *among* them?

Nothing *but* that *that* Conſtitution *ſeemed* to me *more gentle* than *to ſuit the Deſerts* of him *who* was *worthy* not *of a ſingle* Hanging.

What *did you do* in Scotland?

There *of a Linen Man* I become *a Leathern one* amongſt the Carthuſians.

Men *plainly* dead *to the World*.

So *it appeared* to me *when* I heard *them* ſinging.

What, *do the Dead ſing* too? *How many* Months *did you ſpend* with *thoſe* Scots?

Almoſt *ſix*.

O Conſtancy!

What *offended you* there?

Becauſe *the Life* ſeemed *to me* lazy *and* nice; *then*

cata; *deinde* reperi *multos* illic *cerebri* non *admodum* ſani, *ob ſolitudinem*, ut *arbitror*. Mihi erat *parum* cerebri, *verebar* ne *totum periret*.

I found *many* there *of a Brain* not *very* ſound *becauſe of the Solitude*, as *I imagine*. I had *but little* Brain, *I was afraid* leſt *it ſhould all be loſt*.

Po Quo *devolaſti* deinde?

Whither *did you fly* then?

Pa. In Galliam. *Reperi* illic *quoſdam* totos *pullatos*, ex inſtituto *divi* Benedicti, *qui* teſtantur *colore* veſtis *ſe* lugere *in* hoc mundo; *et* inter *hos* qui *pro* ſumma *veſte* ferrent *cilicium* ſimile *reti*.

Into France. *I found* there *ſome* all in *black*, of the Order *of St.* Benedict, *who* teſtify *by the Colour* of their Coat, *that they* mourn *in* this World; *and* amongſt *them* ſome who *for* their upper *Garment* wore *Hair-cloth* like *a Net*.

Gl. O gravem *macerationem* corporis!

O grievous *Mortification* of the Body!

Pa. Hic *egi* undecim *menſes*.

Here *I ſpent* eleven *Months*.

Eu. Quid *obſtitit*, quo minus maneres *illic* perpetuo.

What *hindered you* from ſtaying *there* always?

P. Quia *illic* reperi *plus* ceremoniarum *quam* veræ *pietatis*. Præterea *audieram* eſſe *quoſdam* multo *ſanctiores* his *quos* Bernardus *revocaſſet* ad *ſeveriorem* diſciplinam, *pulla* veſte *mutata* in candidam: *apud* hos *vixi* decem *menſes*.

Becauſe *there* I found *more* of Ceremonies *than* true *Piety*. Beſides *I had heard* that there were *ſome* much *more holy* than theſe *whom* Bernard *had brought* to *more ſevere* Diſcipline, *the black* Garment *being changed* into a white: *With* theſe *I lived* ten *Months*.

Eu. Quid

Eu. Quid *offendebat* hic?

What *offended you* here?

Pa. Nihil *admodum*; nam *reperi* hos *ſodales* commodos *ſatis*. Sed *Græcum* proverbium *movebat* me. *Itaque* decretum erat *aut* non eſſe *monachum*, aut *eſſe* monachum *inſigniter*. Acceperam *eſſe* quoſdam *Brigidenſes*, homines *plane* cœleſtes. *Contuli* me *ad hos*.

Nothing *very much*; for *I found* theſe *Companions* good *enough*. But *the Greek* Proverb *moved* me. *Wherefore* I was reſolved *either* not to be *a Monk*, or *to be* a Monk *remarkably*. I had heard *there were* ſome *Brigidenſians*, Men *truly* celeſtial. *I betook* myſelf *to them*.

Eu. *Quot menſes* egiſti *illic?*

How many *Months* did you ſpend *there?*

Pa. Biduum, *nec* id *ſane* totum.

Two Days, *nor* that *indeed* entire.

Gl. Diſplicuit hoc genus vitæ *uſque adeo?*

Did this Kind of Life diſpleaſe you *ſo much?*

Pa. Non recipiunt *niſi qui obſtringat* ſe *mox* profeſſioni. *At* ego *nondum adeo inſaniebam* ut *præberem* me *facile* capiſtro, *quod* nunquam liceret *excutere*. Et *quoties* audiebam *virgines* canentes, *uxor* erepta *cruciabat* animum.

They admit no one *that does not bind* himſelf *immediately* to the Profeſſion. *But* I *was not yet ſo mad* as *to put* myſelf *eaſily* into a Nooſe, *which* I ſhould never be able *to ſhake off*. And *as often as* I heard *the Virgins* ſinging, *the Wife* I had loſt *tormented* my Mind.

Gl. Quid *deinde?*

What *then?*

Pa. Animus *ardebat* amore *ſanctimoniæ*. Tandem *obambulans* incidi *in quoſdam* præferentes *crucem*.

My Mind *was inflamed* with the Love *of Holineſs*. At laſt *as I was walking* I lighted *upon ſome* carrying *a Croſs*. This *Badge* plea-

Hoc *ſignum* arriſit *mihi* protinus, *ſed* varietas *remorabatur* electionem. *Alii* geſtabant *album*, alii *rubram*, alii *viridem*, alii *verſicolorem*, alii *ſimplicem*, alii *duplicem*. Ego, *ne relinquerem* quid *intentatum*, geſſi *ferme* omnes *formas*. Verum *comperi* ipſa re, *eſſe* longe *aliud* circumferre *crucem* in pallio *ſeu* tunica, *quam* in corde. *Tandem* feſſus *inquirendo*, ſic *cogitabam* mecum, *ut* aſſequar *omnem* ſanctimoniam *ſemel*, petam *ſanctam* terram, *ac* redibo *domum* onuſtus *ſanctimonia*.

ſed *me* immediately, *but* the Variety *hindered* my Choice. *Some* bore *a white one*, ſome *a red*, ſome *a green*, ſome *a ſingle*, ſome *a double one*. I, *that I might not leave* any thing *untried*, wore *almoſt* all *the Sorts*. But *I found* by the Thing itſelf, *that it is* quite *another Thing* to carry *a Croſs* upon a Gown, *or* a Tunick, *than* in the Heart. *At laſt* being weary *with enquiring*, thus *I thought* with myſelf, *that* I may get *all* Holineſs *at once*, I will go to *the Holy* Land, *and* will return *Home* loaded *with Holineſs*.

Po. Num profectus es *eo?*

Did you go *thither?*

Pa. Maxime.

Yes.

Po. Unde *ſuppetebat* viaticum?

Whence *had you Money* for your Journey?

Pa. Demiror *iſtud* venire tibi in mentem *nunc* denique *ut rogares*, ac *non percunctatum fuiſſe* multo *ante*. Sed *noſti* proverbium, *quævis* terra *alit* artificem.

I wonder *that this* is come into your Mind *now* at laſt *to aſk*, and *that you did not aſk that* long *before*. But *you know* the Proverb, *any* Country *maintains* an Artiſt.

Gl. Quam *artem* circumferebas?

What *Art* did you carry about?

Pa. Chi-

P. Chiromanticam.

The Chiromantick.

Gl. Ubi *didiceras* eam?

Where *had you learnt* it?

Pa. Quid refert?

What ſignifies that?

Gl. Quo præceptore?

Under what Maſter?

Pa. Eo *qui* docet *nihil non*, ventre. *Prædicebam* præterita, *præſentia*, et *futura*.

Him *who* teaches *every Thing*, the Belly. *I foretold* Things paſt, *preſent*, and *to come*.

Gl. Et *ſciebas*?

And *did you know them*?

Pa. Nihil *minus*; ſed *divinabam* audacter, *idque* tuto, *videlicet*, pretio *accepto* prius.

Nothing *leſs*, but *I gueſſed* boldly, *and that* ſafely, *that is*, my Reward *being received* firſt.

P. Poterat *tam* ridicula *ars* alere *te*?

Could *ſo* ridiculous *an Art* maintain *you*?

Pa. Poterat; *et* quidem *cum* duobus *famulis*; tantum *fatuorum* et *fatuarum* eſt *ubique*. Attamen *cum* adirem *Hieroſolymam*, addideram *me* in comitatum *cujuſdam* magnatis, *prædivitis*, qui *natus annos ſeptuaginta*, negabat *ſe* moriturum *æquo* animo, *ni* adiiſſet *Hieroſolymam* prius.

It could, *and* indeed *with* two *Servants*; ſo many *fooliſh Men* and *fooliſh Women* are there *every where*. Yet *when* I went *to Jeruſalem*, I joined *myſelf* to the Company *of a certain* great Man, *very rich*, who *being ſeventy Years old*, denied *that he* ſhould die *with a contented* Mind, *unleſs* he went *to Jeruſalem* firſt.

Eu. Et *reliquerat* uxorem *domi*?

And *had he left* a Wife *at Home*?

Pa. Atque *ſex* liberos *etiam*.

And *ſix* Children *too*.

Eu. O ſenem *impie* pium! *Atque* rediiſti *illinc* ſanctus?

O an old Man *impiouſly* pious! *And* did you return *from thence* holy?

Pa. Vis *fatear* verum? *Aliquanto* deterior *quam* iveram.

Would you have *me confeſs* the Truth? *Something* worſe *than* I went.

Eu. Sic, *ut* audio, *amor* religionis *eſt* excuſſus.

Thus, *as* I hear, *the Love* of Religion *was* expelled.

Pa. Imo *magis incanduit*. Itaque *reverſus* in Italiam, *addixi* me *militiæ*.

Nay *it was more inflamed*. Wherefore *returning* into Italy, *I applied* myſelf to *War*.

Eu. Itane *venabaris* religionem *in bello*? Quo *quid* poteſt *eſſe* ſceleratius?

Ay, *did you hunt for* Religion *in War*? Than which, *what* can *be* more wicked?

Pa. Erat *ſancta* militia.

It was *a holy* Warfare.

Eu. Fortaſſis *in Turcas*?

Perhaps *againſt the Turks*?

Pa. Imo *quoddam* ſanctius, *ut* prædicabant *tum*.

Nay *ſomething* more holy, *as* they ſaid *then*.

Eu. Quidnam?

What?

Pa. Julius *ſecundus* belligerabat *adverſus* Gallos. *Porro* experientia *multarum* rerum *etiam* commendabat *militiam* mihi.

Julius *the Second* waged War *againſt* the French. *Moreover* the Experience *of many* Things *likewiſe* recommended *War* to me.

Eu. Multarum, *ſed* malarum.

Of many, *but* bad Things.

P. Ita *comperi* poſt. *Et* tamen *vixi* durius *hic* quam *in* monaſteriis.

So *I found* afterwards. *And* yet *I lived* more hardly *here* than *in* the Monaſteries.

Eu. Quid *tum* poſtea?

What *then* afterwards?

Pa. *Jam* animus *cæpit* vacillare, *utrum* redirem *ad* negoiati-

Now my Mind *began* to waver, *whether* I ſhould return *to* Merchandize *which*

onem

onem *intermiſſam*, an *perſequerer* religionem *fugientem*. Interim *venit* in mentem *poſſe* conjungi.

Eu. Quid? *ut eſſes ſimul* et *negotiator* et *monachus?*

Pa. Quidni? *Nihil* religioſius *ordinibus* mendicantium; *et* tamen *nihil* ſimilius *negotiatori*; volitant *per* omnes *terras* et *maria*; vident *multa*, audiunt *multa*, penetrant *in* omnes *domus*, plebeiorum, *nobilium* atque *regum*.

Eu. At *non* caupo*nantur*.

Pa. Sæpe *felicius* nobis.

Eu. Quod *genus* ex his *delegiſti?*

Pa. Expertus ſum *omnes* formas.

Eu. Nulla placuit?

Pa. Imo *omnes perplacuerunt*, ſi licuiſſet *negotiari* ſtatim. *Verum* perpendebam *ſudandum mihi* diu *in choro* priuſquam *negotiatio* crederetur *mihi*. Jamque *cæpi* cogitare *de venanda* abbatia. *Sed* primum

I had given over or *purſue* Religion *flying from me*. In the mean Time *it came* into my Mind *that they might* be joined together.

What? *that* you might be *at once* both *a Merchant* and *a Monk*.

Why not? *Nothing* is more religious *than the Orders* of the Medicants; *and* yet *nothing* is more like *Merchandiſe*; they rove *through* all *Lands* and *Seas*? they ſee *many Things*, they hear *many Things*, they thruſt *into* all *Houſes*, of Commoners, *Noblemen*, and *Kings*.

But *they do not traffick*.

Oftentimes *more ſucceſsfully* than us.

What *Sort* of theſe *did you chooſe?*

I tried *all* Sorts.

Did none pleaſe you.

Nay *they all pleaſed me very well*, if I might *have traded* immediately. *But* I conſidered *that I muſt ſweat* a long Time *in the Company*, before *the Buſineſs of Traffick* would be truſted *to me*. And now *I begun* to think *of hunting after* an Abbot's Place. *But* in the

hic

hic Diana *non favet* omnibus, *et* venatio *eſt* ſæpe *longa*. Itaque *octo* annis *conſumptis* in hunc modum, *cum* mors *patris* eſſet *nuntiata*, reverſus *domum*, ex conſilio *matris*, duxi *uxorem*, et *redii* ad veterem *negotiationem*.

Gl. Dic *mihi*, cum *ſumeres* ſubinde *novam* veſtem, *ac* velut *transformareris* in aliud *animal*, qui *potuiſti* ſervare *decorum*?

Pa. Qui *minus* quam *hi* qui *in* eadem *fabula* agunt *varias* perſonas?

Eu. Dic *nobis* bona *fide*, qui *expertus es* nullum non *genus* vitæ, *quid* probas *maxime* omnium?

Pa. Omnia *non congruunt* omnibus: *nullum* arridet *mihi* magis *quam* hoc *quod* ſecutus ſum.

Eu. Tamen *negotiatio* habet *multa* incommoda.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Sed *quando* nullum *genus* vitæ *caret* omnibus *incommodis*, orno *hanc*

firſt place *here* Diana *does not favour* all Men, *and* the Hunting *is* often *long*. Therefore *eight* Years *being ſpent* after this Manner, *when* the Death *of my Father* was *told me*, returning *Home*, by the Advice *of my Mother* I married *a Wife*, and *returned* to my old *Traffick*.

Tell *me*, when *you took* now and then *a new* Coat, *and* as it were *were changed* into another *Creature*, how *could you* keep up *a Decorum*?

Why *leſs* than *they* who *in* the ſame *Play* act *various* Parts?

Tell *us* in good *Earneſt*, you who *have tried* every *Kind* of Life, *which* do you approve *moſt* of all?

All things *do not agree* with all Men: *None* pleaſes *me* more *than* this *which* I have followed.

Yet *Merchandiſe* has *many* Inconveniences,

So *it is*. But *ſeeing* no *Kind* of Life *is without* all *Inconveniences*, I mind *this* Province *which* I have got.

par-

partem *quam* nactus ſum. *Verum* nunc *ſupereſt* Euſebius, *qui* non gravabitur *explicare* aliquam *ſcænam* ſuæ *vitæ*.

But now *remains* Euſebius *who* will not think much *to relate* ſome *Scene* of his *Life*.

Eu. Imo *totam* fabulam, *ſi* videtur, *nam* non habet *multos* actus.

Nay *the whole* Play, *if* it ſeems good, *for* it has not *many* Acts.

Gl. Erit *magnopere* gratum.

It will be *very* grateful.

Eu. Ubi *rediiſſem* in patriam, *deliberavi* apud me *annum* quodnam *genus* vitæ *vellem amplecti*; ſimulque *exploravi* meipſum, *ad quod* genus *eſſem* propenſus *aut* idoneus. *Interim* præbenda *eſt oblata*, quam vocant, *ſatis opimi* proventus. *Accepi*.

When *I was returned* into my own Country, *I deliberated* with myſelf *a Year* what *Kind* of Life *I ſhould embrace*. And at the ſame Time *I examined* myſelf, *for what* Kind *I was* inclinable *or* fit. *In the mean Time* a Prebend *was offered me*, as they call it, *of a good rich* Income. *I accepted it*.

Gl. Hoc *genus* vitæ *vulgo* male audit.

This *Sort* of Life *commonly* goes under an ill Name.

Eu. Videtur *mihi* exoptandum *ſatis*, ut *humanæ* res *ſunt*. An putatis *eſſe* mediocrem *felicitatem*, tot *commoda* dari *ſubito* velut *e cælo*, dignitatem, *honeſtas* ædes, *beneque* inſtructas, *ſatis amplos* annuos *reditus*, honorificum *ſodalitium*, deinde *templum*,

It ſeems *to me* deſirable *enough*, as *human* Affairs *are*. Do you think it *to be* a ſmall *Happineſs*, that ſo many *good Things* ſhould be given a Man *on a ſudden*, as it were *from Heaven*, Honour, *a handſome* Houſe, *and well* furniſhed, *a good large* yearly *Income*, honourable *Company*, and then *a Church*, where, *if* you have

ubi

ubi, *si* libeat, *vaces* religioni?

Pa. Illic *luxus* offendebat *me*, et *infamia* concubinarum, *tum* quod *plerique* ejus generis *oderunt* literas.

Eu. Ego *non specto* quid *alii* agunt, *sed* quid *est* agendum *mihi*; et *adjungo* me *melioribus*, si *non possum* reddere *alios* meliores.

Po. Vixisti *perpetuo* in isto *genere?*

Eu. Perpetuo, *nisi* quod *egi* quatuor *annos* primum *Patavii*.

Po. Quamobrem?

Eu. Partitus sum *hos* annos *ita*, ut *darem* sesquiannum *studio* medicinæ, *reliquum tempus* theologiæ.

Po. Cur *id?*

Eu. Quo *melius moderarer* et *animum* et corpus, *et* nonnunquam *consulerem* amicis. *Nam* et concionor *nonnunquam* pro mea sapientia. *Sic* hactenus *vixi* tranquille *satis*, contentus *unico* sacerdotio, *nec ambiens* quidquam *præterea*, recusaturus *etiam* si *offeratur*.

a Mind, *you may entered upon* Divine Worship?

There *Luxury* offended *me*, and *the Infamy* of Concubines, *and also* that *most Men* of that Way *hate* Learning,

I *do not regard* what *others* do, *but* what *is* to be done *by me*; and *I join* myself *to the better Sort*, if *I cannot* make *others* better.

Have you lived *always* in that *Way?*

Always, *but* that *I spent* four *Years* at first *at Patavium*.

What for?

I divided *those* Years *so*, that *I gave* a Year and a Half *to the Study* of Physic, *the rest of my Time* to Divinity.

Why *that?*

That *I might the better manage* both *Mind* and Body, *and* sometimes *assist* my Friends. *For* I preach too *sometimes* according to my Wisdom. *Thus* so far *I have lived* quietly *enough*, content *with one* Living, *and not seeking* for any Thing *besides*, and would refuse it *too*, if *it should be offered*,

Pa. Uti-

Pa. Utinam *liceret* diſcere, *quod* cæteri noſtri ſodales *agant*, quibuſcum *viximus* familiariter.

I wiſh *we could* learn *what* the reſt of our Companions *are doing*, with whom *we lived* familiarly.

Eu. Poſſum *commemorare* quædam *de nonnullis*; ſed *video* nos *non abeſſe* procul *a civitate*; quare, *ſi* videtur, *conveniemus* in idem *diverſorium*. Ibi *per otium* conferemus *de cæteris* affatim.

I can *relate* ſome Things *of ſome of them*; but *I ſee* we *are not* far *from the City*; wherefore, *if* it ſeems good, *we will repair* to the ſame *Inn*. There *at our Leiſure* we will conſer *about other Things* at large.

Hugitio Auriga. Unde *nactus es* tam miſeram *ſarcinam*, luſce?

Where *got thou* ſo miſerable *a Luggage*, Blinkard?

Henricus Auriga. Imo, *quo* defers *iſtud* lupanar, *ganeo?*

Nay, *whither* art thou carrying *that* bawdy Company, *thou Rake?*

Hug. Debueras *effundere* iſtos *frigidos* ſenes *alicubi* in urticetum, *ut caleſcerunt.*

Thou ſhouldſt *have thrown* thoſe *frigid* old Fellows *ſomewhere* into a Bed of Nettles, *to warm them.*

Hen. Imo *tu cura* iſtum *gregem*, ut præcipites *alicubi* in profundam *lamam*, ut refrigerentur, *nam* calent plus *ſatis.*

Nay *do thou take Care* of that *Company*, to throw them *ſomewhere* into a deep *Ditch*, to cool, *for* they are more warm than *enough.*

Hug. Non ſoleo *præcipitare* meam *ſarcinam.*

I do not uſe *to overthrow* my *Load.*

Hen. Non! *Atqui* vidi *te* nuper *dejeciſſe* ſex *Carthuſianos* in cœnum,

No! *But* I ſaw *thee* lately *throw* ſix *Carthuſians* into the Dirt, *ſo* that *they*

cœnum, *ſic* ut *emergerent* nigri, *pro candidis*. Tu *interim* ridebas, *quaſi* re bene geſta.

Hug. Nec injuria; *dormiebant omnes*, et *addebant* multum *ponderis* currui meo.

Hen. At *mei* ſenes *ſublevarunt* meum *currum* egregie, *per* totum *iter* garrientes *perpetuo*. Nunquam vidi *meliores*.

Hug. Tamen *non ſoles* delectari *talibus*.

Hen. Sed *hi* ſeniculi *ſunt* boni.

Hug. Qui *ſcis?*

Hen. Quia *bibi* per eos *ter* per viam *inſigniter* bonam *cereviſiam*.

Hog. Ha, ha, hæ. *Sic* ſunt *boni* tibi.

came out black, *inſtead of white*. Thou *in the mean Time* laugheſt, *as if* the Thing had been well done.

Not without Reaſon: *They were all aſleep*, and *added* much *Weight* to my Coach.

But *my* old Men *have eaſed* my *Chariot* extraordinarily, *through* the whole *Journey* prating *perpetually*. I never ſaw *better*.

Yet *thou doſt not uſed* to be pleaſed *with ſuch*.

But *theſe* old Fellows *are* good.

How *knoweſt thou?*

Becauſe *I drank* with them *thrice* by the Road *extraordinary* good *Ale*.

Ha, ha, hæ. *So* they are *good* with thee.

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FINIS.